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PORTRAIT OF A VILLAGE

BY A VILLAGER

I

SOME future social historian of America is going to be struck by the fact that our civilization has achieved decay — has even, in spots and patches, achieved ruin, squalid or picturesque — without ever having quite achieved maturity. He will not be able merely to describe the fact, and puzzle his head over it as a human being would: being a historian, he will hold himself obliged to put a theory to his fact, for the next historian to discard. And then there will be a zealously professional controversy; and it will be proved successively in the historical journals, with footnotes, that the cause was industrialism, that the cause was the war, that the cause was feminism, that the cause was immigration, prohibition, Christian Science, the automobile, the high cost of living, race-suicide, over-population. And in the end, the final and definitive historian will add up all these errors and calculate the average of them and call it the final and definitive truth; and history can then betake itself in peace to the fundamental causes of the war of 1938 between Czecho-Slovakia and the iniquitously compounded Polish Empire.

Anyway, the fact is so. It is so in our village of Chiswick — which is, I venture to say, a good nine tenths of all

America outside the cities, the larger manufacturing towns, and the places which, having been frontiers yesterday, have not yet lost the shine of their first varnish. I know — for I live here — that we are going down hills we have never got to the top of, burning bridges we have never crossed, discarding ideas we have never applied in practice, and generally doddering before we have grown up.

It is impossible to live here — and remember all the while that 'here' is a generous slice of the whole United States — without feeling that the community existed from its inception expressly to create something that has never got created, but nevertheless is to be sought back somewhere in the past; something that would have served, if only we could have brought it off, as our moral and æsthetic equivalent of a Golden Age, a Renaissance, a Cinquecento. We needed only to grow on in our pure rusticity to become urbane — for does not any homogeneous and uninterrupted tradition produce urbanity in the end? If we had gone a little deeper into the soil, we should have dug out the arts as well as the stones; if we had kept up the spelling-bee and the parlor melodeon, we should have evolved presently a decent and comely speech, a Choral Union, and a really first-rate two-manual organ; perhaps even a local

poet (though an editor is more needed, to tell the truth) and a creditable teacher of music; if we had hung on to our Georgian and Colonial houses, we should have given the new arrivals something to build up to, and found out ourselves how lucky we had been born; if we had kept our Sheraton and Heppelwhite, we might have understood it by this time, and it would in the natural course have outlasted the abominations of the haircloth and wax-garden-under-glass period.

None of these desirable consummations came to pass. Instead, we get what we deserve. Last week an Italian cobbler, eight years from Naples, bought the best surviving Colonial house on Main Street; he will ingeniously cut it up into three 'rents' at thirty dollars apiece, and then he will overhang it with a three-decker in the backyard — to do which he will destroy incidentally three elms planted by a one-time Governor of Connecticut in 1803, said Governor having been then in his eleventh year. (I happen to know that it cost his last surviving descendant eight hundred dollars to bring those elms, and their coevals in front, through the blight of 1910-12.) The Sheraton and Heppelwhite have gone to the city collectors; the haircloth and wax flowers remain, or have been replaced, for the wrong reasons, with worse things. The spelling-bee disintegrated into the fantastic zoölogical dances of a few years back — the various nondescript bunny-hugs and grizzly bears and their descendants. And as for comely speech, urbanity, and the arts —

We chew spearmint. The flavor lasts.

II

Consider, for example, the single matter of the church. The hierarchy of organized religion is seven times represented among us — or was until, lately,

the Baptists suspended operations because their membership of seven was reduced by death to six. The surviving six will continue to hold the property, tax-free, because that is getting something for nothing; but they will use it no more, and the parsonage will stand untenanted until it crumbles, because, if it were inhabited by another than the pastor, the entire property would cease to be tax-free. The Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Unitarians, and Presbyterians still continue — I will not say active, but — operative. Consider, then, for example, this single matter of the church.

Anybody with half a historical eye can see that the predestined function of the Christian church in the New England village was to destroy, by very gradual seepage and attrition, all that was deadening and corrosive in that spirit which the church itself had once generated and which it was long guilty of perpetuating — the outworn obscurantism of the Puritan. It was only historical and poetic justice that the church should atone for its own errors of misdirected influence, and fulfill itself in the lives of the people, by unteaching them dullness, sanctimoniousness, gloom, and religiosity, and teaching them open-mindedness, charity, laughter, and religion. It happens that I am able to supply a concrete enough example of just how it was to do this.

Oddly, perhaps, it is the Congregational church, and not the Episcopalian, which, in Chiswick, has the greatest prestige and social leverage. The newcomer's signal of wishing to be taken into 'society' — supposing him to be an informed newcomer — is a brisk attendance at the Sunday morning services of the Congregational church.

It so happened that, some seven or eight years ago, the Congregational church had a great man for its pastor; one of the few really interesting men

who have come out of Chiswick in the last generation. Vaughn grew up in Chiswick; then, after college and divinity school, he came back to it sufficiently a foreigner to be not altogether without honor; and he married, in Chiswick, — through no wish to make to himself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, — the daughter of the county boss. It was here also that he grew, together with his first flaxen moustache, two hobbies and a passion. His passion was the belief that public worship can and, for the future of civilization, must be made a deliberate and creative fine art.

One of his hobbies was American and rural applications of the principles of goodness in ecclesiastical architecture. Having a fine 1825 white church on the village green to start with, and a harmonious Colonial house beside it, he tore down the parsonage opposite, a ghastly bit of late Victorian jerry-building, and put up a new parsonage that subtly balanced, without exactly imitating, the Colonial house aforesaid. Chiswick has now the loveliest green in this part of the state.

Vaughn's other hobby was a row of tall trees (still non-existent) round the county insane asylum a mile up the state road. An asylum that is set on an hill cannot be hid — at least, not all in a moment. Vaughn thought that, if he could prevail on the (then) superintendent to start a row of saplings, that particular brick monstrosity might be hid from, say, the grand-children of his contemporary Chiswickians. This object seemed to him fine and worth working for. That is the kind of man he was. I shall always be convinced that it was the material failure of this hobby that in the end drove him away. If he could have seen the saplings, it might have been enough to sustain faith. But after all his years of persuasion, cajolery, strategic approaches and retreats, all his vast outpourings of ur-

banity and tact, the superintendent would do nothing. His reason was that he could not comprehend what dark political intrigue lay at the back of Vaughn's proposal. All acts fell, for him, into one of two categories: (1) those which he could immediately perceive and understand to be harmless or beneficial, and (2) those which were subtly contrived to get him out of office. He could not understand the simple truth that Vaughn wanted to make his insane asylum less ugly: therefore the idea remained to him inherently suspicious. And upon the rock of this suspicious obtuseness Vaughn's nerve eventually broke. Vaughn could see himself devoting years — ten, thirty, fifty years — to intermittent efforts to get the saplings planted; letting the project resolve itself into a match of competitive longevity between himself and the superintendent, a whole cycle of superintendents — and in the end perhaps failing. The thing became a sort of concrete symbol of the difference between success and failure in his whole work here — and perhaps he was afraid that his hobby might in time degenerate into an *idée fixe* and make him one more harmless crank. No: he could not devote himself to a whole life of it. Life was too short, and there were too many other things to be done. So he took his wife and children off to a great parish in Chicago, where there was a little more of the substance of things hoped for. His departure was one lamentable testimony to the stubborn inertia of Chiswickian human nature — But you perceive the kind of man he was.

And now accept — in approximately Vaughn's own words — his notion of what the church could be made to do to the community. 'The average man of my congregation,' he would say, — Chiswick congregations contained men in that high and far-off time, — 'is a small farmer living a mile or two or

three out, coming in to the post-office once a day or twice a week, subscribing to the county paper, attending the Grange, going to church on Sunday morning, and otherwise doing hard manual labor all the hours he can keep himself awake. Do you see what church means to this man? Worship, piety, doctrine — yes, if you like; but there is something else, whatever becomes of these. Church is his last lone forsaken contact, from year's beginning to year's end, with art, science, the world he lives in taken as a whole, its relation to the stellar universe, the history of races, civilizations, and religions, the rise and fall of empires, the literatures and philosophies — in fine, the best that is known and thought in the world.

'This is an age of print and of the consequent cheapening of knowledge; but for my farmer it is not that. Outside the treadmill of his narrow personal routine, he has literally nothing except what the church gives him. He thinks not one impersonal thought, catches not one gleam of anything supernally beautiful or true — and how, without knowing it, that man hungers and thirsts! After righteousness? Well — what *is* righteousness! Generally speaking, I find the man who knows most to be the most honest; yes, and the most reverent. Anything that can be taught these people comes out in the form of better living; that you can rely on. . . . What you see in these men is the old miraculous passion for learning, unhappily long departed from the universities, and departing from the schools. Learning, to them, is scarce, and valuable; and their spirit toward it, given half a chance, is the spirit that founded our common schools, the spirit that drew a motley of youths from the corners of Europe to the mediæval universities; the love that men had for learning before the supply of it was big enough to have a price in the market,

and when you risked your neck to get it.

'Why, I have talked to these men on Sunday morning about some simple incidental truism of geology or astronomy or physics: and it seemed to me that what was happening to them was exactly what happened to a whole generation, a whole world, in the Renaissance, when the New Learning multiplied the world lengthwise, in time, by creating the past, and exploration multiplied it breadthwise, in space, by creating continents. I used to think that no race of men could ever again live through such stupendous experiences, or regain the excitement of them — at least, not short of establishing communication with Mars. False, my boy — quite false! Not a smattering of all this wonder has ever recurred to my men since their common-school days — when, being boys, they breathed the air of miracle normally, and remained unimpressed. They have forgotten, just as Wordsworth describes; and their world has dwindled to the few poor acres they plough and harrow. There is nothing better worth living for, or easier to accomplish, than taking them of a Sunday morning to the top of some peak in Darien and letting them stare — *for the first time!* — at the Pacific.'

And again: 'Dogma? Oh, well — who knows what he believes, anyhow? I remember a little of the consensus of error we decided to agree on at divinity school. The very men who taught it then doubt parts of it now — in good bold eight-point type, too! Do you think I am going to spend my one pitiful little hour a week with these men — fifty-two hours a year for the best that is known and thought in the world! — telling them how the doctors disagree and call names about thirty-seven practically indistinguishable modern varieties of Arianism and Socinianism? The answer is, I am not, *tout court!*

'Here is the church: it exists; it is,

after a fashion, a going concern. The question that matters is, What is going to be done with it? Is it going to do what it can, what is needed, what counts — and live and be wanted? or is it going to persist in all its traditional ways of doing nothing in particular — and die, for form's sake, in a saintly attitude, with its innocuous arms folded on its bosom? It has its choice. For my part, I have my answer in the men. This particular church of mine has a rather sound tradition. You talk with some of the men who have been coming to it for twenty-five years past; and (thanks to that thirst for knowledge we were just speaking about) you'll find them better worth listening to, on any of the things you may happen to be interested in yourself, than all but a few of your university classmates — unless your classmates are very different from mine. No, I am not interested in putting up a fence, bull-strong, horse-high, and pig-tight, between religion and everything else. The men are what they are, unanswerably; and nothing under heaven but the church could have made them what they are. Think what two more generations of this can mean!'

Thus Vaughn, in moments of confidential expansiveness — Vaughn, with what seems to me his remarkable genius for realities, the specific.

And after him? And after him, a quite correct and stereotyped and amiable and inoffensive and, in his blind fatuity, an altogether ruinous young man of the world, named Holgrave. Two notable consequences ensued within a year after the Holgraves occupied the parsonage. First, the attendance of the farming men dwindled and almost totally ceased. There is this important difference between the church attendance of Chiswick farmers and that of their wives and daughters: the farmers go home and talk about the sermon, the preacher's opinions, and the new ideas

they have heard or been disturbed at not hearing, so that even the stay-at-homes receive indirectly a considerable stimulation and profit; whereas the wives and daughters go home to report that Mrs. Dolliver ridiculously wore her new spring straw hat with her old winter fur coat, and that the Callisters, who always came in the buckboard before, appeared this week in a Ford. This loss of precisely those men for whom the church could do, and had done, most, is no light thing in its net effect on a civilization so exclusively provincial and self-dependent as that of our village. It is a loss 'distressing, bitter, afflicting, afflictive, affecting, cheerless, joyless, depressing, depressive, mournful, dreary, melancholy, grievous, pathetic, woful, disastrous, calamitous, tragical, deplorable, dreadful.' — I borrow this description of it from the invaluable work of the late Peter Mark Roget,¹ and am fascinated by the device: why has it never appeared among the recognized stylistic dodges?

The second consequence is even more distressing-to-dreadful, inclusive, than the first, with which it has perhaps something causally to do. I mean the evolution, within Holgrave's church, of a small aristocracy of which the Holgraves are the centre. An aristocracy, as everybody knows, is a social superstructure reared on a foundation of bestness. But — bestness in what? The answer in this one case is as simple as it is alliterative. It is certainly not bestness in family: Mrs. Amasa Wallingford, who is a D.A.R. in five several ways, and has in her veins enough American patrician blood to carry a whole county election if every drop were a vote, is not included; while Mrs. Burnett, who comes of white trash and used to be a milkmaid (my wife insists

¹ Our older readers will not need to be reminded that the author refers to the *Thesaurus: a Treasury of the English Words*. — THE EDITORS.

she was a barmaid, but I think that is only her sub-conscious deference to a sainted grandfather's maxim, 'When you tell a story, tell it good'), is next the throne, and arbitress of the elegancies for all the region hereabout. Have we not seen her reign, nay pour, at a tea, in the newest and tightest of white gloves? Nor has the desiderated bestness anything to do with money, or occupation, or intelligence, or motor-cars, or domestic architecture, or furniture, or clothes, or æsthetic taste, or political influence, or even respectability. No. It is neither more nor less than bestness in bridge.

The inner circle consists of the four childless couples who play bridge for a steady and permanent avocation; the outer circle comprises the few intermittents who are always ready to fill in. All others are outsiders and negligibles. Mrs. Holgrave and the other three women play bridge three afternoons a week by programme and the other three by understanding. The men join them at it on most evenings and, that no moment be wasted, foregather at the parsonage on Thursday after the prayer-meeting — Vaughn's parsonage. And Holgrave's sermons and pastoral calls are the sermons and calls of a man dreamily preoccupied with the ingenuities of minor tenaces and grand slams and discarding from strength. The bridge crowd professes to find his sermons inspiring. All I know is, some of

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

Holgrave is, as I have said, a very amiable young man, and the theology of his official utterances is certainly more orthodox than Vaughn's. But it is plainly to be seen from his use of time that to him there is no God but a Game, and Foster is his prophet. Vaughn held the farmers, and their children ran to meet him at the gate. Social cliques be-

came intensely self-conscious in the air he breathed, and dared not raise their heads. Holgrave has lost the farmers; all the urchins in the village hoot at him in derision when his runabout sticks in the mud (a little thing, but it counts); and his church, the church that Vaughn said had a rather sound tradition, is become an organized feud of the social *ins* against the social *outs*, and consequently an industrious hive of — as the dependable Roget has it — detraction, obloquy, scurrility, scandal, defamation, aspersion, traducement, slander, calumny, evil-speaking, back-biting; and few are those who have not some petty festering spite. The strongest force holding the congregation together, next to habit, is the universal expectancy of trouble, and curiosity as to when and how it will come.

Meanwhile, Holgrave loses no proper occasion to descant on the evil of needless sectarianism — a thought so strange to our denomination-infested air that it strikes us with a brilliantly epigrammatic force. But, whereas Vaughn would have meant by it that he saw in everybody a human being, and not a member of this denomination or that, Holgrave merely means that he considers everybody free to come and unite with the Congregational church, to the glory of God and the diminishment of the other Protestant sects — which is doubtless the same thing.

Who will say that this church — it retains still, in its enfeebled condition, more than the prestige of the other five communions taken together — has fulfilled any great fraction of its potentially civilizing office among us? It belongs to those farmers — my mind keeps going forlornly back to them — whose great-grandfathers made it and left it in trust to a faithless future. It had no sooner edged out from under the leaden shadow of Puritan repressiveness and obscurantism than — click!

something went wrong in the mechanism of its spiritual functioning, and it was converted almost over-night into an organism essentially worldly and non-spiritual, dedicated to froth and frippery and bridge, and the maintenance of a taboo—not against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but against the social ineligible, within or without itself. Into such an organism our farmer does not fit.

And he will never come back. Let no illusion be hugged on that score. He is through. He knows he is through, and flaunts the fact. In the Saturday night conclave at the grocery-store, a stock form of wit—almost a weekly ritual of ribaldry that must be gone through—is the derisive questioning of all by each on the subject of the morrow's church attendance. Not one of them means to go; hardly one of them but always used to go; not one of them but scrupulously and with suppressed wistfulness excepts the memory of Vaughn from his hard and bitter satire on all things churchly. He is nobody's fool. He knows who is his friend, and who is not. He has his formula, too, of a ready homespun wit not accessible to the gentle Roget, for the Reverend Doctor Holgrave's patronizing manner. It is this: 'Holgrave? Oh, I dunno's I want him around every week or two, spitting on me to see if I can swim.'

In seven years the Chiswick farmer has got so out of the habit of church that his principal mood seems to be a kind of cold scorn of himself for ever having had the habit at all. I do not know how to convey any adequate sense of the importance of this change. This is the first generation of farmers in whom the tradition has been broken—and it is precisely the generation in which the church first undertook its true modern office in the farmer's life: to civilize, to refine, to educate, to mollify the old hard Puritan rigor, to flood

his granite Hebraism with sweetness and light. The beginnings were there—and no sooner were they there than the whole process stopped, disastrously and finally. The sons and grandsons of these farmers will have all the old hard narrowness without even the semblance of piety and love of learning. It will be an irreverent, cynical, and materialistic hardness, and it will take itself out in driving hard bargains, worship of the prepotent penny, mockery of any sort of idealism, a worse than industrial bondage for womenfolk,—wage-slavery without the wage,—and the shackling of childhood prematurely to the plough and the grindstone. Puritanism without purity. The hard head and the hard fist!

And these youngsters of the new generation will not even have the Bible. This is one respect in which their elders, even the poorest and meanest intellectually, can never be impoverished. You cannot say in their presence two consecutive words from the Old Testament or the New—but especially, I think, from the Old—without catching the gleam of instantaneous recognition. It was reported one Saturday night, in the grocery store, that Scissors, the store cat, had commemorated that day by the slaughter of four mice in ten minutes. I seized the occasion to remark that Scissors is a mighty hunter before the Lord. Yes, the gleam was there—a rippling and applanative murmur ran round the group. The same remark would have left the younger generation inappreciatively dumb. This difference denotes another loss which there is no very great danger of overestimating.

But enough of the church and its lost and irrecoverable opportunities. It is but a type—the crucial and crowning one, to be sure—of all our Chiswick institutions, which have one and all gone awry and aborted just in the hour when they were learning to consummate

themselves in serviceable ministry. It is almost as if there were something inherent in the self-development of organizations which necessitates their passing into decadence by the very process which improves them. Disheartened, one wonders whether achieved fitness for life may not, indeed, in this sorry scheme of things, be only the preface to inevitable desuetude and death.

III

I am going to venture, while I have the courage of my discouragement, a guess that the future of civilization and well-being on this continent is in the cities. There is, to be sure, no more in this than the city-minded have been saying aloud ever since the Civil War. But it is a bitter thought for a country-minded person to be forced to — the more so when his own origins are of the land, bucolic. Once, driven to a year of residence in a middling city, I sacrificed untold hours — and dollars — to live where there were suburban open fields, even a cow or two, and a small arc of horizon. And for rest between-whiles, my thought turned instinctively to an ancestral farm near a country village, — another Chiswick, — or to a little cabin on the more thinly settled shore of a Maine lake.

. . . Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

But it becomes less and less fantastic, further and further out of the province of caricature, to suppose a modern Milton sending the jaded villager to the nearest metropolis for a few restoring breaths of quietude and wholesomeness, urbanity and ease. I thoroughly understand at last, under protest and against the grain, the remark of a friend of mine,

the librarian of a small town library: 'When I am done up, and want the most utter rest that can be packed into one week, I camp in the highest room I can find in New York City, and spend the week riding on Fifth Avenue buses, lolling in Central Park, and going the rounds of the galleries and museums.' To parody the remark which Conrad quotes from one of his numerous sea-captains, '*Villages* are all right — it's the people in 'em!'

This disconsolate view of the comparative merits of town and country as purveyors of sweetness and light is occasioned, of course, by my recent researches here in Chiswick. For I, like Vaughn, went away for a long term just at the age of taking everything for granted; and all the old things are now intriguingly novel and provocative. I have wandered absorbedly at will up and down the sprawling length of North Chiswick, West Chiswick, Chiswick Centre, South Chiswick, Chiswick Village, and Chiswick Neighborhood, not to mention Mt. Valiant (which is in the township in spite of its name), and Chiswick Plain (which is in the adjoining township, in spite of *its* name); and invariably I have found that every detail which exactly matches my previous illusions of what Chiswick must and would be like, is either a spurious importation from the city, or otherwise remotely derived.

For example: I find the old Hackett homestead in new hands, the very charming hands of two young persons who obviously understand that the roof over their heads gives them a Governor or two, a United States Senator, a distinguished Professor of Divinity, and a Major of 1776, to live up to. Their furniture is all it should be; they know what they ought about rugs, brasses, screens; even pictures and hangings — the betrayal of many country-folk for a whole decade after they understand

most other things — in no wise baffle them. Though they do not pretend to be farmers, they have whole rows of yellow pumpkins and green squashes hanging from the hewn rafters, whole heaps of baking-beans on the floor under those same rafters, waiting to be shelled, whole vast closets lined from floor to ceiling with all conceivable preserves, jellies, cordials — and all of their own raising. Aha! say I, here is discovery, here is fulfillment; here is what Chiswick can do when it lays itself out. What farmer from down the valley can have done well enough to bring his son and heir, in one short generation, to *this*? It is all the rusticities and all the urbanities — honest-to-goodness, home-bred, indigenous urbanities, too — coalesced into one unexceptionable dream of what life can, after all, be!

And what I found was that my gracious host and my most graceful hostess were young reactionaries from — I mean against — Greenwich Village, a little bored with the new spring styles in morals, and inspired to snap up the Hackett homestead very much in the mood of Horace taking himself off to his Sabine farm. With the aid of collectors, restorers, manuals, they had created the whole thing out of the purely literary sense of atmosphere. They were acting, not living — and acting most wondrously in character. But it was as artificial as a piece of *vers de société*, and, to the thing I had dreamed, as hollow. Reaping where they had not sown! What right have they to all those things? What right have they, with their carefully bred self-consciousness, their dainty mastery of how things *ought* to be, to dash off this symphony of themes wrought together in a technique which it is for time and need and the turmoiling generations to evolve? All in a moment they have snatched and ravished this foster-child of silence and slow time. The harvest is theirs, though they have

not bedewed the ground with their sweat; they pluck the flower, but they never sowed the seed. I had once the impulse to send them Wordsworth's *Admonition to a Traveller*, in large gothic, framed. But they would have had the wit to hang it over the fireplace in the hall, as a sign that they saw through themselves — and after all they are nearly the best thing in Chiswick. I have no grudge against them except that they have lived twenty-eight years without finding it practicable to let Chiswick, our Chiswick, make them what they are.

So throughout. The admirable and most winning youth in Mr. Jenkinson's store, who, charmingly but inscrutably, elects to ask *me* his questions on diction and syntax, ought to be a local farmer's boy putting in his nights over books of law and saving up his earnings for a year of Law School. But he is n't: he is straight from Cornwall, and his inconceivably gaudy name is Athelstan Trebarwith. And Mr. Jenkinson himself, a still youngish man who has the profile of Abraham Lincoln, and is of all men here the most gently lovable, Mr. Jenkinson is from Denver. Almost everybody that is best has come from somewhere else. Sometimes one wonders why they came. So do they, sometimes.

And the indigenes — they likewise reap where they have not sown. While the stranger within our gates has appropriated our country best, we have appropriated the city's worst and tawdriest. We are not, in an important or fundamental sense, an industrial population; the sprinkling of factory-workers among us is as nearly negligible as you would expect in a place twenty miles from the nearest manufacturing city, connected therewith by a moderately quick trolley express. Yet it is from the factory and the factory tenement that our life seems to have taken its color — or, shall I say, its drabness? Our library, except for the scattering

additions dictated by Vaughn, stops short at Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Stowe and Parkman and Fiske and Sir Walter Besant and E. P. Roe, and begins over again, after the hiatus, at Chambers, Owen Johnson, George Barr McCutcheon, the Williamsons, David Graham Phillips — in short, the cocktail-and-limousine novel, Bohemian and eternally triangular; the sort of thing a factory-girl reads for vicarious experience of that kind of life from which she is most hopelessly cut off, and would still be cut off even if it really existed. Swinburne, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, Bret Harte, Bierce, Mark Twain, Kipling, Stephen Crane, Mrs. Wharton, Synge, Yeats, Wells, Conrad — these and many another simply fell through the hiatus. The magazine we read is, of course, the *Cosmopolitan*. Of three hundred and forty-one persons in the audience at the Christmas play given by the Grange, two hundred and sixty-eight, by actual count, were chewing gum.

It was a native daughter who put Chiswick journalistically on the map by dismounting from the trolley on Main Street wearing the first ankle-watch ever seen in Connecticut. Our women dress themselves from the covers of *Vogue*, and our youths wear waistcoats of a flashiness elsewhere confined to patrons of the nothing-down-and-a-dollar-a-week tailors, plays of college life, and the more fastidious sort of criminals. Our houses are vivid with green plush and red near-mahogany. Melodeon and square piano and 'Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still,' with Brinsley Richards's variations, have been replaced by the cheap phonograph and 'Oui, oui, Marie.' In fine, our atmosphere is that of the factory town. We have not evolved taste out of our provincial vulgarity: we have simply replaced it by a different sort of vulgarity, which has not even the poor merit of expressing our own native deficiencies.

It was our personal luck — for which, by the way, we are universally pitied — to get possession of a house on The Ridge, at the western edge of the village, and facing away from it. We are quite four minutes from Main Street and the trolley. Before us, the land falls away in bold cascades and terraces to the bottom of a three-mile-wide valley, beyond which rises the low range of forested mountains which makes our western sky-line. These mountains are eternal loveliness, eternal variety: merely to watch them an hour is to read a romance crammed with action. One sees them swimming in ethereal detachment against vermilion sunsets; painted the uniform cobalt blue of November afternoons; hooded in ink-wash clouds, with only their flanks showing; rising out of the valley mists, with only their crests showing; sometimes near and menacing as a thunder-cloud; sometimes as remote and unreal as the smoke of vast Northern forest fires. And always they are clothed with loveliness. Looking at them, and stirred thereby to the world-old and universal impulse to help guarantee the lastingness of beauty by helping to renew its audience, I cry inwardly, 'What an altogether unapproached and unapproachable place to beget and bear and rear children!'

And then, as likely as not, I stroll down past the school to the post-office; and hear the language of the children swarming on the playground; and notice how the boys cluster round young Jimmie Aitkins, who is a thief and degenerate at twelve; and pass, not Pharisically, by on the other side when I meet 'Elsie,' whose eternal pacing vigil is a source of ribald laughter to all. And then I go back to my hills, and sit down and wonder grotesquely why no law-court of Christendom judges complicity in the procreation of the species as the act of a dangerous madman, and a crime against humanity.

HIGHLAND ANNALS

II. CORETTA AND AUTUMN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

By pleasant gradations the families on my farm ceased to look upon me as a mere outsider occasionally invading my own territory. Their boundaries of courteous but impassable defense receded, until I could sit by their fires without feeling that invisible doors had been suddenly locked all about me. They welcomed me without the reserve of a key in the pocket. Coretta went so far as to say she did not care how long I 'stayed in'; and Coretta's opinions always echoed the hearth voice of the clan.

But it was because of Coretta that I sometimes looked at the horizon with the desire for flight upon me. One delight of my life in the highlands was a release from the clock. With prudent infrequency, I could make the night my own. If the soul made imperial clamor, it could be satisfied without damage to worldly schedules. But as surely as I made the star-pointed hours my mates of fortune, and saw them paling off toward dawn, dropping into a sleep that I meant should last until noon, just so surely an early daylight voice would bring me tumbling from bed, and down the crumpling and confining stairs, to unbar the door and find out whose barn was burning, or whose baby was 'bad off.' Sometimes Sam, more often Katy, would be smiling on the step. Coretta wanted to borrow such or such an

article for breakfast. It was always something without which no mountain breakfast could proceed, and the borrower, possessed of it, would go blithely off, leaving me to a broken day.

For months I tried to lead Coretta into the habit of doing her borrowing the day before. 'Come at midnight, if you wish, but leave me my mornings.'

She would promise; then it would happen again — the violent waking, with its sequence of futile hours. And she could not understand why her excuses, so confidently proffered, did not satisfy me.

'But I did n't know the salt was out till I looked on the shelf, an' we could n't eat biscuits 'thout salt in 'em.'

Or, 'That man come after supper to see about sellin' the cow, an' we talked so late I clean forgot we did n't have a speck o' coffee for breakfast.'

Or, 'I was sure there was sody enough to put in the bread, an' there was the box plumb empty.'

Or, 'Uncle Rann got in last night. We did n't have a dust o' flour, an' I could n't set him down to pone-bread an' him come all the way from Madison to see us.'

Once, after a particularly disastrous offense, she showed a slight exasperation over my failure to get her point of view.

'But Sam *had* to git to the ploughin' early, an' you only had to jest set an' write!'

That moment ended my vain rebellion. I accepted fate and Coretta; which done, it was an easy matter to become very fond of her. She had a bluebell prettiness that never failed in any light or under any stress. It seemed so fragile, that I was always expecting it to vanish, or break into a mosaic legend of itself; but it never did. One day, looking in at her kitchen door, I thought of her as the fairy slave of a witch, made to mix strange brews and perform rude incantations. She was kneeling on the floor, before a pan of hog's feet newly scalded. A sausage-mill, screwed to the table, betrayed its unfinished work. From the stove came the hiss of a kettle of fat in danger of burning. A tub in the corner held partly washed clothes, drab with grime. Children darted, dodged, and crawled. And Sam, no doubt, was momentarily expected in to a dinner yet uncooked. But Coretta lifted a face so unconsciously and incongruously pleasing in its boudoir daintiness, that I laughed aloud, and had to cover the discourtesy with sudden interest in the baby's attempt to eat a bit of shiny matter picked from her continent of discovery, the ashpan. Coretta snatched the baby and began to feed it in the way most fashionable where milk-bottles are unknown.

'If I could skip a year 'thout a baby, I b'lieve I could ketch up with my work,' she said.

But a cherishing squeeze of her offspring confessed immediate repentance; and I had to remain dumb before the sublimity of ignorance that accepted death and birth alike as the will of God.

Her own mind was making occult connections. 'Did you see the sign in the elements last night, Mis' Dolly?'

I had not seen.

'It was jest after the rain stopped, an' it was awful. There was a great white cloud with red streaks like blood runnin' through it, an' they 'most made

letters. Sam said he guessed it was Hebrew, like the Bible was first wrote in, if we only had the preacher here to tell us. Nothin' 's goin' to keep me from meetin' next Sunday. I want to know if he read it an' what it said. It may have been a warnin' to them people to stop fightin' us; but I reckon we'd all better be a little more keeful about doin' the Lord's will.'

I decided to defer any unorthodox suggestions, and divagated with, 'What 's the matter with Irma's nose?'

'She fell out o' bed an' nearly broke it. I had a time stoppin' the blood. I was so scared at first I could n't remember the verse in the Bible that stops it right off, an' I run aroun' tryin' everything else first. Then I got the verse right, an' her nose never bled another drop.'

'What verse is that, Coretta?'

'The sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel. Irmie never fell out of bed 'fore this, an' it was time she did. I was right glad of it after I remembered the verse and got the blood stopped.'

'Why glad, Coretta?'

'You can't raise a child that never falls out o' bed. They die shore. Did n't you know that, Mis' Dolly?'

Her face was an eager flower, but what I saw was a glimpse of mediæval gates opening on time's mossy twilights. Was it possible to pass through with Coretta, and look at the world with the psychology of a vanished age? Hitherto she had turned to me for scant crumbs of wisdom. Now she was a-quiver with the reversal of our rôles.

'I've been afraid to tell you about such things,' she said. 'Some people jest laugh at 'em. I been so sorry for you sometimes, doin' things I knew were bad, an' I dasen't tell you.'

'What things, dear?'

'Oh, like sowin' that sage in the garden. You shore have trouble if you sow sage. You have to get the bunches an'

set 'em out, or else get some strange woman 'at 's passin' to sow it for you.'

'But is n't that unfair to her?'

'No; she loses the trouble as soon as she crosses water. She'd only have to cross the branch by the spring an' it 'ud be gone.'

That was the beginning of my subversion, which was soon alarmingly complete. If I had given Coretta crumbs, she now spread me a banquet. Her store of folk-wisdom fell upon me in showers that sometimes took my breath. Many of her rituals were too complex for memory here to set down, but she had scores of briefer ones, such as her cure for a dog's tendency to vagabondage. With an auger greased with 'coon-oil made from a 'coon *the dog had caught*, you bore a hole in the gate-post. Then cut off a bit of the dog's tail and fasten it in the hole; but do not let him see you. If he runs away after that, you can be sure he was peekin' from somewheres.

She invited me to be present when granpap cured his mule of the swinney. Part one: we poured cold water on the mule's shoulder, then rubbed it with a flint-rock until it smoked. Part two: carefully directed by Coretta, we laid the rock back where we had found it, same side up, 'an' pine-blank the same way.' And we did indeed cure the mule.

But her remedy for fever was perhaps the gem of her store. You take fodder that has never been wet, grasp all you can in your hand, cut it squarely off above your hand, and squarely off below. Of the remainder left in your grasp make a tea. This tea is an unailing cure for any kind of fever.

'Why didn't you make it for Sam last year, Coretta?' I asked.

'We didn't have any fodder that had n't been rained on. That's the trouble with that cure. You can't git fodder that has n't been wet. Every year I say I'll cure a bit in the dry, but I always forgot about it till it's too late.'

She was as learned in signs as in cures. 'There,' she might say, 'it's goin' to rain, an' I'd laid out to wash to-morrow!'

'But the sky is clear, and there's no wind from the west.'

'Did n't you hear that rooster crow when he was gettin' up into the cedar? If a rooster crows as he goes to his tree, his head'll be wet 'fore he comes down. But maybe,' she reflected, casting no doubt on the oracle, 'it'll clear by sun-up, an' I can wash anyhow.'

Her world of signs and portents and conjurations lay about her as familiar as her children's faces, or the grass before her door. It touched her at every point and turn of her daily life. And then one day I impulsively clashed through it and shook its foundations. I was passing Sam's cabin, when I saw, grouped at the roadside spring, Coretta, the children, and a young man who was holding the baby and lifting his shoe — yes, lifting his *shoe* to the baby's mouth!

'Wait!' I cried, with a suddenness that made the strange young man drop the shoe, though luckily he retained the baby.

Coretta began to explain. 'The baby's got the thrash, an' I ain't got time to take her all the way to old Uncle Dean Larky's for him to blow in her mouth.'

'Blow in her mouth? That toothless old man!'

'He's got the power in his breath. Jest blows in her mouth an' says the three highest words in the Bible. But I could n't go so fur, an' I've been watchin' for Zeb Austin to pass. He's black-eyed, you know.'

I saw that the young man was black-eyed — at that moment rather flashingly, hostilely black-eyed. Whether a magician benignly engaged, or a fool caught in his act, the interruption called for resentment.

Coretta was still explaining. 'If a baby's got the thrash, an' a black-eyed

male person gives her a drink out of his right shoe, it'll cure the worst case as ever was.'

'Give me the baby,' said I.

She was handed to me. I walked off, up the hill, where I could get a view of the broad valley and a sky clear with sunlight — as clear and welcome as the dry light of science. Coretta followed.

'What's the matter, Mis' Dolly?'

'Lies!'

'Don't you believe it'll cure her?'

'No.'

'Don't you believe — any o' them things?'

'No.'

'Give me my baby!'

The arrogant world of mind, for all its embattled glitter, surrendered to the physical fact of motherhood. I gave her the baby.

It was two weeks before I saw Coretta. The day was warm; I had been circling about a hot stove for hours, canning blueberries, and had thrown off my slippers for stockinged comfort. Coretta came into the yard just as I stepped to the door.

'Don't move,' she called, beginning to run. 'Don't move till I git your shoes! Every step you take is a step in trouble.'

Aghast, I obeyed her. When the shoes were brought, and on my feet, she looked up triumphantly. 'I *knew* you was n't so unbelievin' as you let on.'

And my surprised and chastened soul agreed.

II

One summer, — it was a war summer, — I thought by personal effort and example to swell the national harvest. I had suggested, advised, and implored. Now I would dig and plant and water, hoping that a beneficent contagion would transform my land from a wasteful reproach to a prolific blessing. My ambitious programme was interrupted midway by one of those calls

that came in hurried battalions to those 'left behind,' and I had been a forgetful time away, when I realized, with aching insurrection, that Autumn must be in the Unakas. In my weariness I thought of her as a giant matron, seated amid her peaks, with hair flowing like rivers of copper, and arms stretched out with a vast tenderness to take even me to her bosom. And I fled toward her, my heart and mind exchanging jumbled murmurs of extenuation. Did not the country need all its farmers?

Coretta and her dancing youngsters did not meet me as usual under the white oak half-way up the mountain. I asked Serena, who joined me there, concerning the omission, and from her discreet evasion I surmised that a disclosure awaited me in Coretta's trepidant breast. It was several days in fledging. I ignored the mystery, and plunged into the ardors of conservation. It became quickly evident that my example was not to be the little candle that far illumines a wayward world. Coretta did not come near me; and one morning, when I saw Serena approaching, her radiance visible a hundred yards away, I knew that only one thing could give such a tinge of glory to her countenance. She was coming to announce one of her sudden journeys. Yes, Len had agreed for her to visit a sister who lived sixty miles distant.

'With everything to do?' I cried.

'I can work harder after I come back. A jaunt always helps me.'

That was true. She would look younger, by ten years, on her return.

'Can Len afford it now, Serena?'

'I told him I'd git the money from you, an' work it out when I got back. I can put in several days 'fore fodder-pullin'. I reckon you'll be wantin' some help by that time,' she added, with a glance at the beans and tomatoes in piles on the kitchen porch. By that time, indeed!

Her radiance began to fade. Was it possible I could hesitate?

'I told Len you'd never refused me *git*.'

With the money happily clutched, she turned a shining back upon me.

I started meekly to Coretta's. But so many evidences of neglect seen on the way brought me to her in remonstrative mood.

She was very busy sewing. The children were to have new dresses. And in harvest-time!

'I thought I should find you canning, Coretta.'

'I ain't got no heart this year,' she said.

I tried to recall some of the mottoes of the period. Every mouthful we save, and so forth. 'And your brother is over there, you know.'

She dropped her head.

'I see your beans are not picked yet.'

'I jest ain't got no heart.'

'Is that why you did n't keep the weeds out of my garden?'

'Yes, Mis' Dolly.'

'But I sent you the hat.'

Her head went lower. I had, while away, spent half of a much-needed day in search of a hat that would withstand mountain wear and weather, yet be pretty enough for Coretta's taste.

'And you let the pigs get to my potato patch.'

She turned to the machine. Well, it was my machine. I looked at the gay pieces of gingham scattered about and resolved to be drastic.

'I'm going to have the machine brought home, Coretta. You won't have any time for sewing until you get your fruit and vegetables put up.'

She was dismayed. 'Oh, I'll never git ready!'

'Ready for what?'

'To go to the mills.'

'The mills!'

'We're all goin' to Georgia. Sam

can git three dollars a day there. Katy can keep house an' tend to the young uns, an' I'm goin' to work, too. We can make 'tween five and six dollars a day. An' I've got to have the machine. How 'll I ever git their clo'es made?'

She ran on, but I shrank aside, looking about me and counting the curly heads. Our supreme judiciary had that year annulled the law of the people for the rescue of the child in the mills.

'Coretta, you can't take these babies —'

'Oh, I knew you'd talk that way, but please don't, for we've got to go. The tickets have come, an' we have to use 'em inside o' two weeks. I'm jest worn out workin' on the farm like a man, an' in the house, too. We'll never git a start here.'

I had no argument against the truth. Once I had thought of making Sam the legal owner of that part of the farm he was supposed to till, and had consulted the village wise man about it.

'Let me see,' he said: 'Sam gets the full product of his labor now, don't he?'

'Oh, you read the book?'

'Sure, I did! And you keep the place up? Pay for fencin', and the like?'

I admitted it.

'And the taxes?'

'Of course.'

'And he can't make ends meet?'

'No.'

'Well, if I was Sam, I'd in junct aginst any change that 'ud saddle me with taxes and improvements.'

So I had made no change. And I had no answer for Coretta. She was still talking.

'They'll give us a good house at the mill, an' furnish it too.'

'If you pay three times over in instalments.'

'When I git enough for my house, I mean to move back.'

'You'll never get it paid for, and if you leave they'll sell it to somebody

else. They count on getting pay from three families for every set of furniture they put out.'

'You need n't talk like that, Mis' Dolly,' she said, with her face all protest. 'I've got to go.'

'Very well.' I rose, and started out. Spying the hat that had cost me so much thought, I said, 'You did n't like the hat?'

Her face became an eager pink with satisfaction.

'Shore I liked it! Everybody says it jest suits me. I want everything *like that hat!*'

So my success had defeated me. She had been seduced by perfection. And I reflected, as I walked home, that even if one brought up in a morass, it was something to follow the twinkling of a very little star. I had seen in Coretta the flutter of a potentiality that would one day redeem life from squalor and give the planet an unquenchable glow.

The first shock over, I could not stifle the thought that the loss of Sam would be an excellent thing for me. I could replace him with a man whose ideas of farming were not inherited from his great-grandfather: some one who would not make me poorer every year, and keep my wits exercised on the problem of his family's support. And then, like the breaking of a soft light, the thought stole upon me that I need never again be roused from morning sleep to supply Coretta's breakfast omissions. Let her go her way. I would not expostulate; I would not persuade; I would not even be sad. My pillow should be mine henceforth.

But I took care to avoid the children. This seemed necessary to the anticipated enjoyment of that pillow. I kept away from Coretta's cabin, and when I saw bobbing curls nearing mine through the bushes, I had sudden errands elsewhere.

I had begun with the beans, fearing

an early frost, and remembering the many summer dawns I had preciousely invested in keeping the rows clean. They hung in green multiplicity, in spite of the choking weeds that had reared their heads high, unmolested by Coretta's hoe. In fact, there was a disconcerting abundance all about me. Having set out to be an example of thrift, opportunity hung from every bush.

In this hand-to-hand engagement, I lost sight of general aims and purposes. The fourteen points were laid by for later digestion. My New York daily, ordered for filing through a momentous period, served excellently for wrapping winter stores. I did not quite cease to look at the labor horizon for epochal phenomena; but one day, after talking with a farmer on the relative value of two varieties of sweet potatoes, the Texas White and Early Beauty, I found this penciled among my farm-notes: 'The Bisbee deportation is mealy for fall use, but the Soviets are the best winter keepers.' Then I began to have misgivings; but I crushed the seditious rumbling and kept on the path indicated by the Department.

Serena returned, but went at once, as I had known she must, to the fodder-pulling, and I had only an occasional friendly hand lent me for help. I had moved my typewriter into the kitchen, thinking that odd moments might go to the making of a masterpiece; but if genius gave a surviving flutter, its tremolo was drowned by the drums and tabors of conservation pomp. To Nature's tender surprises I became callous; and for her beauty that challenged obviously, I could say with Coretta that I had no heart.

Coretta, who knew of old that I rather liked sunsets, coming one day to borrow my last machine-needle, called my attention to an aggressively colored sky by saying it was like a pile of 'greenlins

an' 'maters.' (Greenlands and tomatoes — yes.) I assented so readily that Coretta flushed with the success of her venture in poetics.

When she was gone, I reflectively picked a letter from my batch of half-read mail. It began: 'Your last filled me with a veritable nostalgia for your mountain. The odor of ripened grains and fruits and new-cut wood overcomes me whenever I think of it. I see great white clouds rearing their domes against a deep, blue sky; and at my feet gentians star my way to you.'

I dropped the letter. Where was Autumn? How had I lost her? Like a spear-thrust the question kept recurring until the next day, when Aunt Janey Stiles came.

III

Aunt Janey lived over the mountain on Juniper Creek, three miles west of me, and carried all her supplies on her shoulder from the village two miles to the east. On her way out she would take eggs, butter, chickens, beans, — anything exchangeable at the village store, — and on her way in would carry flour, coffee, sugar, salt, soda, and lard. She had done this for forty years, and looked wiry and tenacious enough to do it for forty more. She sometimes paused for half a day, and once spent the night with me; but, unlike the neighborly highlanders, would never turn a hand to help me. She watched me work as she might have attended a play, and this did not make for the smoothness of my operations; but I was always glad to see Aunt Janey. Her attainments did not include a knowledge of the alphabet, but her mind sometimes revealed a glitter that made me think her brown, withered body held an old-world spirit, — Greek, perhaps, — a Periclesian favorite.

'I was n't meanin' to stop,' she said,

as her sack slid from her shoulders; 'but seein' the big kittle smokin' in the yard, I 'lowed you's makin' apple-butter, an' I like to watch it poppin'. Don't you quit stirrin'. I'll fetch me a cheer from the kitchen. The sun's as soft as a new blanket to-day.'

She returned with the chair, and continued, 'You've got to watch apple-butter closer'n a creepin' baby if anybody's goin' to eat it.'

Did she know that I had burned up one kettleful? Though I had tried to remove all trace of it, there might be a treacherous odor in the air.

'That's so, Aunt Janey,' I said; 'but I'm going to take time to empty this anyway.' And I took up a tub of apple-parings. I could utilize those parings in three ways, and for that triple reason I wished them to disappear quickly.

'They're tellin' all around that you're powerful agin wastin' stuff,' said Aunt Janey when I had returned, in a tone so intentionally colorless that I became suspicious and defensive.

'I am. And I could have carried those parings to Sam's hogs; but Sam would be lazier to-morrow than he is to-day. And I could have made vinegar out of them; but I'd have had to take Len from the field to bring back the barrel that Serena borrowed last year. And I could make jelly. But with all those fine jelly apples lying around in bushels on the ground, why should I save parings?'

'You forgot beer,' said Aunt Janey. 'Beer?' I faltered.

I had elderberry wine, and blackberry cordial, and peaches brandied in brown sugar as dietetic allurements — but beer!

'Best beer you ever drunk by a hickory fire in the dead o' Jinniwary. Stir, gal, stir!'

I stirred. 'But I don't drink beer,' said I brightening, 'and nobody ought to now.'

'You don't eat pickle either — toma-to-pickle, cabbage-pickle, beet-pickle, pickylilly, onion-pickle, pickle everything. An' you *kain't* eat much p'sarves, but I noticed you had 'most all sorts when I looked over your stock.'

'But the plain fruits and vegetables — everybody likes *them*.'

'You're a leetle short on some of 'em, ain't you? Had a nice lot o' beans to spile on you, did n't you?'

How had she heard? I had buried the contents of twelve large jars in the garden after dark, hoping that my influence as a conserver would not be diminished. How did she know? I looked up from my stirring and met a glance of Aspasian dubiety. She did n't know! She had been guessing. But my start had betrayed me. As soon as I was caught, she became sincerely consoling.

'Tut, gal, beans are always hard for a beginner. It was that run you took off at night, I reckon. I knowed when I passed you'd be in the night with it; an' I knowed they'd spile, you was so flustered. It takes a ca'm sperret to put up beans to stay. Leather breeches is safer.'

She took up her sack.

'There's a powerful lot o' wild grapes this year.'

'Is there?' I said, so dispiritedly that she put down her sack.

'Biggest and juiciest I ever seen. A body ought to put up a lot o' grapes. They're so tonic-y. An' they make the nicest jelly there is for the sick. Tarty like. Apple jelly's too tame for a stomach 'at's off a bit. Not speakin' agin youn, seein' you got such a power of it. An' namin' the sick, ain't you never thought o' puttin' up mullin? There's enough for Europe an' Ameriky too in your new ground, an' it'll shore cure that winter cough people has — cure it right now. If you don't mean to break off at all, if you ain't goin' to stop any-

wheres, if I's you I'd fix up some good yarb medicines. You can send *them* to the soldiers. There's shumake for a swelled throat, an' boneset for the ager, an' pokeweed for rheumatiz, an' spignet for consumption, an' a lot more I'll show you if you go home with me some time. Things to he'p folks, 'stead of a lot of stuff to chuck up the stomach an' make 'em sicker. S'pose you go home with me right now.'

'With so much to do?' I said. 'Oh, I could n't!'

'There'll always be something to do, gal. If we lived till we finished up, the world ud be full of Methuselys, an' no room for the young folks. Nobody finishes. They got to *break off*.'

She shouldered her sack and started, pausing a rod away for one more barb.

'You goin' to gether yer sunflower seed? I've hearn they eat 'em in Rooshia.'

Aunt Janey was right: I had the uncomfortable habit of hanging on for a finish that the gods would never uncover. And what could I do about it? There was one answer — Serena. She could break off without a qualm. She could sing the doxology while doing it, and give the Amen a sprightly reverberation.

Without daring to pause, I started off, stepping as briskly as Aunt Janey, but in the opposite direction. I would get Serena to come and clear away every sign of conservation, and I would walk on the mountains while she was doing it. If only I might find her in the disengaged period she would be sure to observe between fodder-pulling and sorghum-making!

As I neared Len's cabin the odor of boiling syrup told me I was too late. I arrived and looked drearily on the scene. A shouting boy was busily driving the oxen that turned the cane-mill, which was spouting with juice. More juice foamed in the boiler on the fur-

nace. Len, his seven children, three neighbors, and their children, were officiating in various or the same parts. Serena was skimming the boiling syrup. All the country round acknowledged her as the queen of 'lassy-makers.' She turned a heated face to me just long enough to say with the most cheerful of smiles, 'They don't give me time to make my beds.'

I was turning away, when Len stopped me.

'We've taken off one biler, an' I put a few 'lasses for you in that jug. Reenie, git the jug!'

'I don't want them,' I said, near to tears, and trapped in the vernacular.

Len was puzzled.

'But you're welcome to the 'lasses. I'll bring 'em up to you.'

'Not a spoonful, thank you, Len,' I called, already vanishing and hastening my steps unconsciously until I found myself running — running up hill. I did not turn on the trail toward home, but went out to Three Pine Point, where one could see the river miles away, smooth, effortless, winding to some hidden land, safe and far from the malefic spirit of industry. I dropped to the brown pine-needles. Quickly the woods set their magical currents flowing, and that sensation as of smiling veins crept over me.

Then I saw Nellie Ludd, or part of her. One could get only partial glimpses of Nellie in the woods — an upreaching arm, a strip of skirt, the sheen of her head. No, she was not golden-haired, or green-kirtled, and she did not lead the fancy back to Tempe and the vales of Arcady. Her dress was dingy brown in hue, and of cloth woven on her mother's loom, but fashioned by herself as fittingly to her grace as fur to the marten or feathers to the swallow. Her eyes, if ever you met them, you would find to be honey-brown, like the first falling leaves. Her hair was the color of

darkly shining smoke, and seemingly as loath to stay put. And the world she led the fancy to was a world which none of us have seen, but to which all secretly intend to go; a world whose picture every man holds in his heart, but will not look at in the light lest his neighbor come upon him suddenly. For, though we may have learned to love our neighbor as ourself, we have not yet learned to trust him.

It was a gracious chance that brought me to the Point just as Nellie was leaving it. 'Breaking off' was no longer difficult. That puttering kettle — how remote and absurd it seemed!

Descending late in the afternoon, my hills seemed to shine upon me, reflecting happy restoration. I passed by the pasture ridge where the silence was tapped by the falling chestnuts, and felt no impulse to defeat the squirrels and gophers of their prize. A bellwood crowned with purple bushels of grapes stirred no acquisitive instinct. I went calmly through the orchard, picking my way over the fallen fruit that no hand would rescue from decay; looked unawistfully at the pumpkins, cushaws, and 'candy-roasters' that would feed nothing but the frost; and from my cabin step smiled at the flaming wing of a young maple that was like a vivid aspiration airily detaching itself from the clutch of utility and the lures of bounty.

When I went in, Serena herself could not have cast a more contented eye about my kitchen, turbulent with unfinished tasks. The autumnal spirit had effectually bathed my lacerations. The box on which conveniently rested my little typewriter was invitingly near. I sank, a willing non-resistant, into a chair, and my hands mechanically sought the keys of the machine. For a few minutes I seemed to be having a pleasant time, with consciousness unaroused to the issue. Then I took out the sheet and read, —

Goodly Autumn comes again;
Fills my cupboard, fills my bin;
Piles the leaves beneath my shed
For my pony's winter bed.

Goodly Autumn comes again;
Mellows apples, mellows sin;
Drops the bars in every place;
All the world is out to gaze.

Goodly Autumn with her bread!
Surely now the poor are fed;
And in peace I may sit down
To my fill of white or brown.

Autumn is so good to me;
I will walk abroad and see
If the earth and if the sun
Sup as well as I have done.

'This is how they feel,' thought I, as
I drowned in placidity without a bubble
struggling overhead. 'This is why pro-
tracted meetings are held in autumn.
Ah, I will call my poem "The Season of
Piety."'

I began to feel like the good wife of a
deacon. Nay, I was the deacon himself,
and blushed in his elderly trousers.

With her usual ghostly suddenness,
Katy appeared.

'Mommy's got the milkweed in her
breast agin, an' the baby's all broke
out; she's afraid it's the measles an'
we'll all take 'em.'

I rose. Certainly they would all take
them. The season of piety was ended.

Both cases were happily light, and
when Coretta looked up from her pil-

low and said, 'We ain't goin' away.
I've been thinkin' what it ud be like to
git sick away from home an' everybody,'
I did not feel that a slight reproof would
be cruel.

'Stay? With nothing laid in for the
winter?'

'But you've put up such a lot.'

My heart, which had softened at
sight of her young cheek tracked red
with the whimsical fever, felt a Pharoic
relapse.

'You know, Coretta, I have had to
consider other plans.'

She was terrified, but unbelieving.
The heavens could not really fall.

'You would n't let us stay?'

'On one condition, perhaps.'

Her face shone with relief. She had
met conditions before, and melted
through them.

'What's that, Mis' Dolly?'

'You'll never wake me up again to
borrow something for breakfast?'

'No, I shore won't.'

'Cross your heart?'

'Cross my heart.'

'Swear to God?'

'Swear to God.'

I looked down at the lovely face, con-
tented with the thought of being sick
and *at home*, and my smile undid me.

'Swear to God,' she repeatedly feeb-
ly, 'unless, o' course, we're jest smack
out o' stuff.'

REFORMING THE LIQUOR TRADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A BRITISH LIBERAL

THE decision of the United States in favor of total prohibition, and the announcement that the British Government had arranged to increase the production of beer, were reported in the press during the same week. The one registered a great moral triumph; the other marked a humiliating defeat. During the war, the United States Government set an example by safeguarding its fighting men from the debilitating and demoralizing effects of drink, and the American people have carried that policy to a radical and logical conclusion. Great Britain, after a certain hesitation, imposed restrictions on the liquor traffic in the interest of national morals. It also began hopeful experiments in control; but no sooner had the fighting ceased than the government relaxed its grip on the trade, and we are now rapidly drifting back to pre-war conditions.

The first act of the new Food Minister, Mr. Roberts, a Labor Member, was to recommend the Cabinet to allow more and better beer to be made, and, as it happened, from American barley. At the same time, Sir George Roffey, a member of the Royal Commission on Wheat-Supply, wrote an apologetic letter about the inadequacy of the facilities for distributing wine and spirits, and also referred to the 'unwillingness of Mr. Hoover to ship barley to this country for the purpose of manufacturing alcohol,' which, said the worthy knight, 'has, in conjunction with other factors, reduced the supplies of barley for brewing to a figure which will only

allow of an increase of 25 per cent on the present barrelage.'

A few days later the government issued this statement:—

It is officially announced that the War Cabinet has decided to allow an increase of 25 per cent on the present permitted statutory barrelage, and an increase of two degrees in the permitted average gravity, to take effect as from January 1, 1919. The schedule of retail prices, which will come into force on February 24, brings within its scope all gravities on a scale ranging from the rate of threepence to eightpence a pint for draught beers in public bars. Bottled beers, hitherto uncontrolled, will be included, but on a separate scale.

The city of Carlisle, recently visited by the President of the United States, gave an encouraging object-lesson in state ownership of all breweries, hotels, and saloons. This city was selected for the demonstration in state ownership because it was near a great new munition township, where drunkenness was prevalent. Restrictions have now been relaxed, and the saloons are open on Sundays.

The contrast between what happened during the war and what is now taking place is all the more striking when we compare the indictment made against the drink trade with the achievement. Early in the war, the French Government, which had for many years carried on a campaign against alcoholism, prohibited the supply of alcohol—which does not, according to the French interpretation, include wine and beer—to soldiers, and restricted the supply to

civilians. Britain moved more slowly. The duties on liquors were increased, with the result that there was more revenue and also more drinking.

I

The first statesman to recognize the national dangers from an unrestricted drink trade during the war was Mr. David Lloyd George, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer. The little Welsh David, with all the ardor of his Celtic nature, declared war on the Goliath of Drink. In February, 1915, he threatened the monster with destruction. He said that drink was 'doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together.' When he started his tour, in the spring of 1915, to quicken production of munitions, he found evidence which still more convinced him that the Drink Demon must be put under restraint. 'Nothing but root-and-branch methods,' he told a deputation of shipbuilders in March, 1915, 'will be of the slightest avail in dealing with this evil. The feeling is that, if we are to settle German militarism, we must first of all settle with drink.' The next month, in putting new duties on drink, he said, 'The nation could afford perhaps a drink-bill of £160,000,000 before the war. What we could afford before the war, we certainly cannot afford after the war, and one of the things we cannot afford is a drink-bill of £160,000,000 a year.'

Yet every year of the war has seen the drink-bill grow. In 1917 it amounted to £259,000,000, and the estimate for the last year is still higher. Altogether, during the four years of war, Great Britain spent over £1,000,000,000 on drink. Economists and prohibitionists can speculate how much wealthier and stronger the nation would have been, if this vast expenditure on liquor had

been placed in war-bonds and productive industry. They could add other large sums spent on brewing-materials, barrels, coal, transportation; while the labor of thousands of people working for the traffic would have been diverted into more useful channels. Further than that, there would have been the additional saving to the nation which would have followed the suppression of the traffic. There would have been fewer accidents; less work for the police; more time for work, as none would have been wasted through drink; less lunacy, less disease, and many other benefits would have flowed from enforced temperance. Millions of tons of barley and sugar would have been saved for food.

All this presupposes that the British people would have accepted total prohibition. Mr. Lloyd George never contemplated prohibition, but he wanted drastic control and partial suppression. In another of his anti-drink speeches (March 25, 1915) he declared, 'We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink, and so far as I can see, the greatest of these deadly enemies is Drink.' And while Germany and Austria are down and out, Drink remains unconquered.

Speaking again on April 6, 1917, to a deputation on state purchase and prohibition, Mr. Lloyd George said if nothing were done now to 'acquire complete and absolute control over the trade,' he feared that, when demobilization came, there would be an 'irresistible demand to put the trade back practically where it had been before.' That would be a national disaster. He personally wanted the strong hand of the State to be there, instead of a powerful interest which had already beaten them in the past.

Well, nothing has been done to 'acquire complete and absolute control of the trade.' There is an 'irresistible demand to put the trade back practically where it was before the war,' and Mr. Lloyd George's government is a con-

senting party to the 'irresistible demand,' because it does not try to resist it.

The general feeling in Great Britain is that the government did not make the most of its opportunities. People in America may think that the reforms adopted only trifled with the problem, and that, while they did not expect to see Great Britain turn prohibitionist, even under the stress of war, they hoped that more radical methods, which would have prepared the way for greater achievements, would have been adopted. Public opinion in Great Britain admires America's thoroughgoing policy, but considers that total prohibition goes too far and will be difficult to enforce in a number of states.

II

When the increase of duties on drink did not check consumption, and after Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, failed to carry national purchase with the object of establishing a national monopoly, he proposed control. One of his first acts as Minister of Munitions was to set up the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic), in June, 1915. The chairman is Lord D'Abernon, who is identified chiefly with financial enterprises. The Board consists of Members of Parliament, large employers, several civil servants, a representative of Labor, a brewer, a caterer, and a doctor. I will give a brief account of its work as set out in its latest report. It describes itself as the authority for controlling the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor in naval, military, munition, or transport areas, where such control should be found expedient for the successful prosecution of the war. It has prescribed orders of varying degrees of stringency affecting nine tenths of the population of England and Scotland. The report says:—

The characteristic features of the Board's orders are the drastic restriction of the hours for the sale or supply of intoxicating liquor, the imposition of special restrictions on the sale of spirits, the prohibition of treating and of sales on credit, the curtailment of facilities for off-sales generally, and the application to clubs of the same restrictions as to licensed premises.

Other drastic provisions were applied in 'scheduled areas' then exclusively occupied by troops or munition-production. Prohibition of the sale of spirits has been enforced in a few areas, even- ing sale stopped in others. Hundreds of saloons have been closed. The Board is quite satisfied that its restrictive orders have diminished drunkenness, and has a sheaf of statistics to prove its claim. It encouraged the establishment of factory canteens as a feature of social welfare, and it made experiments in direct ownership. Its first excursion in the saloon business was at the government Small-Arms Factory at Enfield, near London. It was a successful example in the moralization of the drink trade. Next, it went to the north of Scotland, and catered for the men of the fleet in the small towns of Invergordon and Cromarty. Then it undertook a bolder experiment at Gretna — a small border-town known in more romantic days as a haven of refuge for eloping couples from England. Here a great number of munition factories had been built, and the Board bought the existing saloons, which undertook the supply of refreshment under reasonable conditions and in healthy surroundings. It also provided rival attractions to drink as a means of relaxation.

But the boldest experiment of all was the acquisition of all the breweries, hotels, restaurants, and saloons in the city of Carlisle and suburbs — a few miles from Gretna on the English side. The Board reduced the number of saloons by 37 per cent. Its policy was 'to

restrict facilities for the consumption of intoxicants, except with food, and to encourage the provision of food for consumption with intoxicants.' It set up 'Food Taverns' in place of drinking saloons. The report says:—

The Carlisle taverns exhibit considerable variety of detail in their internal arrangements and decoration, and the accommodation provided by each of them, and the meals and refreshments supplied have proved well suited to the several districts of the city which they are designed to serve. The extraordinary increase which has taken place in the population of Carlisle, and in the number of persons passing through it, together with the fact that there was previously in the city little, if any, provision of a like character, has, it is believed, prevented any case of hardship arising from competition between the State and existing private interests.

Sunday closing, which exists in Scotland, was applied in Carlisle, and the sale of spirits was prohibited on Saturday. No one under eighteen years of age was supplied with spirits, or with beer except to be consumed with meals. All advertisements of alcoholic drinks in the saloons were removed. As an experiment in state ownership, this Carlisle undertaking demonstrated the economic advantages of unity of management. The report says:—

The Carlisle undertaking is differentiated from the rest of the Board's direct-control schemes by the fact that the business side of it is not confined to the conduct of a retail trade. A large proportion of the licensed premises in the district were owned by the four Carlisle brewery firms, by the Maryport Brewery Company, and by firms of wine and spirit merchants carrying on a considerable trade in and round Carlisle. The acquisition of the manufacturing and wholesale business of these firms, besides being necessary in order to make the Board's control of the liquor traffic effective, was also expedient on financial grounds. From both points of view, the acquisition of these whole-

sale undertakings has been well justified by the results—great economies both of capital and of current expenditure have been secured, and the practical working of the Board's measures for the advancement of efficiency and sobriety has been facilitated. The Board have arranged a system for the control of the sale of liquor at the railway refreshment rooms, and they have had occasion to consider questions affecting the control of the liquor-supply in clubs within the area, and questions of the importation of liquor into the area. The management of hotels, commercial and residential, urban and rural, has also necessarily formed part of their work. The varied nature of the experience which they have thus acquired, and the substantial economies, not only in money, but also in man-power and transport, which the comprehensiveness of the scheme has enabled them to effect, are among the incidental advantages of the concentration in their own hands of the control of the manifold grades and branches of the liquor trade.

Judged by results, state ownership in Carlisle has been fairly successful. It diminished drunkenness. In the first quarter of 1916 there were 213 convictions for drunkenness in the city; in the first quarter of 1918, when the Board's scheme was in full operation, there were only 36 convictions, although the population had increased. If the trade had been thoroughly moralized, there would have been no drunkenness at all. From the commercial point of view, the Board policy paid. The cost of buying the liquor-trade interests exceeded £1,000,000, and the profit for the year ending March 31, 1918, after paying interest on the war-taxes, depreciation, and all expenses, was £167,915, which went toward the reduction of the capital account.

III

The credit for curtailing the production of beer and spirits as a war measure does not belong to the Central Control

Board, but to the Food Ministry. It was not until April, 1916, that the Food-Controller acted. The restriction, to begin with, was modest. The annual output of beer was reduced from 30,000,000 to 26,000,000 barrels, and there was a corresponding reduction in the clearance of wines and spirits from bond. The next cut was more drastic. In 1917, the annual output of beer was reduced to 10,000,000 barrels, and there was a further reduction in spirits and wine.

Then a strange thing happened. The government's courage failed. The War Cabinet overruled the Ministry of Food. There were numerous reports before the government showing that drink reduced the efficiency of the worker and lessened production. There was Mr. Lloyd George's ringing indictment against the country's greatest enemy — *Drink*. The supplies of food were not more plentiful, but the War Cabinet beat a humiliating retreat before the outraged enemy. Let the Control Board's report tell what happened.

During the greater part of April and May, 1917, the effect of the new restriction was not apparent, since there was a large carry-over from the previous year, and the rise in prices occasioned by the changed position helped in some degree to adjust demand to supply. These temporary factors, however, soon spent themselves, and it became apparent that the available supply of beer was falling very far short of the public demand. As early as May 8, the Minister of Munitions stated in the House of Commons that he was 'being confronted from a good many districts by demands for liquor and by representations and complaints in connection with the beer-shortage.'

These complaints increased in number and intensity, and, on July 5, the government announced their decision to allow an increase of the authorised output for the second quarter of 1917-18 (July to September) by 33½ per cent. In the discussion which took place on this decision in the House of Commons on the same day, the

Home Secretary stated that the increase was granted 'for reasons connected with the conduct of the war, and for no other reason.' He said: 'I want the House to consider for a few moments the grounds which induced the government to make this change. It is a fact — there is no doubt about it — that there is a serious shortage of beer in many parts of the country. Secondly, that shortage is causing serious unrest and is interfering with the output of munitions and with the position of the country in this war. In many of the great towns, in munition areas, and among harvesters, we know that the shortage exists, and there is unrest, discontent, loss of time, loss of work, and, in some cases, even strikes are threatened and indeed caused by the very fact that there is a shortage of beer. These are serious facts.'

These official statements show a lack of courage and resolution. The effects attributed to the shortage of drink are similar to the symptoms, according to scientific testimony, produced by the consumption of drink.

IV

What has been the effect of the control of the liquor traffic on the breweries and the saloon-keepers? When duties were increased as a war-revenue rather than a temperance measure, — in the expectation, however, that consumption would decrease, — the trade raised a cry of distress. It saw ruin ahead. Before it had recovered from the alarming prospect which it pictured to stockholders, it received a greater shock from national control and restrictions. This time it was quite certain of disaster. Nothing could save it from wholesale insolvency. Failing to secure public sympathy, the trade then decided to ease the fall which inevitably loomed ahead by more than doubling the price of the articles it supplied. Half a pint of mild ale, which cost a penny in 1914, was sold at three-pence ha'penny in 1917; so that the

trade left a large margin between the increase in the duty and the price charged to the public. Beer was heavily diluted, as was also whiskey, so that the difference in value was not fully represented by the 250 per cent increase in price.

The brewers resented the decision of the government to enter the beer business and produce a beverage at once healthy and harmless. But the brewers and their allies, the saloon-keepers, faced this new competition bravely. They bought government ale at 76 shillings a barrel and sold it at 120 shillings. Under the restrictions, the brewers were allowed to brew only one third of their former supply, and all beer and alcoholic liquors could be sold only five and a half hours a day instead of, as formerly, twelve and eighteen hours.

The government made a fatal error: while restricting facilities for consumption, it did not fix a reasonable selling price. One result was that a good deal of the discontent and dissatisfaction among beer-drinkers was due to the high prices they were charged for very inferior tipple. Another result was that the trade became gloriously prosperous — the pessimistic forebodings did not come true. Corporations which had long been non-paying concerns burst forth in an unprecedented boom of prosperity that pleasantly surprised the stockholders. To take one or two illustrations. One large combination of brewers, Watney, Coombe and Reid, was in a derelict condition. Its deferred stock of £600,000 was a drug in the money-market; now it stands at a premium and there is profit enough, after making all sorts of provisions for depreciation, excess-profit duties, and reserves, to pay a thirty-per-cent dividend. Or take Allsopp's. This corporation's gross profit in 1913 was £68,000; in 1917 it was £307,000. Before the war it made no provision for redemp-

tion and reserve. In 1918 it set aside £42,800 to a redemption fund, £50,000 to reserve, carried forward £21,000, and distributed £181,000 net profit. Like others, this concern had taken the opportunity to increase salaries, carry out renovations, and spend lavishly on maintenance out of revenue. And it should be observed that all these profits, amounts placed in reserve, and all other distributions of revenue, were paid after the excess-profits duty was met. This war-tax is payable on the profits over and above the average profits of any two of the three years before the war. First the duty was fifty per cent of the excess, and it has been increased until, including income tax, it is eighty-five per cent. So that the huge volume of war-profits brought into the coffers of the brewery trade comes out of the residuum of fifteen per cent.

The government assisted the brewers in another way. To save labor, it encouraged the concentration of brewing in fewer establishments. By its own experiments it showed the brewery trade how to economize in production, and paved the way for combines among the brewers after the war.

The brewers have invested part of their profits in politics and in publicity work, so that the end of the war sees the trade more firmly entrenched, more prosperous, more powerful in influencing public opinion, than it has been for many years. It played an important part in the General Election. Its agencies supported candidates pledged to protect trade interests. The chief organizer for the Coalition, the Chairman of the Lloyd George-Bonar Law Campaign Committee was Sir George Younger, a Scotch brewer. He selected candidates who received the Coalition 'coupon,' and he saw to it that most of those candidates were Unionists who were not hostile to the drink trade.

The election conspiracy was most successfully worked in Scotland, which had always been predominantly Liberal. Sir George Younger, in his capacity of caucus 'boss,' chose the candidates so wisely that for the first time in modern Parliamentary history the genuine Liberals elected for Scotland are in a minority. His success was facilitated because there was as a rule a Labor candidate, as well as the Lloyd George nominee, fighting the Liberal, and in many cases the successful candidate represents only a minority of the votes recorded.

v

The system of government control has won support from moderate temperance reformers. They have rejoiced for small mercies. It was the first real advance made in England in constructive work. In the past the liquor traffic had baffled the ingenuity of statesmen. The licensing system was simply a police system. It was negative. It restrained, but did not reform. Licenses for the sale of alcoholic liquor in saloons, hotels, and restaurants are issued by nominated and unrepresentative bodies of justices of the peace, who exercise jurisdiction over anomalous areas which have little relation to municipal boundaries. Licenses come up for review annually, and new applications are considered. Nominally the justices have great powers, but they exercise them with a sympathetic regard for the vested interests of the liquor trade. The majority of them are men of substance who have their own private wine-cellars. The whole system is thoroughly anti-democratic.

Under such a system the way of the reformer is hard. And things are so arranged that it is difficult for the trade to reform itself from within. Anyone attempting reform—improving saloons or transforming them from drinking-

dens into decent refreshment houses—is penalized. The only ray of hope has come to light through an institution called the 'Public House Trust,' run on almost philanthropic lines, under which the consumption of spirituous liquors is discouraged. It has been a successful demonstration in disinterested management. Temperance reformers in England have fought against any approximation to the continental beer-saloon and café. They have been against the revival of the old English inn, which was as much concerned in the supply of victuals as the supply of drink; hence the survival of the name which is the legal description of the saloon-keeper—'licensed victualler.' But the methods adopted to make drinking-places unattractive, in the hope of making drinking unpopular, did not succeed. On the contrary, they induced the worst possible drinking habits and encouraged consumption.

Two other demoralizing factors characterized the drink trade: the saloons fell into the hands of the brewery owners and became 'tied' houses, that is, bound to take supplies from the owners. Not only were they 'tied' for drink, but for every article consumed on the premises, including sawdust to sprinkle on the floors. There was a great boom in brewery shares, and the capital of the brewery corporations was inflated by the multitude of tied houses. By these means the drink trade increased its influence in local and national politics. The brewers ran election campaigns, and nothing was so dangerous to the success of the party as the hostility of the trade. Every saloon was a centre of influence and corruption. Candidates were supported irrespective of their party affiliations, so long as they were prepared to protect vested interests in drink.

Progress in public opinion, however, made some impression. A system of

reducing redundant licenses was introduced. A pool for compensating the owners of the saloons abolished was created, at the expense of the trade. But the reduction in the number of saloons did not mean a commensurate decrease in the consumption of drink: mostly the business simply passed on to the neighboring saloons. What had a greater influence in diminishing drunkenness was the rise of the popular tea and light-refreshment houses now to be found all over London, and in the big cities and sea-side resorts.

VI

A complaint by reformers is that the Board of Control did not take full advantage of its opportunities during the war. On various occasions official reports have been issued, demonstrating the deleterious effects of alcohol on the working classes. A report to the Central Control Board says, that 'to use alcohol as it is very commonly used by people who do not appreciate its limitations and drawbacks as a staple food for muscular work, is to run a great risk of damage to health and efficiency'; yet the government has treated beer as a food. It is superfluous to cite testimony against alcohol, to demonstrate its deceptive food-value, or its injurious effects on the nerves and other functions. The Ministry of Munitions has shown the effects of drink on industrial efficiency. A report on the causation of industrial accidents reads as follows:—

The careless habit of mind can be diminished by a stricter sobriety. There can be no doubt that the less alcohol the worker consumes, the better it is for the quality and quantity of his work and for his accident immunity. This applies especially to alcohol by the day-shift in the dinner-hour, and the night-shift shortly before coming on to work. The anticipation of pleasures to come induces lack of attention and careless-

ness, and tends to produce accidents. This applies to the day-workers in the latter part of their shift. The night-worker, on the other hand, has his bout of drinking before he begins work. He comes to the factory in a state of pleasurable excitement, which has been increased in many instances by the consumption of alcohol, and so he starts work under conditions likely to induce the maximum of carelessness and inattention. As the night progresses, his excitement cools down, the effects of alcohol, if they exist, wear off, and by the time the last spell of work is reached, he has lapsed.

Such testimony, supported by other investigations, would have justified the Board of Control in pushing its war measures very much further. The Board is apparently satisfied that it has brought about a great decrease in consumption and still greater in drunkenness. It is true that there has been less consumption, partly because there have been fewer facilities for consumption. Decrease in drunkenness cannot be measured solely by the number of convictions. During the last four years and a half, an average of four million men have been in the army and out of the country, including many thousands who, under normal conditions, would be liberal consumers. Sailors and fishermen have been at sea during the war, and have had to practise enforced temperance. Wine and spirits have been let out of bond in small quantities and strictly rationed. No new customers were supplied, no credit was given, and no treating allowed. Another cause for the decrease in drunkenness is that beer and whiskey have been so diluted that the hardened drinker could never consume enough to make himself drunk. The final testimony against the case that restriction has led to sobriety is produced by the trade itself, which proves that the variations in restrictions bear no relation to the statistics of drunkenness.

VII

The prospects of drastic liquor legislation, or prohibition, in Great Britain are not encouraging. A small section favors prohibition, but arouses very little enthusiasm. The various reform societies are neither well-organized nor united. State purchase, which would have been possible early in the war, is now considered beyond the range of practical politics. Prohibitionists would not have the State touch the trade except to kill it. Complete suppression without a penny of compensation is their policy. Other temperance reformers were reconciled to purchase, if accompanied by a referendum enabling the people to say just how many, if any, saloons should remain open in their districts. Many of these reformers now fear that State ownership might have the effect of perpetuating the trade instead of gradually extinguishing it, for the reason that this excursion into State socialism would be alluringly profitable. They fear that the people would not vote for doing away with their own property, because it would be a fruitful source of revenue at a time when everything taxable is being squeezed to the uttermost. They are entirely opposed, on economic grounds, to the State's paying hundreds of millions for an industry and then proceeding to kill it off by degrees, losing the capital which it cost and the revenue which it brings. The average Englishman does not consider such a short-sighted policy either common sense or good business, and he is against it.

When we come down to the constructive programme of the temperance party, Americans will think that it is far from thorough. It is an effort to preserve that good which the Central Board has done, and to carry it further. 'The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches' was formed four years

ago, representing fourteen organizations differing on social, political, and religious matters. It has four joint presidents: The Archbishop of Canterbury, of the Established Church; Cardinal Bourne, Roman Catholic; Principal Selbie, who represents the 'Free Churches'; and General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army. This council has agreed on nine points:—

Sunday closing.

Restriction of hours for the sale of drink on week-days.

Reduction in the number of licensed premises.

Increase of the power of local licensing authorities.

Control of clubs.

Abolition of grocers' licenses.

Prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor to young people.

Local option, defined as the right of a locality to vote on the three options, 'No change,' 'Reduction,' and 'No license.'

The provision of alternatives to the liquor tavern.

The only real reform measure in the list is the application of local option; but everything depends on the system of voting adopted and on the size of the areas selected. Otherwise the reformers' programme means little more than the continuance of the system of control in force during the war.

When we remember the recuperation of the drink trade, its strength in elections, and the half-heartedness of the reform movement, there is little chance of Britain becoming dry in a hundred years. If the Labor party were to adopt state purchase, coupled with a democratic referendum, which would settle by popular vote how many, if any, saloons were to remain in a particular locality, then there would be a steady reduction in the number. Much will depend on the women voters. If there were a clean-cut issue on drink, the vast majority of them would vote for

reduction, if not for total prohibition.

There is not the slightest prospect of a reform movement in Ireland, where there are more saloons to the population than in any country in the world. But there is a chance in Scotland. The Scottish Temperance Act hands over the future of the liquor traffic to the people. It comes into operation in 1920, and under popular referendum allows the people to vote for the reduction of saloons in municipal areas according to the size of the majority in favor of

enforcing the act. If the majority is as much as two thirds, the vote carries total prohibition. There will be a national campaign in 1920, which may lead to striking results. It would be a curious anomaly if this great whiskey-producing country should be, in part if not entirely, prohibitionist. The commercial instincts of the Scot might be equal to such a revolutionary result, and might continue to make and export for others the spirit which they could no longer consume at home.

THE CONFEDERACY, FIFTY YEARS AFTER

BY NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON

THE time for the ideal history of the tragic episode of the Confederacy is not yet, but it is near. We are fifty years removed from the last gunshot. That luminous clarity with which sympathetic imagination invests the past has quietly dissipated prejudice, quietly dried up the mountains of exaggeration which are now crumbling into dust. Never again will the Confederacy be regarded, either as a last attempt to recover the Golden Age, or, on the other hand, as an irruption of the Powers of Darkness. A great, sincere, immensely human episode, it revealed itself long ago to dispassionate observers. But only lately, in time's fulness, through the perspective of fifty years, has its whole significance appeared. At last we see that the revelation sealed in Confederate history is not merely something broadly human, but also something peculiarly, illuminatingly, American.

It is by virtue of the fading of our

illusions with regard to Confederate history that the path to clear ideas becomes plain. Chief among these is the passing of the illusion that the Confederacy was at one with itself. The old notion of a spontaneous rush of the whole Southern people toward a single clear goal, all animated by one thought, all intelligently aware of what they wanted — this has to go. Rather, it is gone already. The fact that the Confederacy was a house divided against itself engrosses to-day the thought of its best-informed observers. We seek final intelligence, asking ourselves, Why were the Confederates divided? Why did Yancey, before the Confederacy was eighteen months old, make the reckless assertion that he saw little to choose between conquest by 'the Yankees' and a continuation of the existing régime? Why did Toombs, sincere though hysterical, declare that it made him 'sick' to fight for such people as

controlled the Confederacy? Why did Davis, in bitter protest against the course of his enemies, say that, if the Confederacy failed, it would have died 'of a theory'? Why did Georgia and North Carolina have their periods of almost open rebellion against the Richmond government? Why, in a word, did people who thought they were in harmony at the opening of 1861 know, before the end of 1862, that in many of their ideas they were widely divergent, that their harmony was tactical, not organic?

One cannot answer the question without glancing at two conceptions of the Confederate episode, both, I think, fallacious. These are the old-fashioned 'Northern' view — or what has been so labeled by its advocates, perhaps unfairly — and the new 'economic' view. One is the idea that the South rushed into secession to preserve slavery, — just that and nothing more, — while the other is the idea that it acted under compulsion of a group of vested interests, that these interests used slavery as one of the cards in their hands, but that they and their purposes are to be thought of almost, if not quite, as is 'big business' to-day. Both views do their small part in the way of final illumination, but both, in the main, are inadequate.

The invaluable researches of the United States Census Bureau have established the fact that only one third of the Southern whites belonged to slaveholding families. Only a small number of families held enough slaves to render the institution economically important in their lives. If they went into the war to preserve slavery, it was because of something behind it which slavery symbolized, not for the institution itself. Few Southerners, in 1861, would have suffered materially from the extinction of slavery. The motives of the others, the vast majority, form the great

crux, generally ignored. And as to the theory of a group of financial barons using slavery as an economic tool, and forcing their section out of the Union merely to win freer business scope for their own astute combinations, this theory splits on the rock of political geography. If such combinations of capital really existed, — if there was a cotton-trust, or a rice-trust, or a slave-trust, — the reality of the democratic temper in a very large part, at least, of the South, halts the student who would use this easy dogma to explain the movement of 1861.

The discovery that the Southerners held widely different views upon slavery — that the Confederacy lacked, as the corner-stone of its economy, a general agreement upon this vital question — is the first step toward a true conception of its history. There has not been sufficient distinguishing between the economic interest in slavery and the regard for slavery as a symbol, the belief that one had a right to hold slaves if one wanted to. And, again, there must be differentiation in the latter idea. It includes several distinct attitudes. Many a Southerner, accepting slavery as a social axiom, looked on interference with it — paradoxical as this still appears to some observers — as curtailment of the inalienable democratic right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Then, too, there can be no doubt that, in the minds of hosts of Southerners, the whole agitation against slavery seemed merely a foreign intervention in their domestic affairs. The precise theme of the intervention — whether the right to own a slave, or the right to wear a silk hat — mattered to these people nothing at all.

At least one other attitude is also clearly discernible. An acute observer, a Confederate veteran, once said to me, 'When I was serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, I took great inter-

est in finding out why mountaineers and poor whites, men who had never owned a slave, men who had no interest in slavery, were as keen for the war as any of us. I concluded that it was a war of caste. Rightly or wrongly, they had the notion that, if the North won, they would be reduced to the level of the negro. They were animated by an intense racial feeling. They fought for the racial idea.'

Here, then, are five clearly distinguished attitudes toward slavery, toward the economic corner-stone of the Confederacy. And they are so unlike that in expressing them irreconcilable differences might readily appear. For example: what of common thinking was there uniting the magnate wanting slavery for trust purposes and the peasant mountaineer conceiving slavery merely as a racial symbol? How easily these two might become enemies! In fact, the five attitudes here indicated have, if you look closely, but one genuinely common factor. All desired the silencing of external interference with the 'peculiar institution.' But as to how, among themselves, they should regard that institution, what common view can be found?

We have touched the heart of the matter. Whatever else it was, the Confederacy was a political movement, conceived in opposition. It was a negative movement. It was not, in the true sense, a creative expression of a people's life; it was a desperate attempt made by widely dissimilar groups to throw back powerful influences invading their territory. Again, its coherency was tactical, not organic.

It is this fact that gives to 1861 its distinctive color. For fifteen years, ever since the beginning of the Mexican imbroglio, the Southern politicians had fought a defensive battle without clearly appreciating what they were about. One of the overlooked duties of the his-

torian of American politics is to account for this lapse of the analytical faculty. Though the leaders of the South from 1850 to 1860 were not, to be sure, of the same calibre as its earlier leaders, they were men of conspicuous abilities. Toombs, Stephens, Yancey, Benjamin, Davis, these men had mind. Why did they fail to distinguish between the sort of bond that held them together — the bond of a common denial — and that other sort of bond, the lack of which became apparent soon after they seceded — the bond of organic union in creative assertion? The problem is part of a wider problem, of that lack of searching mentality which — if truth must out — troubles us at many a turn in the mid-century of American politics. A certain visionariness, a certain absence of realism, an easy belief in one's fate, joined with a universal literary tendency, vividly felt but not highly cultivated, — a rhetorical tendency, — explains much when conceived as the background of our mental being about 1850, about the time when the older, closer-knit intelligences — Calhoun, Webster, and the rest — passed away. It was in a mental atmosphere compounded in no small part of rhetoric, dogmas, and excessive optimism, that the Confederacy was born.

With the leaders united only in opposition, and with their positive beliefs held in abeyance while a negative programme, the work of an opposition, was pushed forward, the Southerners moved on from the point where their last great constructive genius, Calhoun, left them in 1850 — moved on, lacking constructive leadership, to the crisis of 1860. Their division into five groups, or more, on the subject of slavery gave no pause, apparently, to the leaders, to men like Davis, Yancey, Toombs, in whose thoughts we seek vainly for the subtle, deadly distinction between the political significance of denial and of assertion.

And not only was there no recognition of the inherent confusion on the question of slavery: there was also the same failure of the analytical sense on the other two subjects which, with the theory of slavery, formed the political creed of the hour: the doctrine of State Rights and the economic solidarity of the South. Had the leaders been different from their time, had they applied to their problems an intellectual severity from which the time had fallen away, who can doubt that the character of their episode — its color, so to speak — would appear to us, to-day, other than it is? But they were typical American politicians of the middle of the century. Accident gave them the opportunity to reveal through their actions what was then the typically American political temper. They seized their opportunity, and thus their tragic experiment has for subsequent ages an inexhaustible interest.

It is in their handling of the doctrine of State Rights that we discern with the greatest clearness their basic error, the confusion between a movement of denial and a movement of creation. And in this connection a shower of questions might be poured upon us. All of them would lead straight to the messages and papers of Jefferson Davis, or else to the utterances of his irreconcilable enemies. And all, at heart, contain one question: What did we mean in the old days when we talked of State sovereignty? On this subject, as on the subject of slavery, the Southerners had gone into a constructive movement, without making sure that they had common ideas on which to build. Their unity in denial on the subject of slavery had been paralleled by a unity in the negative use of a political theory. To check the Northern advance, they had employed the doctrine of State Rights. But, again, the same fatal defect that runs through all American thinking of

the mid-century, the rhetorical instead of the imaginative use of ideas had interposed to prevent ideas, in many cases, from coming fully home to their advocates. A strain that is almost dialectical — the political equivalent, perhaps, of the ultra-abstractedness of the Abolitionists — runs through the debates of the time, and allowed men to declare, with the accent of passion, ideas, the reality of which for their advocates was too closely connected with their rhetorical effect.

On this great question of their basic political theory many politicians were destined, in the course of the Confederate episode, to contradict, not only their fellows, but their own past. Who had asserted the State-Rights theory more emphatically than Jefferson Davis? And what among his papers is more interesting than that early message in which he vetoed a bill for accepting into the Confederate army forces raised by Texas and officered through the state authorities? From this time forward, the centralizing tendencies of the Confederate Executive, and the bitter reaction against them, are the central fact of Confederate politics. Conceptions of government, political ideals, clashed together for the control of a movement which, with every step of its advance, made plainer its lack of fundamental unity. And all this in spite of the fact that once upon a time all these men had used the same political phrases, professed the same political dogmas, met their opponents with the same train of argument. But when, at last, they had all embarked on that course where looking back was the vainest futility, they discovered how elastic, how ambiguous their theories were. For some of them, State Rights with all their implications — the uttermost stressing of the note of individualism — formed a real creed. To safeguard these ideas they were ready to die. But there

were others — and Davis himself may stand as their symbol — to whom, once Secession was effected, the separate rights of any one state disappeared, and the vision of a Southern republic — if need be, a firmly consolidated republic — arose in their place. To these latter, the martyrs for State Rights appeared mere visionaries, and their crushing a matter of course. To the true State-Rights men — the men in love with their own little countries, their states, who felt for them as passionately as any Greek or Belgian feels to-day — the Southern consolidationist was as odious as the Northern consolidationist, and both were monsters.

There is no understanding the Confederacy until we feel permeating it a double loyalty, an intense desire to preserve the general character of Southern life, and likewise an enthusiasm for preserving as a genuine political unit each little country, each sovereign state. The latter was the same feeling as that which now animates Bohemia, Montenegro, Belgium. But a time came when the two loyalties separated. And then the deepest tragedy of the Confederacy was revealed. The true State-Rights men found themselves in a false position. They could not go along with the Richmond government and save 'the country,' without lending themselves to a movement toward centralization, toward the rearing on the ruins of the Union of a consolidated Southern republic, omnipotent over its states. They could not draw away from that government, stand fast by the sovereignty of their states, without wrecking the general cause, paving the way for a Northern victory, for a revolution in the character of Southern life.

No history of the Confederacy can pretend to be illuminative that does not make intelligible the course of these despairing adversaries of Richmond. Among them few will serve better the

historian's purpose than a great figure, strangely neglected, Robert Barnwell Rhett. Few Americans have been more consistent. From early life, through a series of stirring episodes, he was guided ever by one inspiration — by a passionate attachment to his native state, South Carolina, and an intense longing to see her virtually independent. To-day, he would have made a grand leader of the Belgians. For Rhett, the doctrine of State Rights cloaked no ambiguities. His failures were not intellectual, but temperamental. To his bold and haughty nature, defeat was inconceivable. Advocating secession ten years before the war, he said, 'Smaller States have before us struggled successfully for their freedom against greater odds.'

At the inauguration of the Southern President, it was on Rhett's arm that Davis leaned as he entered the hall. But it was Rhett, his powerful following in South Carolina, his party organ, the *Charleston Mercury*, that, in a year's time, were bitterly opposed to the Richmond government. And as Rhett felt, in South Carolina, so felt all those in North Carolina who, at last, came to the very verge of open rebellion under Vance; so felt the powerful Georgia group, with Toombs and Stephens for their spokesmen; so felt Yancey in Alabama; and behind these a host of followers. Desperately, gallantly, these men fought on to uphold the sinking Confederacy, refused to make separate terms with the Union; but all the while, with as little faith in the Richmond government as in the Washington government, and fearful that the victory of Richmond meant the death of State Rights almost as completely as would the victory of Washington. It was in the crumbling of their ideal of separate State sovereignty, the perception that it was doomed any way they took it, — perhaps by conquest from without, perhaps by the consolidation of a military

despotism at Richmond, a despotism which soldiers would pronounce justifiable, — that their hearts were wrung and despair became their portion.

It is through the overthrow of the ideas of these men that the historian of the future will bring out the inner tragedy of the South. All the great measures of the Administration, — its conscription policy, its suspensions of the writ of habeas corpus, its bold and sometimes ruthless seizures of property, its schemes to arm and emancipate the slaves, — these, and numberless others, always encountered some group whose sincere conviction compelled resolute opposition. Always, everywhere, a tactical, not an organic combination of forces! Few things are more sternly typical of the episode than is Davis's desperate attempt, aided by the great influence of Lee, to arm the slaves. Emancipation was to follow military service. So boldly had these Confederate 'progressives' departed from the programme of 1861!

But over against them arose all the questions that were doomed to arise. The groups that were really fighting for slavery fought this measure with the energy of self-preservation. The real State-Rights men saw in it one more blow at local independence, one more usurpation by the central government. All who wanted, for any reason, to maintain the utter subordination of the blacks saw the end of their purpose in the creation of a great number of free negroes, honorably discharged soldiers, decorated with the thanks of the Republic.

Thus, in a hundred ways, it becomes apparent that the brave men who marched so resolutely against the front of destiny, were all the victims of illusion, not merely the obvious illusion of underestimating the force against them, — serious as that was, — but chiefly of this subtler illusion, the failure to understand themselves. They had attempted creation when the creative force, the force of cohesion, was lacking. It is through considerations of this sort that the Confederacy will interest the future. The grand expression of a blind enthusiasm, driving on without correlating itself with the conditions of the problem it had to solve, and coming to a standstill in its own mind even before it was crushed from without — such is the episode as it is destined to stand in the gallery of the soul's heroic failures.

And yet, it has still a deeper significance. As this becomes more and more plain, the Confederate episode will overstep a paradox and will cease in the eyes of students to be narrowly Southern. Here, at last, is its final value to the student. It is a display, on a great scale, of the American character in statecraft. As history regains its insight, — lost temporarily in mere statistics, — as psychology, especially communal psychology, gives it a new color, the mere events of Confederate history, thrilling and dramatic as they are, will have less hold on men than the revelation of national character contained in the way its actors related themselves to their age.

CASUALTIES

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

TO MICHAEL

*If the fair promise of your coming's true,
And you should live through years of peace,
O son of mine, forget not these,
The sons of man, who died for you.*

I. ANGUS ARMSTRONG

Ghostly through the drifting mist the lingering snow-wreaths glimmer.
And ghostly comes the lych-owl's hunting-cry;
And ghostly, with wet fleeces in the watery moon a-shimmer
One by one the gray sheep slowly pass me by.

One by one, through bent and heather, disappearing in the hollow,
Ghostly shadows down the grassy track they steal;
And I dread to see them passing, lest a ghost behind them follow —
A ghost from Flanders follow, dog at heel.

II. ALAN GORDON

Roses he loved, and their fantastic names —
Gloire de Dijon, Léonie Lamesch,
Château de Clos-Vougeot — like living flames
They kindled in his memory afresh,
As, lying in the mud of France, he turned
His eyes to the gray sky, light after light;
And last within his dying vision burned
Château de Clos-Vougeot's deep crimson night.

III. JACK ALLEN

'I'm mighty fond of blackberry jam,' he said:
'It tastes of summer. When I come again,
You'll give me some for tea, and soda-bread?'

Black clusters throng each bramble-spray burned red,
And, over-ripe, are rotting in the rain;
But not for him is any table spread
Who comes not home again.

IV. MARTIN AKENSHAW

Heavy the scent of elder in the air,
As on the night he went; the starry bloom
He'd brushed in passing dusted face and hair;
And the hot fragrance filled the little room.

Heavy the scent of elder; in the night,
Where I lie lone abed, with stifling breath,
And eyes that dread to see the morning light,
The heavy fume of elder smells of death.

V. RALPH STRAKER

Softly out of the dove-gray sky
Drift the snowflakes, fine and dry,
Till braeside and bottom are all heaped high.

Remembering how he would love to go
Over the crisp and the creaking snow,
I wonder that now he can lie below,

If softly out of the Flanders sky
Drift the snowflakes fine and dry,
Till crater and shell-hole are all heaped high

VI. ALBERT EDWARD HAWKINS

He bawled and shouted, like a silly lad,
Under the very shadow of Bagdad:

CASUALTIES

'Take me over the sea
Where the enemy can't get at me!'
He bawled and shouted to the starry sky:
'Oh, my! I don't want to die:
I want to go home.'

A slinking sniper shot him through the head;
He spun round, homewards, with a silly stare;
Then on the starry sand he tumbled dead;
And lurking jackals snuffed the desert air.

VII. JACOB SMETHWICK

He sang in Little Pidgeley choir,
With shining eyes and soul afire:
'Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?'
And, even in Jerusalem,
He died of dysentery.

VIII. PETER PROUDFOOT

He cleaned out middens for his daily bread;
War took him over-seas; and in a bed
Of lilies of the valley dropped him, dead.

IX. JOE BARNES

To a proud peacock, strutting, tail in air,
He clipped the yew each thirteenth of July;
No feather ruffled, sleek and debonair,
Clean-edged, it cut the yellow evening sky.

But he returns no more, who went across
The narrow seas one thirteenth of July;
And drearily all day the branches toss,
Ragged and dark, against the rainy sky.

X. JIM PURDHAM

They fought and quarreled: fifty times a day
She cursed her marriage, and she wished him dead;
And then the war came — and he went away.
But sore she missed him; for no news she heard
From that day on, till, in some heathen land,
A bayonet stuck him; and they sent her word.

Holding the yellow envelope in her hand,
She fell down in a swoon, and never stirred —
Breathing her last; the telegram unread.

XI. PHILIP DAGG

It pricked like needles slashed into his face,
The ceaseless, rustling smother of dry snow
That stormed the ridge on that hell-raking blast.

And then he knew the end had come at last,
And stumbled blindly, muttering, 'Cheery-oh!'
Into eternity, and left no trace.

XII. NOEL DARK

She sleeps in bronze, the Helen of his dreams,
Within the quiet of my little room,
Touched by the winter firelight's flickering gleams
To tenderer beauty in the rosy gloom.

She sleeps in bronze; and he who fashioned her,
Shaping the wet clay with such eager joy,
Slumbers as soundly where the cold winds stir
The withered tussocks on the plains of Troy.

THE MILKY WAY

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

MILTON BLISS tipped the old rocker gently, and the yellow cat, clutching aimlessly, slid off on to the porch-steps, rose stiffly with a vain attempt at feline dignity, thought better of the square of bright sunshine in which she found herself, and with the magnanimity of her kind sprawled forgivingly at the feet of this rude disturber of afternoon naps. Her master dumped out the red cushion, coated with tawny hairs, and seated himself with a kind of subdued haste, manifested in tensity rather than in rapidity of action. The pages of the *Green Valley Herald* stuck under his hand, but he had it opened at last and found himself on the front page, just between 'News from the Front' and the mention of the Presbyterian church-supper.

Bliss had never seen himself in print before, and there was a strangeness in the words which he had penned as they spanned the lines set up in cold type. It struck him that he had expressed himself more neatly than he remembered; there was a terse elegance about the phrasing which he admired, and it set him thinking that, after all, it was not too late to settle down to the teasing joy of building words into magic sentences and paragraphs which should be read.

For the last thirty of his forty-odd years Bliss had pondered the same thing in a mild inquiring sort of way, which got him no further than the semi-occasional letters to Brother Henry in Milwaukee and Cousin Mattie in Portland, Oregon — letters which were, how-

ever, read admiringly by the whole family before they were solemnly licked down and deposited in that yawning crevice in the post-office wall. He often pictured Brother Henry and Cousin Mattie reading those letters in their strange and unfamiliar environment; it was a mild pleasure which relieved the dull monotony of dark winter evenings. The milk tinkling merrily into his pail and the steaming breath of the mild-eyed cows were no more his own than the white mountains of Oregon, with Cousin Mattie sitting somewhere in those eternal snows, his letter in her pocket.

But it vexed him that his best efforts could chronicle only the familiar comings and goings of Green Valley, and that, adorn and punctuate as he might, Mrs. Judge Brown's tea-party remained only a tea-party. Some time, he felt, and somewhere, he would find subjects more worthy of his adjectives.

Years before, when he had first begun to carry milk to Green Valley, before school in the morning and after school in the evening, he had not known there was so much life beyond. The soft horizons which spelled Wakerusa on the west and Little Creek on the north seemed at a distance which could scarcely be measured and surely not traversed. But now New York echoed in Green Valley, if only in the jargon of the traveling men; and San Francisco was but a few nights on the Limited; and of late the Great War had tightened the cords until Paris seemed no farther off than a trip to the county seat.

And yet Milt Bliss still peddled milk in Green Valley!

In the old days there was only a two-quart pail in each hand, one for the Flagg and one for Abbie Barnes; but as the fame of the Bliss milk grew, so did the appetites of Green Valley, and presently Milton made over his old express cart to hold two great cans, a quart cup, and a bell. As the bell jingled its cheerful way through the shady streets, out would come each customer with her white bowl and her change. Then the ticklish business of pouring out the foaming quart was gone through with, the customer critical and alert, Milton confident and skillfully nonchalant, both with eyes fixed on the milky stream. The task accomplished, there was a moment for leisurely conversation, and all the movements of Lyddy Brown and her new beau, and all the incidents relative to the demise of George Hewitt's gray mare, were conscientiously and cheerfully detailed.

It was after Milton's father died that he bought the milk-wagon and painted it a bright and cheerful blue. Now he drove accompanied by from one to three small urchins, who dangled precariously from the steps and whose only excuse for existence was to 'help Milt move the big can,' and to 'run back with change,' reasons loudly proclaimed to doubting mothers.

So the years marched on, and Milton and the blue wagon, losing their first freshness together, took on the air of an institution, like the post-office and the Green Valley Bank. Once only was their punctual planetary course disturbed — that mild September afternoon when, passing the old O'Larry house, Milton heard frightened trampling and the swish of a raw-hide whip, and knew that Mike O'Larry was licking his horse again. Milton left old Nellie to nip delicately at the tall flowering weeds by the roadside, and went

to wreak punishment on the man who would lick a horse. As he explained to old Mrs. Flagg afterwards, in his slow drawl, holding his clenched fist up for her inspection, 'You see, those knuckles are hard, and the tendency was downward.' Indeed, Mike O'Larry wore a bloody head for some days, never washing off the signs of carnage until it became clear that the law refused to take action against Milton.

The yellow cat stirred in her sunny dream and stretched a lazy paw toward the rhythmically moving foot beside her, but Milton was reading his words aloud now in time to an unsung song:—

'To the Citizens of Green Valley. — I wish to state that after Saturday night I shall discontinue my Milk route for Reasons. Please Notice and Oblige,
'MILTON BLISS.'

As he came to the end of the line, he heard voices in the front room, and knew his sister was attempting to explain his course to some neighbor.

'I don't just know myself,' she was saying. 'Milt's queer, you know. Takes right after Uncle Jabe. Lately it's seemed to worry him getting up so early and all. I guess we're all getting on in years.'

Milton chuckled at her predicament and stooped to pat the yellow cat. He would let it leak out about to-morrow, but not before, and then there would be a week or two to taste the full flavor of the town's surprise. 'Getting on in years,' indeed, and he as sound and good as a nut — the examining doctor had said so himself. Once the uniform was on, they would all see how straight and true he had kept himself. See, and wonder, and admire; and Milton hummed a phrase from 'Marching through Georgia,' as he marched toward the barn, a pail in each hand.

All these years Green Valley had taken him and his wagon and his Jersey milk and his unfailing regularity just

as they did the phenomena of nature, and thought no more of them. He recalled those dark hours in the early morning, when he floundered to the cow-barn through the drifts, with never a lighted window in all Green Valley to bear him company. And those Sunday afternoons, when the other men sat about in lazy comfort, and he, shorn of his white shirt and gay tie, must take his accustomed way at his accustomed time, an unwilling cup-bearer. And the weary jokes they shouted at him on his rounds: 'Got through waterin' that fluid, Milt?' and, 'There's Milt startin' on his Milky Way. 'Most the only star in sight, hey, Milt?'

That night Milton sat up and read. Not guiltily, remembering that morning comes apace, but gayly and defiantly, with the grateful sense that there was no hurry. But *Travels in the Yellowstone* were less exhilarating than usual, and his mind flew about in a fluttering sort of way. Sometimes he was on shipboard, watching the gray waves break as he had seen them in pictures; and sometimes he was marching across a treeless and devastated country, and sometimes he was pursuing vast hordes of flying Germans. And all these pictures clothed themselves in verbal equipage so glowing and splendid that Milton thrilled, thinking of letters sent back to the *Green Valley Herald*. Fair and beautiful letters they would be, spelled out on the front page, with headlines for all the world to read, from Green Valley to Wakerusa. Dear Green Valley, which would read and praise! Kind Green Valley, which would send him forth from its midst with tears and cheers, panoplied in knitted garments three deep, just as they had Matie Evans and Nathan Flagg's nephew last month!

Milton started on his last trip two days later, knowing that the news was out, and there was the gayness of an-

ticipation singing in his blood. The wheels went round in martial time — one, two, three, four — two quarts for Mrs. Jabe Miller; one, two, three, four — one for Sam White.

Mrs. Flagg hailed him from her doorstep, and came through her rows of tall larkspur to him waiting by the side of the road. Her spare, white-aproned figure looked frail and yielding, but her black eyes snapped as she faced him.

'What's all this nonsense I hear about your going to war, Milt?' she said.

Milt shifted weight from one leg to the other, growing appreciably redder. There seemed nothing to say, nothing which could be said to Mrs. Flagg, at any rate.

'A fellow sort of wants a change — Sort of gets tired adoin' the same thing thirty-odd years,' he drawled mildly.

Mrs. Flagg fixed him with her eyes. 'There ain't no such thing as change, Milt, not this side heaven. Everybody's got his job, and he can't go squeaking off every whip-stitch, trying to get out of it. 'T ain't reasonable and steady. Take me! Nice thing it'd be for me to flounce out to California and leave my canned fruit to freeze and the Aid Society without any place to meet!'

'It's the war,' Milton put in vaguely. 'A fellow's got to do his bit.'

Mrs. Flagg met this sentiment with a 'pooh!' that sounded down the street. 'That's all right for boys, Milt. You're too old to go, anyway.' And with her fatal memory for dates Mrs. Flagg executed a mathematical sum before Milton could blink. 'June 4, 1874. That makes you forty-three. You're too old; they won't take you, Milt,' she announced. 'You stay right here and give us our milk same as always.'

With a triumphant note in her voice, as if disposing forever of a vexed issue, she turned up her walk.

All the marching rhythm went out of Milton's soul and left it middle-aged

and dull and fit only to peddle milk. He climbed heavily into the seat, and clucked to the white horse. Old Nellie stumbled over the cross-walk, and the cans lurched together noisily just as a small boy landed on the step and tumbled himself into the wagon, his flushed forehead beady with perspiration.

'Ran two blocks to catch you, Milt,' he panted. 'Ma would n't let me come till I'd finished raking.'

He squirmed on to the floor among the cans and swung his feet out the door.

'Say, Milt, are you really goin' to war? Gee! I'd like to go along.' And the small fists clenched.

Bliss nodded, a warm light coming into his eyes again.

'Say, Milt, did you see that German helmet in the drug-store window? Gee, I'd like to get one! S'pose this war'll just last till I get there? Scrubby Evans says there ain't a show, but I say you can't tell.' He was silent a moment, considering his chances. Then in a burst, 'Milt, s'pose you'll like to fight? The women say you can't never do it, that you won't even drown your cat's kittens. They say they don't see you a-chasin' the foe.'

The boy's brown eyes searched Milton's anxiously and then looked away. Bliss did not answer, and old Nellie stopped of her own accord before Jabe Miller's hitching-post, a relic of former placid surrey days.

'I got to drop off here, and get ma some oil,' the boy remarked uncomfortably, swinging to the ground. And then, a few yards on his way, he called back, 'But I told them to remember how you busted up Mike O'Larry.'

Milton waited hopefully as pretty little Mrs. Bessey waved her green parasol at him down the street. Her husband had just gone into service, and all the town praised her cheerful courage.

'Oh, Mr. Bliss,' she called, hurrying;

'do tell me it's not true that you're going to leave us.'

Bliss nodded, his eyes on her soft pinkness. He was not prepared for her next action, which was to sink suddenly and hopelessly on to the wagon-step and bury her face in her hands.

'I — can't — bear it,' she sobbed, 'just when baby's getting on so well on your milk, and there is n't any other decent milk in this town, — and we've had so much trouble with her, and — and — Harry's gone.' This last was lost in an uncontrollable gulp.

Milton felt helplessly guilty as the cause of that soft sobbing, but he could only pat her shoulder and wish that someone would come or that she would pull herself together. Jabe Miller, driving up a moment later, found them so occupied, and stopped to learn the trouble.

'That's right,' he declared heavily, when Milton had explained and Mrs. Bessey raised her tear-stained face. 'Must think he's some young feller in his twenties, a-wantin' to chase off to France! Must think he'll be a mighty spry young chicken in a uniform!' He poked the hapless Milton in the ribs. Then he added in a more serious tone, 'Us old middle-aged folks got to let the boys have it their way I'm thinkin'.' He rolled his pale eyes. 'Us'll better stick to home. Not but what it does you credit Milt, to want to help a bit. But we've got to stick to home.' And with a chuckle he flipped his broad-backed mare. 'Byelo.'

Things grew worse instead of better as the milk-wagon proceeded east on Center Street, and then turned into the home-stretch. Mothers who had waved a merry good-bye to their sons looked askance at Milton, and asked suspiciously, 'Who's going to give us milk now?' while the men on Main Street made merry with the notion of Milton in 'uniform.'

Isa Rann had just read an article on the value of milk as food, and the dangers attending its disuse; and she volunteered to bring it over that very night, that Milton might understand his place in Green Valley. 'If we stop drinking milk, we'll be stunted, Milton. All the races that don't drink milk are stunted. And if you go, there won't be any milk to drink.'

Her voice trembled, and all Milton Bliss's assurances that he 'wasn't agoin' to take the cows too' failed to dim the vivid picture of a milkless Green Valley, weazened and shrunk.

But Milton's severest trial came to him at home, after the supper had been cleared away and the sister and brother sat cosily on the side porch with the yellow cat purring by their side. Down by the garden the shadows were growing purple, and the scarf of sunset sky deepened into dull orange and then into flame. Milton wondered if skies in France were more gorgeous.

Mary Bliss put by her knitting and spoke.

'Milt,' she said, 'if I thought 't was just patritism I would n't say a word. But you know, and I know, that you was always a great hand to want to get away from home. You had that notion from a boy. No, sir, if 't was just patritism I'd keep still, but if it's just an itchin' to see strange places you were n't never meant to, all I can say is that this is no time to be indulgin' your own wishes, with me and all Green Valley sittin' at home waitin' for you

to get back. Patritism's one thing and wantin' to get a free travel-ticket's another.'

Milton Bliss did not answer, and presently he rose and strolled off down the path that led to the barn. He felt strangely numb and indifferent. Green Valley grudged him his chance: it looked askance at him, and doubted his motives, and called him old. He felt at that moment as if it might be right, and a vision of himself, old and gray, but still pouring foaming milk from a quart cup against the drearily familiar landscape of Green Valley, confronted him. He swung himself easily up on the fence that bounded his little barnyard and heard the cows nuzzling in the straw. Overhead the stars popped out in the growing darkness, and a misty band showed clear through the heavens. Milton remembered the old joke and smiled to himself. Was his to be the Milky Way forever, when in all the rest of the heavens there were such bright, clear stars? Green Valley might laugh, but Green Valley should listen later!

'The women can milk you themselves,' he addressed the sleeping herd; 'I don't put it past them, and they've time enough, the Lord knows.'

He felt the great muscles of his forearm, and smiled, remembering Mike O'Larry's bloody head.

'I guess the years don't matter, if you've got the goods,' he muttered. And he right-about-faced and strode back to the house, whistling 'Marching through Georgia.'

LE ROI S'AMUSE. II

THE DIARY OF KING FERDINAND'S SECRETARY

BY FRANCK L. SCHOELL

SOFIA, *Thursday, August 18, 1910.* — Sofia: that name, to me, means walks about the marketplace and glances at — the costumes of the women, who are abominably ugly, with their Tartar jaws and their Kalmuck cheek-bones. Some wear wide breeches, baggy and many-colored, which look more like flowing skirts, fastened back by a pin or a seam between the knees. Sofia also means Biblical filling of pitchers at the fountain, or a young woman acting as cup-bearer to an old Jewish merchant perched between two enormous tin saddle-bags — on top of an apparently unstable pack-saddle which overhangs his donkey. But it means also, alas! many newspapers to be read.

We take the train for Cettigné at eight in the evening, for Ferdinand is to pay a visit to old Prince Nikita on the occasion of his approaching elevation to royal dignity.¹ Decidedly there is a race for royalty in the Balkans! It seems to me that of late every sovereign there, in turn, has received, or, rather, has appropriated, promotion.

FIUME, *Friday, August 19.* — We traveled all day. After leaving Serbia behind us and passing through Belgrade, we went up the Save, rode

through Slavonia, then through the whole of Croatia, stopping hardly anywhere except at Agram, where an excellent meal was ready for us at the buffet. The ride down to Fiume, through the marvelous forests of the Karst, is unique of its kind. Ferdinand is in his element: he is in a railroad car and looking through the window! That would be enough to put him in a good humor if he were out of temper. He acknowledges that he has always adored traveling, but never so much as since it has been, because of his 'profession,' less easy for him to move about. 'Nevertheless,' he adds, 'I believe I travel more than any other sovereign in Europe. I often do two thousand kilometres a month, sometimes more.'

ABOARD SHIP, *Saturday, August 20.* — Last night we embarked on a steamer of the Ungarisch-Kroatisch coast line; but we spent the night at anchor off Abbazia, for Ferdinand rejected the idea of a night-cruise, so that he may lose none of the landscape of the Dalmatian Islands through which we have been steaming slowly all day. We made land nowhere during the day, except at Zara Vecchia, to satisfy the pressing demands of the *chef* for fresh fish. Several Italian fishermen came alongside, quarreling as to which should receive the patronage of the royal customer, and Ferdinand, who insisted on doing

¹ In 1910, on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Prince Nicholas (Nikita), the principality of Montenegro was proclaimed a kingdom.
— THE EDITORS.

his own marketing, with the *chef* at his side, had some difficulty in choosing. He could not help arousing jealousies, but — let us render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's — the fish served at dinner was delicious and almost boneless.

A little before sunset Ferdinand sent for me, to read to him from the *Temps* the annual address of M. Lavissee at the distribution of the Le Nouvion prizes. He said that he enjoyed M. Lavissee's prose very much, and praised his 'patriotism without chauvinism' — as if he himself were an enlightened French patriot. Is he really one? Does he really feel that he is? I do not know, but I persist in believing him to be more European than French, and more ambitious than European. I always have the impression that he is too much in love with his own throne not to wish to enlarge its boundaries and to extend its prerogatives. He is a Frenchman with the French, but is he not an arch-duke at Vienna and a Saxon prince at Coburg?

CETTIGNÉ, *Sunday, August 21.* — The end of our cruise was worthy of its happy beginning. We were all up this morning at half-past four, at which time — just before sunrise — we might expect to see Ragusa Vecchia. We were impressed with the wild and genuinely Byronic picturesqueness of this old maritime town, set proudly upon its cliffs, encircled by a chaos of ancient fortifications, and dominated by a *campanile* of the true Venetian type. The harbor is majestic, and yet it seems so ridiculously small, despite its proximity.

Late in the afternoon, as we were approaching the Montenegrin coast, a yacht, dressed with flags, came toward us, to the strains of the Bulgarian anthem. It was the Crown Prince Danilo, coming to greet the august visitor, under a leaden sun. After waiting a while,

we were put ashore in small boats on a tiny pier, and betook ourselves to the princely castle — I was going to say the princely hovel — of Topolitza, which is only a few steps away. However, the site is admirably chosen: on one side, the dining-room looks upon a sea of sparkling blue; on the other, upon mountains more than fifteen hundred metres in height, which rise almost vertically about a kilometre from the coast.

We had no sooner arrived safely, than we had to rush at our trunks, change, and attend the grand official dinner given at the palace of the prince, soon to be king. With its white rough-cast walls and its rows of little rectangular windows, this palace looks more like a Lilliputian barracks.

The banquet was sumptuous. Is it true, as the Secretary of Embassy, Tchaprachikoff, whispered in my ear, that the whole dinner, and those of the following days, were ordered from Vienna, and simply warmed up at Cetigné? For my own part, I regard it as a joke.

The old Prince, tightly strapped in the new Montenegrin uniform, seemed to feel very ill at ease. The princess, his wife, seemed quite embarrassed, and did not utter a word. The princes, Danilo and Mirko, have extraordinarily strong and manly features, but manners slightly caddish. Their sisters, the princesses Xenia and Vera, are nobodies, which cannot be said of certain of their ladies-in-waiting, one of whom — an Englishwoman — is a superb creature. It is odd to see a lady of the English aristocracy transplanted thus to Cetigné. In fact, Ferdinand and his sons overpower the whole Montenegrin dynasty, as well by their physique as by their bearing and their marked personality.

After dinner, etiquette demanded the personal introduction of the members of the Tsar's suite to the Prince and the Princess. Then groups were formed in

the salon, the stiffness diminished, the Prince shook hands lavishly, the officers conversed freely with us. Among them there was only one who wore the old Montenegrin uniform: the military attaché at Paris who has just arrived from France, and has had no time to order the new costume. How much better he looked! The national dress is so much more becoming! It consists of baggy trousers gathered in at the waist by a broad belt, from which the barrel of a pistol protrudes swaggeringly; an amaranth jacket bespangled with gold and provided with two pairs of sleeves, one pair falling behind the shoulders; and, lastly, a coquettish little low-crowned, round cap, without visor.

CETTIGNÉ, *Monday, August 22.* — The Tsar is quartered at the Bulgarian Legation (they have had the greatest trouble to arrange a temporary bathroom for him), but the suite sleeps in the War Department. That sufficiently indicates the scanty comfort at our disposal. For fear of tumbling into the crudest realism, let us pass it over and return to our kings and princes.

The arrival of the King and Queen of Italy in the morning, and, later, of Prince George of Serbia, stirred up the enthusiastic *Jiveos* of the Cettigné populace, which had impressed me the day before by its great courtesy and pleasant faces — though the women lack beauty. The latter made graceful reverences to the Tsar all along the road.

Victor Emmanuel fades at once into the background beside his wife, Queen Helena, who bears herself like a queen. I confess to having kissed her hand without the least displeasure.

In the evening, a grand official dinner in honor of the King and Queen of Italy, and then the inevitable reception. Ferdinand played me the trick of sending me to Princess Vera on the pretext that she wanted to discuss 'affairs in

France' with me. Growing more facetious, he forced upon me as the starting-point of the interview, when we were left tête-à-tête, the famous address on the distribution of the Le Nouvion prizes, of which he evidently thinks a good deal. The princess had read it in the *Temps* with pleasure, she said. From Lavissee she passed quickly to Marcel Prévost, one of her favorites, asking me if I knew his *Jardin Secret*. To which I prudently answered in the negative, in order to afford her the pleasure of analyzing it and advising me to read it.

Tuesday, August 23. — This morning a grand review of the Montenegrin troops. They marched past the three sovereigns, very seriously, about three thousand strong, in their new khaki uniforms, which lack distinction, are ill-fitting, and worn with ill grace. The poor devils look exceedingly awkward thus disguised *à la Europe*. They are tall, lean, bony fellows. Their sentiments seem to be extremely loyalist — royalist, even, because there is a king, or will be within five days.

The afternoon brought an invitation to the Crown Prince's skating-rink — that is to say, a sort of garden-party. We looked on at the evolutions of the princes and princesses, and the near-tumbles of their ladies-in-waiting, who are not yet nearly as sure of themselves as their mistresses. I certainly did not expect to find a skating-rink here in Cettigné, of which the diplomats, when they leave for the West, say unkindly that they are starting for Europe.

I was struck with the unsociableness of the Bulgarian officers in the Tsar's suite, particularly of General Nicolaieff, Minister of War, and General Paprikoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who did not open their mouths the whole afternoon. I wonder whether this shyness is natural, or whether it is deliberate.

In the evening the Tsar in his turn gave a grand gala dinner-party at the Bulgarian Legation. Frantic excitement on the part of Monsieur and Madame Koloucheff, who had me make out, unmake, then make out again a diagram of the order in which the guests were to be seated. We had to feel our way, before deciding on a final scheme.

After dinner we took leave officially of the good people of Cettigné, who seemed so happy to welcome us, and who are—as the Tsar himself said to me—so much less reserved and so much better talkers than his ‘ill-bred generals.’

Passing to other matters, he suddenly asked me bluntly what I thought of Madame de S——. What could I answer except that I thought her charming? But he shrugged his shoulders and protested: ‘What, you think her charming, with her horrible falsetto voice? I can’t understand how S—— could marry a woman with such a voice. How she does get on my nerves!’

Wednesday, August 24.—Having gone to bed at one in the morning, we got up before three, so that our motors could land us at Cattaro at eight. Those four hours of dust were very interesting. At first we rose above Cettigné, passing through a genuine chaos of rocks. Nothing can give a better idea of it than a curious legend which pretends to explain this volcanic phenomenon. On one of the very first days of the Creation, Saint Peter went, by order of the Lord, to distribute all over the world, in equal proportions, rocks, stones, and pebbles, of which he carried a bagful on his shoulder. Hardly had he passed Cettigné when the bag burst—to the great despair of the apostle. Hence this inextricable mass of rocks.

We continued downhill to the Montenegrin village of Niegus, where we had early tea at the foot of Mount Lovcen.

One turn, two turns, and the bay of Cattaro opened before us. We gazed in open-eyed admiration. I shall not attempt to give the slightest description of the majestic panorama which passed and passed again before our eyes with the incessant winding of the road—an excellent road, which, it seems, owes its existence to Marshal Marmont, and was built about 1810. It is, therefore, just a hundred years old!

The arrival of our procession of motors at Cattaro was comical to the last degree: our eyelashes, eyebrows, ears, beards, moustaches, were absolutely white with dust. We dusted ourselves as well as we could, amid shouts of laughter, in which the Tsar condescended to join.

A small steamer took us to Zelenika, through narrow passages branching off from the harbor. A slight incident made this short trip very amusing. As I strolled about the deck, I discovered General Markoff, aide-de-camp to the Tsar, General Nicolaieff, and General Paprikoff sitting at a table, or, rather, sprawling over it, in a small salon, and snoring shockingly in concert. I hastened to point out this historic scene to Prince Boris, who almost had convulsions, and in a low tone called Stancioff (a younger brother of the minister) to the rescue, with his camera. Thus were immortalized in their ignominious attitude those whom the prince humorously dubbed ‘the three Graces.’ I have rarely seen anybody more crestfallen than the three Graces when they woke, surrounded by a laughing group, who thereupon indulged themselves to their heart’s content.

At Zelenika, a train *de luxe* was awaiting us on a narrow track. In this train we are to travel through the whole of Herzegovina and Bosnia.

After contemplating for the first few hours a landscape altogether like that of Montenegro, with the difference, how-

ever, that shrubs grow between the rocks, we entered the gorges of the Narenta, which are as fine in their kind as the descent to Cattaro. The Tsar never left the window, and did not tire of admiring the countless springs which gush from the walls of the cliffs in abundant jets of dazzling foam and find their way down even to Narenta. Now and then, a widening of the valley retards the vertiginous current, and peoples its winding bed with sand-banks, reeds, crouching washerwomen, little bathers black as negroes, long-billed herons, and, at times, even goats. Half an hour's stop at Mostar gave us time to hire carriages and drive between two rows of fezes and veiled women to admire the old bridge to which Mostar owes its name. The population is Slav by race, but has turned Mohammedan, to the great disgust of all the Christian Slavs, especially of Commandant Naoumoff, who spat with disdain when he saw those renegades crowding round our carriages.

Thursday, August 25. — Certain officials were awaiting the Tsar at the Sarajevo station, although he is traveling *incognito*. They escorted us, in motors, first to the municipal palace, which is in no wise remarkable; then to a height not far from the town, from which there is a most extensive and most beautiful view. Serajevo is built in a valley, whose slopes it climbs with its houses, its gardens, and especially with its numerous mosques, which give it the aspect of a genuine Arabian town. Returning to the town, we visited the principal one of these mosques, which dates from the sixteenth century.

After a luncheon as late as it was hurried, we returned to our cars. Tomorrow we shall be at Budapest.

PLESZO, Friday, August 26. — Not until this morning, in the station at

Budapest, did I know of our new destination — Pleszo. We arrived this evening, rather late. Long live Pleszo! and a room where one has more space than in a swaying car, and a possibility of getting a good wash! Three successive days of traveling are a little too much for a fellow.

Sunday, August 28. — I am leading my ordinary life at Pleszo, that is to say, I read newspapers, work now and then for an hour with the Tsar, when he summons me, or stroll in the forest, usually with Rotmistr Bogdanoff while Ferdinand motors to Pustopolje, Pohorella, or Murany, always in quest of flowers or insects. Sometimes I go trout-fishing in the neighboring stream, some Bistritza or other. In Slav countries, one can safely say that one river in every two is called the Bistritza!

This afternoon I was lucky. I caught a trout every five minutes. I offered the yield of my rod to the Tsar, who scolded me for having run the risk of taking cold by standing motionless on the bank of my river. Nevertheless, that did not prevent our feasting on trout for dinner, he more than anybody. It is not the first time that I have noticed how afraid he is of colds and of anything contagious.

To-day, August 28, the Montenegrin kingdom is being proclaimed. The Tsar had me write two telegrams of congratulation, to the new King and the new Queen. At the same time I called his attention to a stupid article which appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse* on the subject of his visit to Serajevo. The Tsar, according to the author, made the return journey from Montenegro through Bosnia solely because he wanted to show his sons the capital of the provinces annexed by Austria, which annexation alone had made possible the proclamation of the independence of Bulgaria and its erection into a

kingdom. In addition, the article had some unkind remarks on the sentiments of Slavic solidarity expressed so emphatically in his toast at Cettigné, by a Viennese 'who must nevertheless have some love for Vienna left at the bottom of his heart.' Now, his distaste for Vienna and his distaste for Bulgarians in general are among the sentiments which the Tsar conceals least of all.

I must add that, at Cettigné, Ferdinand bore terribly hard on the Slav pedal. I should not be surprised if at the present moment a Serbian-Bulgarian-Montenegrin *rapprochement* were being arranged, which would naturally be directed against Turkey, and upon which Austria would look unfavorably. That would explain the bad humor of the journalist of the *Freie Presse*.

I hear that I have been made a chevalier of the 5th class of the Danilo Order, at the request of the Tsar. It seems that Nikita has decorated the whole of Ferdinand's suite in a lump. Funny business!

Monday, August 29. — Grand excursion on horseback to Szmreczyna, a hunting-lodge, and soon-to-be residence of Tsar Ferdinand, situated about 12 kilometres from Pleszo, at an altitude of fourteen hundred metres. From the dining-room there is a wonderful view of the Tatra, which unfortunately wore a hood of mist the greater part of the day. A whole new wing is being built, and will be finished by the end of the week. I should not be surprised if Szmreczyna, which is sunnier and higher, and has such a magnificent view, were destined by next year to supplant Pleszo, which, being too umbrageous and too damp, is only rented.

SOFIA, September 1. — Here we are once more, back in Sofia, after some very agreeable last days at Pleszo. Ferdinand made a great part of the trip

through Hungary by motor, while I traveled by rail with Zlataroff, the comptroller of the civil list. Ferdinand 'leaves me in peace' (those are his own words) for ten or twelve days. He is to visit the battlefields of the Turco-Russian war of 1877, with the Duc d'Orléans and General Bonnal; then to hunt chamois in the Rhodopes. I asked his permission to spend a few days at Constantinople, but fate willed that he should read this morning in the paper that two cases of cholera have been reported at Stamboul; and he is so afraid of my bringing back the terrible disease, that he dissuaded me from going there. This is a polite way of forbidding me to take the journey. What luck! To console me, he invited me to use his library freely.

Thursday, September 8. — The Tsar's library is very beautiful. History seems to predominate. I was, however, surprised to find many books of which the pages have not been cut at all, or only partially. The fact is that Ferdinand — as M. Paléologue told me — has read very little. Indeed, when could he find the time to read? If his knowledge is encyclopedic, he owes it almost entirely to conversation and to his talks with specialists in every branch. To my mind, it is his greatest merit to have known how to take the fullest advantage of the innumerable opportunities of learning quickly and thoroughly which present themselves automatically to every king or son of a king. Has he a taste for ornithology? He is immediately brought into relation with distinguished ornithologists, who are only too glad to be able to communicate to him the better part of their science. Does he set foot in a museum? The attendant instantly telephones to the director, who hastens in person to place himself at the disposal of his august visitor. Ferdinand has known how to

make use of all these 'scholastic facilities' which do not fall to the lot of the common mortal. Moreover, the daily rubbing of elbows with ambassadors and prominent men has been for him the most wonderful of teachers of history. As he has a memory which borders on the miraculous, he has remembered much. As he takes delight in his knowledge, he freely shares it with his entourage. He feels a little like a chance possessor of a treasure of knowledge, the enjoyment of which he deems himself bound to pass on to others. That is the fine side of his character, even if one takes into account his indisputable penchant toward vanity. For my part, I am very grateful to him for the many things he has taught me.

Saturday, September 10. — This afternoon I amused myself by taking a walk down the avenue leading to the garden of the Kniaz Boris. All the beauties of Sofia are accustomed to show themselves there between six and seven. Gracious heaven! How ugly they are, and what a fuss they make! There is nothing more ridiculous than a Bulgarian lady doing her utmost to adjust her stride (which is naturally very long) to the diameter of her narrow skirt.

Tuesday, September 13. — The Tsar, who has just returned, gives audience to-day to the ministers of Greece and Italy, recently accredited to Sofia. The speeches which he has to make on receiving their credentials have given me any amount of trouble. Yet they are very short. How the words have to be weighed! How the polite phrases must be toned down, for fear that they may produce the effect of a request for friendship! I retouched my rough drafts half a dozen times before the Tsar let me make my final copy. A phrase which might be considered a little too friendly to Greece had to be approved by the

Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paprikoff, before being definitively inserted in the speech.¹

The Tsar asked me if I cared to accompany him to the grand manœuvres. I expressed my desire to do so, and he immediately selected my mount. We are to start to-morrow evening.

Thursday, September 15. — I woke at Stara-Zagora, the last station before Nova-Zagora, where we were to leave the train.

The first thing I heard on getting up was that the Malinoff ministry had resigned the previous day. I understand now why we did not leave Sofia till midnight, instead of at ten, as we had intended.

Two or three kilometres in four-horse coaches, through the inundated streets, full of mud-holes, of Nova-Zagora, brought us to the spot from which we were to watch the military operations. Ten more minutes on horseback, and we had overtaken the staffs, the umpires, the military attachés, etc., all grouped on an elevation overlooking the plain.

Those four hours of stationary observation did not seem to me too long. In the first place, I had the good fortune to meet several Bulgarian officers whom I knew, and one of whom, at least, Major Naoumoff, a Macedonian, has a keen sense of humor. Then I made the acquaintance of our military attaché, Captain Tabouis, to whom M. Paléologue had mentioned my name. He did not seem to be highly entertained. Lastly, I sought distraction by searching with my glass the successive bare crests of the Karadja Dag, which rise rapidly to a height of a thousand metres, and behind which one divines rather than

¹ In fact, the Turkish papers did not fail to make use of this speech to confirm the rumors, which had been in circulation some time, of a Greek-Bulgarian *rapprochement*. — THE AUTHOR.

sees, farther north, the whole Balkan range.

As for our little hill, it seemed so isolated in the surrounding plain, that I wondered if it were not simply a tumulus. I believe that if one should dig into it, one would find something.

I will say nothing of the manœuvres, for I did not understand much about them. Besides, Captain Tabouis assured me that their whole interest resides in the large number of troops engaged (50,000 — a number which has never before been reached in the records of the Bulgarian grand manœuvres), and in the working of the supply and administration services.

Friday, September 16. — We watched the manœuvres to-day from two observatories, for they fought till very late, and one of the parties was continually advancing. Our second location was about twenty kilometres from the first, and we covered the distance at a sharp trot. Ferdinand, who had been described to me as a poor horseman, has a very good seat. What impairs his reputation as a rider is evidently the fact that he needs help to get into the saddle because of his gout and his corpulence.

The artillery and the machine-guns were busy all day. The general assault on a hill near the banks of the Tundja brought the business to an end by six o'clock. This assault was very praiseworthy as the last effort of these soldiers, who had been manœuvring for more than twelve hours, had traversed nearly sixty kilometres in less than thirty-six hours, and were still suffering the unpleasant effects of a night spent in the open air in a pelting rain. From these manœuvres I carry away the general impression that the Bulgarian soldier is very well disciplined and of an endurance equal to any test. That is a great deal to say of any soldier.

Saturday, September 17. — Once more we spent the night in our train, standing in the midst of the oak forest at the gates of Sliven. The track being, of course, single, the branches touched the windows of our dining-car on both sides, and the grasshoppers, deafening but always musical, provided us with the finest of orchestras.

I shall remember the day as the most picturesque which I have passed for a long time, at least, from an artistic point of view. Accompanied by the Bulgarian director of railroads and by M. Karakachef (the former is very shrewd for a Bulgarian), I visited the old town of Sliven; and how interesting it is! It seems to be the best preserved town on this side of the Balkans. The director, who spent two years of study here a quarter of a century ago, and who has not been back since then, finds literally no other change than the addition of an occasional water-spout, from which the water gushes out among the gullies (to call them 'streets' or 'lanes' would be inaccurate) which separate the two irregular rows of houses. These little low houses are charming.

One of the villagers told us that, some years ago, the Tsar, then styled Prince, charmed, as I was, by a glance through the half-open doorway, entered the courtyard and inspected the interior, leaving a souvenir for the children and one fig less on the fig tree. The director still remembers the marriage of the proprietress some thirty years ago. She is a widow now. We too pick some figs upon her invitation. They are exquisite. We kept on through the same crooked alleys, — which closely resemble ravines, so abruptly does the village scale the side of the hill, — loitering before a shoemaker's shop or taking a snapshot of a *kolpak* merchant, crouching before his behatted forms and glaring at his apprentice, who is about as tall as a pint pot.

But we had to hurry back to our ambulant home, and prepare for the review which closed the manoeuvres. There is nothing to say of it except that the soldiers marched past correctly, as any soldiers of any other European army would have done on a similar occasion.

I prefer to dwell longer on the evening, and especially on the half-hour preceding the gala-banquet, given in honor of the military attachés: it was rich in incidents of a nature to throw a vivid light on the habits, at times disconcerting, of the Tsar.

Now, we had been hearing all day of a *military* banquet of 120 covers to be given at the officers' club of the garrison. Being the only civilian allowed to watch the manoeuvres, was I or was I not to take part in this ceremony? I expected not, and so, a little before half-past eight, hearing nothing more about the speech which I had prepared for Ferdinand two days before, and had sent him the night before, and having received no orders from him as to my participation in the banquet, I was quietly walking back and forth beside the train. Seized with a last doubt, I consulted General Markoff: he knew nothing, and sent me to Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, who knew nothing either, and who sent me to Comptroller Ankoff. Having succeeded in finding the latter, I learned from him at half-past eight — without excitement, for I am beginning to get accustomed to these surprises — that I certainly was to attend the banquet, 'by order of His Majesty.' He apologized profusely for not letting me know before. I rushed to my compartment, where I had taken out my dress clothes as a matter of precaution, and was busy buttoning my patent-leather shoes, when the Tsar sent me word that I was to wear a frock-coat. Everything had to be begun all over again. So I began, but had hardly unbuttoned my shoes when Stoyanoff

appeared in my compartment, armed with the famous speech which was to be delivered presently. 'The Tsar has corrected it; you must copy it, and legibly: there is very little time; the Tsar is ready and waiting.'

I knew that my hand was much too shaky to copy my speech legibly, although, by the way, it had hardly been changed. So I sent Stoyanoff to get the telegraph operator, to write at my dictation. A new difficulty arose: somebody had taken my inkstand, or to be more exact, — it was the last straw, — Ankoff had borrowed it for the Tsar. So, I, in my turn, borrowed one next door, not without difficulty, and the telegraph operator copied slowly and carefully, while I put on my coat and arranged my necktie.

And that was not all. The lieutenant-colonel and the general appeared. 'The Tsar is getting impatient; it is five minutes past nine.' What else could I do than continue my dictation to the last word, with the greatest equanimity? Was it my fault that the Tsar did not read my rough draft till half an hour before he had to make the speech, and that he got it into his head to have it recopied at the last minute because of a few corrections?

At ten minutes past nine we were at the club, and Ferdinand, with the speech in his pocket, made his appearance among a hundred or more Bulgarian generals and colonels in white jackets, and ten or twelve military attachés. The oldest of the attachés was an English colonel, whose red dolman was beside Ferdinand's white tunic at the table. I sat next to Weich (he too in uniform), who was in fine feather, and told me all sorts of racy Viennese jokes. The dishes for His Majesty and the military attachés had been prepared by the Tsar's cook in the car; on the other hand, the scullions of the club were entrusted with the mess of the small fry

among the Bulgarian colonels and generals. I tasted it out of curiosity, but was careful not to repeat the experiment. Weich followed my example: he stopped, as they passed us, the dishes with which the Tsar had been served.

Among all these Bulgarian officers I noticed few interesting countenances — at most, some faces of men of action. The predominant expression of almost all is brutality and lack of refinement. What a contrast between the Tsar, so aristocratic and so distinguished, and his people, so plebeian, so coarse! I had never been so struck by it.

When the moment arrived, the Tsar read his toast, or, rather, recited it, slowly and faultlessly. It is a pleasure to French ears to hear such pure French tones. Little inclined to chauvinism by nature, that evening I was almost proud that our language thus takes precedence of all others, even in this remote corner of the East.

After dinner Ferdinand shook hands in turn with all his guests, talking two or three minutes, sometimes longer, with at least half of his officers. Under a deluge of shrill tones, — how intolerable and noisy the military music was, which did not give us a moment's truce the whole evening! — in an overheated and pestilential atmosphere, standing for at least an hour and a half after a tiresome meal, the Tsar succeeded in preserving his amiability, chatted familiarly with one, talked promotion with another, military regulations with a third. I admire him. To be sure, it is his trade. To perform one's duties decently as king, it is at least as necessary to know how to flatter one's subjects as to invite their flattery.

The cold night-air had never seemed so delicious to me as when, some time after midnight, we crossed the club garden to our motors. Ferdinand must have experienced a pleasure analogous to mine, for his first utterance, as we

went toward the car was this, word for word: 'Good Lord! How my generals' boots stunk!'

A quarter of an hour later our train carried us off toward Sofia.

SOPIA, *Sunday, September 18.* — I woke at the station of Philippopolis. We made rather a long stop, for, true to his custom, the Tsar left the train to hear mass.

Breakfast in the dining-car was absolutely abnormal. Never have I seen Ferdinand so silent, so little concerned about concealing his political anxieties. All that he said was a few words as to 'the hell' which awaited him at Sofia. However, everybody knows that Ferdinand does not dislike to complain of the drudgery and the worry which dog his steps.

The ministerial crisis which seemed so to preoccupy him was soon to be settled: at eight o'clock in the evening, before going up to the dining-room of the Dobrovitch palace, I was told that the new cabinet had been formed without great difficulty, still under the presidency of Malinoff. Paprikoff and Salabachoff, being left out of the new arrangement, are consoled by receiving, the former the post of Bulgarian minister to Petrograd, the other, the corresponding post at Vienna or Berlin. Malinoff goes to Foreign Affairs; Mouchanoff (the one of the ministers who speaks the best French, and was most popular in Paris during the Tsar's last visit) passes from Public Instruction to the Interior. Of the two new ministers, Molloff and Slaveicoff, I know nothing except that they are said to be rather dull. Indeed, as I hardly know these various personages, and am entirely ignorant of their relations with the Tsar, I should have been very much embarrassed to comment upon all the changes, if M. Paléologue had not enlightened me as to their significance. It

would seem that the dismissal of Paprikoff, the Tsar's confidential man, is a personal set-back for Ferdinand, a blow aimed at his omnipotence, hitherto undisputed, in the Department of Foreign Affairs. The accession to that department of a man like Malinoff, who is not trustworthy and is an object of suspicion to the Tsar, may be interpreted as a step toward a Balkan war and toward the end of personal government.¹

Monday, September 19. — I was invited, by a cabinet circular, to appear 'in frock-coat and silk hat' at the orthodox service, to be celebrated on the broad Alexander Square in front of the palace, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reunion of Northern and Southern Bulgaria. (I remember the energetic and persistent snubs of Lieutenant-Colonel Stoyanoff, when, with the naïveté of a reader of atlases, I ventured to mention 'Eastern Roumelia' as a Bulgarian province. He would not listen to it. 'There is no Roumelia, there is a Southern Bulgaria,' he repeated. So much do they loathe that which recalls the Turkish domination, even though it was merely nominal!)

A platform of boards, and a few poles decorated with flags and bundles of pine branches — such was the sanctuary where this picturesque open-air service was performed. Five or six popes, long-bearded as becomes their profession, dressed in their sacerdotal garments of crimson and gold, recited their litanies and psalms confusedly, pausing from time to time to allow a discordant children's choir to sing. Then they had the Tsar kiss the sacred book, and — when she at last arrived — the Queen. The few words which the Tsar whispered in Eleanor's ear, if I may judge by the

angry glance which he simultaneously cast at her, looked to me like a scolding for her tardiness.

A march past of troops and clubs of veterans and gymnasts, who placed wreaths on the monument of Tsar Alexander II, the Liberator, held us up for some time at the park gate. The Tsar exchanged a few words with all his ministers, particularly with his two 'new ones'; then he beckoned to the Queen, who took his arm, stooping with him to examine the flowers in blossom. Does that not say clearly to anybody who chooses to understand, that the inanimate flowers of the park are more attractive to him than all the Bulgarian subjects in creation?

They are already discussing our approaching departure. Autumn hunting furnishes the Tsar with a pretext for another trip to Hungary. But I cannot take part in it, for I am due in England within a few days. So I shall leave the royal train at Budapest.

VIENNA, September 23, 1910. — The special train, which was supposed to leave Sofia on the 21st at two o'clock, did not in fact get under way until four in the afternoon. Shortly after breakfast, the Tsar sent for me to come to his study, and, after thanking me in a few words for my 'loyal and intelligent services,' and advising me in the most serious way 'to employ my mental gifts in works of charity and philanthropy,' he handed me two jewel-cases, and asked me, with infinite charm of manner, to 'wear these two jewels in memory of me.'

I did not fail to thank him as best I could, but I was decidedly touched. I cannot conceal from myself that the strength of his personality has drawn me to him more than I have been willing thus far to acknowledge. I judge him as I would judge anybody else. But at heart I find myself in sympathy with

¹ All this, of course, was merely the opinion of M. Paléologue. I heard a very different one given at Vienna four days later. — THE AUTHOR.

him, at times against my own judgment. Thus, I thought the solemnity of his manner during this short interview rather ridiculous; but that very solemnity moved me.

After dinner, as we were approaching Nisch, the Tsar sent for me again, this time because he wanted me to read him some French. He chose for this purpose three articles which, according to his custom, he commented briefly upon: 'The European Banker and his Eastern Customers,' by Gaulis, published in *L'Opinion*; a pretty little sketch by Marcel Prévost, in *Le Figaro*, on the civilizing influence of the earth (it was suggested therein, that, when armies are abolished, a year of ploughing and agriculture, should replace a year of military service); and, lastly, a short biography of M. Nelidoff, who had died two days before in Paris. Ferdinand seemed to think highly of this Russian diplomat. He considered him to some extent as his pupil, for M. Nelidoff had once been chief of the Russian legation at Sofia, and Ferdinand prides himself upon having 'trained,' in his capital, a whole phalanx of foreign diplomats, who were afterwards summoned to shine in that career, and to hold the most prominent posts.

This hour's tête-à-tête with the Tsar was delightful in every respect. He was more cordial, more familiar than ever, and I availed myself of the opportunity to tell him how grateful I, a young student, was for all that he had taken the trouble to explain to me and to teach me. He actually went so far as to apologize for the few moments of ennui which inevitably intruded themselves in my days, otherwise so full, and begged me not to bear him a grudge on that account, for it was not his fault. He also expressed a hope to see me again some time — and with that I left him. Truly, when Ferdinand chooses to be amiable, he is so to the highest degree.

Why should I not finish these notes with the fine achievement as a naturalist of which the Tsar proudly gave us an account at the last dinner of which I partook with him?

He remembered, it seems, that, in the days of his youth, on the Côte d'Azur and in the Esterel, he caught some butterflies of a tropical species very rare in Europe, and that they were hovering about some flowering arbutus. Now, during our recent journey to Herzegovina, between Zelenika and Gravesa, he noticed from the car-window a superb clump of arbutus in full flower, beside the railway embankment.

His entomologist's scent at once gave him an idea that butterflies like those of his youth might be found there; but the train was going at high speed, and we were already late — when were we not? So the Tsar did not order the train stopped, although he was dying to do so. But as soon as he was back in Sofia, he sent for two students of natural science whom he knew, gave them some money, and asked them, while they were making a more general investigation and collecting specimens of Bosnian and Herzegovinian flora, to find the famous clump of arbutus and search it, to see if his conjecture was well founded. The two students started, botanizing and naturalizing from morning till night, and sending back to the palace bags filled with flowers and plants. When they reached the clump of arbutus, which they found without difficulty, they had only to stoop to discover a nest with seven butterflies of the precise species mentioned by the Tsar. They succeeded in capturing five, the finest of which they placed in a little box made especially for traveling butterflies. Three days later the Tsar received it, alive, in his cabinet at Sofia. Ferdinand was overjoyed; he was never tired of admiring its bright coloring and its aimless fluttering from one piece of

furniture to another and from hangings to curtain.

The day of our departure for Hungary arrived: the Tsar was to leave Sofia a few hours later. Quick, a telephone to Sytniakovo, and Prince Boris hurried from the Rhodopes by motor, to take charge of the precious creature! On Prince Boris's arrival, great excitement! They shook the curtains; they knelt to look under the tables; they flattened themselves under the sofas. No butterfly! Despair of the Tsar and the prince, who parted with death in their souls — or almost that.

Nor was that the end of the adventure: at Tsaribrod, near the Serbian frontier, as he was sending back to Sofia the Secretary of Embassy, Tchaprachikoff, whom he had kept several hours 'on the gridiron,' Ferdinand received a telegram from Prince Boris, who mean-

while had found the butterfly and was returning in triumph to the Rhodopes with his facetious insect. And his father sent him a return telegram, giving him the most impassioned instructions, and the most minute information as to the diet of his winged ward: it must be fed exclusively on prunes dried in the sun and very slightly decayed peaches. Perhaps the little creature may have been able to live a week or two in this way. History is silent on the point.

And in the train which bore me away toward England I found myself meditating on the enigmatic and captivating personality of Tsar Ferdinand. I returned constantly to this ticklish alternative: Is Ferdinand a tsar led astray by his studies of plants and insects, or a naturalist led astray by the preoccupations of a throne? He will be a very clever man who can answer this question.

A CRITICAL GLANCE INTO THOREAU

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE most point-blank and authoritative criticism within my knowledge that Thoreau has received at the hands of his countrymen came from the pen of Lowell about 1864, and was included in *My Study Windows*. It has all the professional smartness and scholarly qualities which usually characterize Lowell's critical essays. Thoreau was vulnerable, both as an observer and as a literary craftsman, and Lowell lets him off pretty easily — too easily — on both counts.

The flaws he found in his nature-lore were very inconsiderable: such as his ignorance of the fact, until he built his Walden shanty, that the hickory grew near Concord; also, that he did not know there was such a thing as phosphorescent wood until he went to Maine; or, until he was forty years old, that the pine had seeds. If there were no more serious flaws than these in his nature observations, we could pass them by without comment.

As regards his literary craftsmanship, Lowell charges him only with having revived the age of *Concetti* while he

fancied himself going back to a pre-classical nature, basing the charge on such a far-fetched comparison as that in which Thoreau declares his preference for 'the dry wit of decayed cranberry vines and the fresh Attic salt of the moss-beds' over the wit of the Greek sages as it comes to us in the *Banquet* of Xenophon — a kind of perversity of comparison all too frequent with Thoreau.

But though Lowell lets Thoreau off easily on these specific counts, he more than makes up by his sweeping criticism, on more general grounds, of his life and character. Here one feels that he overdoes the matter.

It is not true, in the sense which Lowell implies, that Thoreau's whole life was a search for the doctor. It was such a search in no other sense than that we are all in search of the doctor when we take a walk, or flee to the mountains or to the seashore, or seek to bring our minds and spirits in contact with 'Nature's primal sanities.' His search for the doctor turns out to be an escape from the conditions that make a doctor necessary. His wonderful activity, those long walks in all weathers, in all seasons, by night as well as by day, drenched by rain and chilled by frost, suggest a reckless kind of health. A doctor might wisely have cautioned him against such exposures. Nor was Thoreau a valetudinarian in his physical, moral, or intellectual fibre.

It is not true that it was his indolence that stood in the way of his taking part in the industrial activities in which his friends and neighbors engaged, or that it was his lack of persistence and purpose that hindered him. It is not true that he was poor because he looked upon money as an unmixed evil. Thoreau's purpose was like adamant, and his industry in his own proper pursuits was tireless. He knew the true value

of money, and he knew also that the best things in life are without money and without price. When he had need of money, he earned it. He turned his hand to many things — land-surveying, lecturing, magazine-writing, growing white beans, and doing odd jobs of carpentering, whitewashing, fence-building, plastering, and brick-laying.

Lowell's criticism amounts almost to a diatribe. He was naturally antagonistic to the Thoreau type of mind. Coming from a man near his own age, and a neighbor, Thoreau's criticism of life was an affront to the smug respectability and scholarly attainments of the class to which Lowell belonged. Thoreau went his own way, with an air of defiance and contempt which, no doubt, his contemporaries were more inclined to resent than we are at our distance. Shall this man in his hut on the shores of Walden Pond assume to lay down the law and the gospel to his elders and betters, and pass unrebuked, no matter on what intimate terms he claims to be with the gods of the woods and mountains? This seems to be Lowell's spirit. But all this is a divergence from my main purpose. I set out to criticize Thoreau, not Lowell, and to look a little more closely into him than Lowell looked. In doing so, I shall treat him with the frankness that he himself so often employed; not that I love Thoreau less, but that I love the truth more.

I can hold my criticism in the back of my head while I say with my forehead that all our other nature-writers seem tame and insipid beside Thoreau. He was so much more than a mere student and observer of nature; and it is this surplusage which gives the extra weight and value to his nature-writing. He was a critic of life, he was a literary force which made for plain living and high thinking. His nature-love was an aside; he gathered it as the meditative saunterer gathers a leaf, or a flower, or

a shell on the beach, while he ponders on higher things. He had other business with the gods of the woods than taking an inventory of their wares. He was a dreamer, an idealist, a fervid ethical teacher, seeking inspiration in the fields and woods. The hound, the turtle-dove, and the bay horse which he said he had lost, and for whose trail he was constantly seeking, typified his interest in wild nature. The natural history in his books is quite secondary. The natural or supernatural history of his own thought absorbed him more than the exact facts about the wild life around him. He brings us a gospel more than he brings us a history. His science is only the handmaid of his ethics; his wood-lore is the foil of his moral and intellectual teachings. His observations are frequently at fault, or wholly wide of the mark; but the flower or specimen that he brings you always 'comes laden with a thought.' There is a tang and a pungency to nearly everything he published; the personal quality which flavors it is like the formic acid which the bee infuses into the nectar he gets from the flower, and which makes it honey.

I feel that some such statement about Thoreau should precede or go along with any criticism of him as a writer or as an observer. He was, first and last, a moral force speaking in the terms of the literary naturalist.

Lowell criticized his philosophy, but Thoreau gave us a life more than he gave us a philosophy — the life of principle, as uncompromising as gravity or chemical affinity. If the things men live by and live for could not stand his acid tests, so much the worse for them. Moreover, he was contrary and disagreeable, which helps make us remember him. The herbs he preferred were bitter herbs; the woods he liked best were shrub-oak woods; the garden he prized most was a sphagnum

swamp; the road that best suited him was a cross-lots path, or a railway embankment, where he was pretty sure to meet no traveler.

Walden is probably our only, as it is certainly our first, nature classic. It lives because it has the real breath of life; it embodies a fresh and unique personality, and portrays an experiment in the art of living close to nature, in a racy and invigorating style. It is a paean in praise of that kind of noble poverty which takes the shine out of wealth completely. All the same, most of its readers would doubtless prefer the lot of the young men, his townsmen, to whom Thoreau refers, 'whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools' — things, he added, that 'are more easily acquired than got rid of.'

It is this audacious gift which Thoreau has, of suddenly turning our notions topsy-turvy, or inside out, that gives spice to his page and makes *Walden* irritate while it charms. We note such things more easily than we do the occasional lapses in his science. For instance, what can he mean when he says, 'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tingeing the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through a colored crystal?' Is it possible, then, to reach the end of the rainbow? Why did he not dig for the pot of gold buried there? How he could be aware that he was standing at the foot of one leg of the glowing arch is to me a mystery. When I see a rainbow, it is always just in front of me: I am standing exactly between the highest point of the arch and the sun, and the laws of optics ordain that it can be seen in no other way. You can never see a rainbow either to the right of you or to the left. Hence, no two persons see exactly the same bow, because

no two can occupy exactly the same place at the same time. The bow you see is directed to you alone. Move to the right or the left, and it moves as fast as you do. You cannot flank it or reach its end. It is about the most subtle and significant phenomenon that everyday Nature presents to us. Unapproachable as a spirit, like a visitant from another world, yet the creation of the familiar sun and rain! How Thoreau found himself standing in the bow's abutment will always remain a mystery to me.

Thoreau was not a great philosopher, he was not a great naturalist, he was not a great poet, but as a nature-writer and an original character, he is unique in our literature. His philosophy begins and ends in himself, or is entirely subjective, and is frequently fantastic, and nearly always illogical. His poetry is of the oracular kind, and is only now and then worth attention. There are crudities in his writings which make the conscientious literary craftsman shudder; there are mistakes of observation which make the serious naturalist wonder; and there is often an expression of contempt for his fellow countrymen, and the rest of mankind, and their aims in life, which makes the judicious grieve. But at his best there is a gay symbolism, a felicity of description, and a freshness of observation that delight all readers.

As a person he gave himself to others reluctantly; he was, in truth, a recluse. He stood for character more than for intellect, and for intuition more than for reason. He was often contrary and inconsistent. There was more crust than crumb in the loaf he gave us.

II

Emerson seems to have been the author of the legend, or superstition, that Thoreau lived on such intimate terms

with the wild creatures that, like the old saints, he possessed some mysterious power over them. He said of him, 'Snakes coiled about his legs, fish swam into his hands, and he lifted them from the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of his hole by the tail, and he rescued the foxes from the hunters.' Of course, Thoreau could do nothing with the wild creatures that you or I could not do under the same conditions. A snake will coil around any man's leg if he steps on its tail, but it will not be an embrace of affection; and a fish will swim into his hands under the same conditions as into Thoreau's.

As for pulling a woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, the only trouble is to get hold of the tail. The 'chuck is pretty careful to keep his tail behind him; but many a farm-boy, aided by his dog, has pulled one out of a stone wall by the tail, much against the 'chuck's will. If Thoreau's friends were to claim that he could carry *mephitis putrida* by the tail with impunity, I can say that I have done the same thing, and had my photograph taken in the act: the skunk is no respecter of persons. But, here again, the trouble is to get hold of the tail at the right moment, and, I may add, to let go of it at the right moment.

Thoreau's influence over the wild creatures is what every man possesses who is as gentle in his approach to them. Bradford Torrey succeeded, after a few experiments, in so dispelling the fears of an incubating red-eyed vireo that she would take insect-food from his hand; and I have known several persons to become so familiar with the chickadees that the birds would feed from their hand, and in some instances even take food from between their lips. If you have a chipmunk for a neighbor, you may soon become on such intimate terms with him that he will search your pockets for nuts, and

sit on your knee and shoulder and eat them; but you must remain immovable during the process, or he will scamper away. Why keep alive and circulate as truth these animal legends of the pre-scientific ages?

Thoreau called himself a mystic, and a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot. But the least of these was the natural philosopher. He did not have the philosophic mind, or the scientific mind; he did not inquire into the reason of things, or the meaning of things; in fact, he had no disinterested interest in the universe apart from himself. He was too personal and illogical for a philosopher. The scientific interpretation of things did not interest him at all. He was interested in things only so far as they related to Henry Thoreau. He interpreted Nature entirely in the light of his own idiosyncrasies.

Thoreau was not a born naturalist, but a born supernaturalist. He was too intent upon the bird behind the bird always to take careful note of the bird itself. He notes the birds, but not too closely. He was at times a little too careless in this respect to be a safe guide to the bird-student. Even the saunterer in the Holy Land ought to know the little brown mate of the indigo bunting, she contrasts so sharply with his striking hue. But this dreamer sees the black-throated blue warbler, with its languid, midsummery 'Zee-zee, zee-eu,' as its mate.

Many of his most interesting natural-history notes Thoreau got from his farmer friends — Melvin, Hubbard, Miles, Minott, Wheeler; their eyes were more single to the life around them than were his; none of them had lost a hound, a turtle-dove, and a bay horse whose trail they were daily in quest of.

A haunter of swamps and river-marshes all his life, he had never yet observed how the night bittern made its booming or pumping sound, but

accepted the explanation of one of his neighbors, that it was produced by the bird thrusting its bill in water, sucking up as much as it could hold, and then pumping it out again with four or five heaves of the neck, throwing the water two or three feet — in fact, turning itself into a veritable pump! I have stood within a few yards of the bird when it made the sound, and seen the convulsive movement of the neck and body, and the lifting of the head as the sound escaped. The bird seems literally to vomit up its notes, but it does not likewise emit water.

Every farmer and fox-hunter would smile if he read Thoreau's statement, made in his paper on the natural history of Massachusetts, that 'when the snow lies light and but five or six inches deep, you may give chase and come up with the fox on foot.' Evidently Thoreau had never tried it. With a foot and a half, or two feet, of snow on the ground, and traveling on snow-shoes, you might force a fox to take to his hole, but you would not come up to him. In four or five feet of soft snow, hunters come up with deer, and ride on their backs for amusement; but I doubt if a red fox ever ventures out in such a depth of snow. In one of his May walks, in 1860, Thoreau sees the trail of the musquash in the mud along the river-bottoms, and he is taken by the fancy that, as our roads and city streets often follow the early tracks of the cow, so 'rivers in another period follow the trail of the musquash.' As if the river was not there before the musquash was!

Again, his mysterious 'night warbler,' to which he so often alludes, was one of our common everyday birds which most school-children know, namely, the oven bird, or wood-accentor; yet to Thoreau it was a sort of phantom bird upon which his imagination loved to dwell. Emerson told him

he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. But how such a haunter of woods escaped identifying the bird is a puzzle.

In his walks in the Maine woods Thoreau failed to discriminate the song of the hermit thrush from that of the wood thrush. The melody no doubt went to his heart, and that was enough. Though he sauntered through orchards and rested under apple trees, he never observed that the rings of small holes in the bark were made by the yellow-bellied woodpecker, and not by Downy, and that the bird was not searching for grubs and insects, but was feeding upon the milky cambium layer of the inner bark.

Channing quotes Thoreau as saying that sometimes 'you must see with the inside of your eye.' I think that Thoreau saw, or tried to see, with the inside of his eye too often. He does not always see correctly, and many times he sees more of Thoreau than he does of the nature he assumes to be looking at. Truly it is 'needless to travel for wonders,' but the wonderful is not one with the fantastic or the far-fetched. Forcible expression was his ruling passion as a writer. Only when he is free from its thrall, which in his best moments he surely is, does he write well. When he can forget Thoreau and remember only Nature, we get those delightful descriptions and reflections in *Walden*. When he goes to the Maine woods, or to Cape Cod, or to Canada, he leaves all his fantastic rhetoric behind him and gives us sane and refreshing books. In his walks with Channing, one suspects that he often let himself go to all lengths, did his best to turn the world inside-out, as he did at times in his journals, for his own edification and that of his wondering disciples.

Thoreau was in no sense an interpreter of Nature: he did not draw out

her meanings or seize upon and develop her more significant phases. Seldom does he relate what he sees or thinks to the universal human heart and mind. He has rare power of description, but is very limited in his power to translate the facts and movements of nature into human emotion. His passage on the Northern Lights which Channing quotes from the journals, is a good sample of his failure in this respect:—

'Now the fire in the north increases wonderfully, not shooting up so much as creeping along, like a fire on the mountains of the north, seen afar in the night. The Hyperborean gods are burning brush, and it spread, and all the hoes in Heaven could not stop it. It spread from west to east over the crescent hill. Like a vast fiery worm it lay across the northern sky, broken into many pieces; and each piece, with rainbow colors skirting it, strove to advance itself toward the east, worm-like, on its own annular muscles. It has spread into the choicest wood-lots of Valhalla; now it shoots up like a single, solitary watch-fire, or burning brush, or here it runs up a pine tree like powder; and still it continues to gleam here and there like a fat stump in the burning, and is reflected in the water. And now I see the gods by great exertions have got it under, and the stars have come out without fear, in peace.'

Do we get any impression of the mysterious, almost supernatural, character of the Aurora from such a description in terms of a burning wood-lot or a haystack? It is no more like a conflagration than an apparition is like solid flesh and blood. Its wonderful, its almost spiritual, beauty, its sudden vanishings and returnings, its spectral, evanescent character — why, it startles and awes one as if it were the veils around the throne of the Eternal. And then his mixed metaphor — the Hyperborean gods turned farmers and busy

at burning brush; then a fiery worm; and then the burning wood-lots of Valhalla! But this is Thoreau — inspired with heavenly elixir one moment, and drunk with the brew in his own cellar the next!

How little Thoreau knew about the hive-bee when he thought it was more difficult to secure the swarm in seasons of much clover-bloom than in seasons of scarcity! Did he fancy that hunger would make the bees more docile and willing to be hived? Did he not know that, in a dearth of honey-producing flowers, as in times of great drought, the hive will not cast a swarm, and will kill the unhatched queens?

If he sees anything unusual in Nature, like galls on trees and plants, he must needs draw some moral from it and indulge his passion for striking expression and fantastic comparisons, usually at the expense of the truth. For instance, he implies that the beauty of the oak-galls is something that was meant to bloom in the flower; that the galls are the scarlet sins of the tree, the tree's Ode to Dejection — another example of the *Concetti*, to which Lowell referred. Yet he must have known that they are the work of an insect, and are as healthy a growth as is the regular leaf. The insect gives the magical touch that transforms the leaf into a nursery for its young. Why deceive ourselves by believing that fiction is more interesting than fact? But Thoreau is full of this sort of thing; he must have his analogy, true or false.

A striking example of Thoreau's exaggerations and confusion of metaphors is seen in his account in *Walden* of the visits to his hut of a certain philosophical neighbor whose discourse, he says, expanded and rocked his little house.

'I should not dare to say how many pounds weight there was above the atmospheric pressure on every circular

inch; it opened its seams so that they had to be calked with much dulness thereafter to stop the consequent leak — but I had enough of this kind of oakum already picked.' At the beginning of the paragraph, he says that he and his philosopher sat down, each with 'some shingles of thoughts well dried,' which they whittled, trying their knives and admiring the clear yellowish grain of the pumpkin pine. In a twinkling the three shingles of thought are transformed into fishes of thought, in a stream in which the hermit and the philosopher gently and reverently wade, without scaring or disturbing them. Then, presto! the fish becomes a force, 'like the pressure of a tornado,' that nearly wrecks his cabin! Surely this is tipsy rhetoric, and the work that can stand much of it, as *Walden* does, has a *plus* vitality that is rarely equaled.

'Let all things give way to the impulse of expression,' he says; and he assuredly practised what he preached.

One of his tricks of self-justification was to compare himself with inanimate objects, which is usually as inept as to compare colors with sounds or perfumes.

'My acquaintances sometimes imply that I am too cold,' he writes; 'but each thing is warm enough of its kind. Is the stone too cold which absorbs the heat of the summer sun and does not part with it during the night? Crystals, though they be of ice, are not too cold to melt. . . . Crystal does not complain of crystal, any more than the dove does of its mate.'

He strikes the same false note when, in discussing the question of solitude at Walden, he compares himself to the wild animals around him, and to inanimate objects, and says he was no more lonely than the loons on the pond, or than Walden itself.

'I am no more lonely than a single mullein of dandelion in a pasture, or a

bean-leaf, or a sorrel, or a house-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weather-cock, or the North Star, or the South Wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.'

Did he imagine that any of these things were ever lonely? Man does get lonely, but Mill Brook and the North Star probably do not.

III

That Thoreau was what country folk call a crusty person — curt and forbidding in his manner — seems pretty well established. His friend Alcott says he was deficient in the human sentiments. Emerson, who, on the whole, loved and admired him, says, —

'Thoreau sometimes appears only as a *gendarme*, good to knock down a cockney with, but without that power to cheer and establish which makes the value of a friend.'

Again he says, —

'If I knew only Thoreau, I should think coöperation of good men impossible. Must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort, and joy? Centrality he has, and penetration, strong understanding, and the higher gifts — the insight of the real, or from the real, and the moral rectitude that belongs to it; but all this, and all his resources of wit and invention are lost to me in every experiment, year after year, that I make to hold intercourse with his mind. Always some weary captious paradox to fight you with, and the time and temper wasted.'

'It is curious,' he again says, 'that Thoreau goes to a house to say with little preface what he has just read or observed, delivers it in a lump, is quite inattentive to any comment or thought which any of the company offer on the matter, nay, is merely in-

terrupted by it, and when he has finished his report, departs with precipitation.'

It is interesting, in this connection, to put alongside of these rather caustic criticisms a remark in kind recorded by Thoreau in his journal concerning Emerson:—

'Talked, or tried to talk, with R.W.E. Lost my time, nay, almost my identity, he, assuming a false opposition when there was no difference of opinion, talked to the wind, — told me what I knew, — and I lost my time trying to imagine myself someone else to oppose him.'

Evidently Concord philosophers were not always in concord.

Thoreau was the first man in this country, or in any other, so far as I know, who made a religion of walking — the first to announce a gospel of the wild. That he went forth into wild Nature in much the same spirit that the old hermits went into the desert, and was as devout in his way as they were in theirs, is revealed in numerous passages in his journal. He would make his life a sacrament; he discarded the old religious terms and ideas, and struck out new ones of his own.

'What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to become pure? May I not forget that I am impure and vicious! May I not cease to love purity! May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new and more perfect day! May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy!

'To watch for and describe all the divine features which I detect in Nature. My profession is to be always on the alert to find God in Nature, to know his lurking-place, to attend all the oratories, the operas in Nature.

'Ah! I would walk, I would sit, and sleep, with natural piety. What if I

could pray aloud or to myself, as I went along the brooksides, a cheerful prayer like the birds. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it.

'I do not deserve anything. I am unworthy the least regard, and yet I am made to rejoice. I am impure and worthless, and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. But I cannot thank the Giver; I cannot even whisper my thanks to the human friends I have.'

In the essay on Walking, Thoreau says that the art of walking 'comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of walkers. . . . I think I cannot preserve my health and spirits unless I spend four hours a day, at least, — it is commonly more than that, — sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements.'

Thoreau made good his boast. He was a new kind of walker, a Holy-Lander. His walks yielded him mainly spiritual and ideal results. The ten published volumes of his *Journal* are mainly a record of his mental reactions to the passing seasons and to the landscape he sauntered through. There is a modicum of natural history; but mostly he reaps the intangible harvest of the poet, the saunterer, the mystic, the super-sportsman.

With his usual love of paradox, Thoreau says that the fastest way to travel is to go afoot, because, one may add, the walker is constantly arriving at his destination; all places are alike to him, his harvest grows all along the road and beside every path, in every field and wood, and on every hilltop.

All of Thoreau's books belong to the literature of Walking, and are as true in spirit in Paris or London as in Con-

cord. His natural history, for which he had a passion, is the natural history of the walker — not always accurate, as I have pointed out, but always graphic and interesting.

Wordsworth was about the first poet-walker — a man of letters who made a business of walking, and whose study was really the open air. But he was not a Holy-Lander in the Thoreau sense. He did not walk to get away from people, as Thoreau did, but to see a greater variety of them, and to gather suggestions for his poems. Not so much the wild, as the human and the morally significant, were the objects of Wordsworth's quest. He haunted waterfalls and fells and rocky heights and lonely tarns, but he was not averse to footpaths and highways, and the rustic half-domesticated nature of rural England. He was a nature-lover; he even calls himself a nature-worshiper; and he appears to have walked as many or more hours each day, in all seasons, as did Thoreau; but he was hunting for no lost paradise of the wild; nor waging a crusade against the arts and customs of civilization. Man and life were at the bottom of his interest in nature.

Wordsworth never knew the wild as we know it in this country — the pitilessly savage and rebellious; and, on the other hand, he never knew the wonderfully delicate and furtive and elusive Nature that we know; but he knew the sylvan, the pastoral, the rustic-human, as we cannot know them. British birds have nothing plaintive in their songs, and British woods and fells but little that is disorderly and cruel in their expression, or violent in their contrasts.

Wordsworth gathered his finest poetic harvest from common nature and common humanity about him — the wayside birds and flowers and waterfalls, and the wayside people. Though he called himself a worshiper of Nature, it was Nature in her half-human moods

that he adored, — Nature that knows no extremes, and that has long been under the influence of man, — a soft, humid, fertile, docile Nature, that suggests a domesticity as old and as permanent as that of cattle and sheep. His poetry reflects these features, reflects the high moral and historic significance of the European landscape, while the poetry of Emerson and of Thoreau is born of the wildness and elusiveness of our more capricious and unkempt Nature.

The walker has no axe to grind; he sniffs the air for new adventure; he loiters in old scenes; he gleanes in old fields. He seeks intimacy with Nature only to surprise her preoccupied with her own affairs. He seeks her in the woods, in the swamps, on the hills, along the streams, by night and by day, in season and out of season. He skims the fields and hillsides as the swallow skims the air; and what he gets is intangible to most persons. He sees much with his eyes, but he sees more with his heart and imagination. He bathes in Nature as in a sea. He is alert for the beauty that waves in the trees, that ripples in the grass and grain, that flows in the streams, that drifts in the clouds, that sparkles in the dew and rain. The hammer of the geologist, the notebook of the naturalist, the box of the herbalist, the net of the entomologist, are not for him. He drives no sharp bargains with Nature, he reads no sermons in stones, no books in run-

ning brooks, but he does see good in everything. The book he reads he reads through all his senses, — through his eyes, his ears, his nose, and also through his feet and hands, — and its pages are open everywhere; the rocks speak of more than geology to him, the birds of more than ornithology, the flowers of more than botany, the stars of more than astronomy, the wild creatures of more than geology.

Thoreau's merits as a man and a writer are so many and so great, that I have not hesitated to make much of his defects. Indeed, I have with malice aforethought ransacked his works to find them. But after they are all charged up against him, the balance that remains on the credit side of the account is so great that they do not disturb us.

Thoreau's work lives and will continue to live because, in the first place, the world loves a writer who can flout it and turn his back upon it and yet make good; and again, because the books which he gave to the world have many and very high literary and ethical values. They are fresh, original, and stimulating. He drew a gospel out of the wild; he brought messages from the wood-gods to men; he made a lonely pond in Massachusetts a fountain of the purest, most elevating thoughts; and, with his great neighbor Emerson, added new lustre to a town over which the muse of our Colonial history has long loved to dwell.

THE FEAST OF REASON

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

I

BERGSON said of miracles that they either are or are not. There is no middle course for miracles, as there is no middle course for facts. But the piquant feature of a miracle, the feature which sets it off from life's more prosaic occurrences, is that one cannot tell whether it is or is not. One can assert that it is a miracle, and be told that it is a myth; one can deny that it is a miracle, and thereupon be told that he is a materialist. The world has never agreed on miracles, and probably never will.

The world has never agreed on philosophy. But with philosophy the case is more complex. A miracle is, or is not, a fact. The ideas of philosophy are neither so direct nor so mutually exclusive. Philosophy deals with truth; and facts are mere excrescences of truth. Facts are unchanging and, once established, unassailable. They may be linked together, or evolved one from the other, in a chain which, we say, is true. But a chain of facts cannot make up a truth, and truth is not composed of facts.

This is not to be sentimental, or to indulge in any such generality as 'Truth is One,' 'Truth is Beauty.' It is to distinguish between inert, unalterable facts and dynamic truth, to which facts sometimes have been stepping-stones. A quality of truth is vitality, a nearness to human problems and the difficult life of all of us. The Garden of Eden story has become a question of fact or fiction; even if true, it is no

longer a truth. It has no vital concern for any of us, no influence on our thought and action. We live quite regardless of the first man and woman and the origin of sin. This is the difference between truth and fact; and truth, not fact, is the shuttlecock of the philosophers. Philosophy is interested in fact only as it corroborates and gives body to truth.

Almost everyone has asked — or if he has not asked, he has wondered — just what is the use of philosophy. Why does man philosophize? He philosophizes because it is his nature to; he does it in the same careless spirit in which on a country walk he swishes off the heads of the chicory flowers, those ragged, blue-eyed children of the fields: he does it with the ease and abstraction he puts into whistling. It is of no more use and of no more harm than either of these: it is a diversion, a universal *divertissement*. It is a rest and a refreshing for us all. Ask not why man philosophizes, but ask if his philosophy can ever lead him to the truth. Then you will be meeting him on his own ground; you will be loading his gun when you think you are spiking it; you will be letting down the bars to his favorite field of speculation.

There is no reason why philosophy should not lead man to truth; what Bergson said of miracles cannot be said of philosophic truth. Here it is a question, not of fact or fiction, but of more or less. It is inconceivable that all thought has been utterly unsound. It is impossible. The field of thought is

infinite; one can scarcely set foot in it without touching the hem of truth's garment. The question is, not whether man can reach truth by philosophy, but whether he can know it when he sees it, and whether he can bring others to a recognition of it.

This would be a simpler task were it not for an almost universal preoccupation of the human mind. Man is so provincial in his outlook that he cannot help believing his own carefully reasoned conviction to be self-evident, insistently credible to all. Doubt in another seems affectation. The orthodox think atheism a shameless path into the limelight; skeptics think orthodoxy a cringing fear of thinking. Every philosopher believes that his method, if scrupulously observed, will lead every other philosopher to a triumphant place at his side. The casual reader is often taken in by some such specious claim. His only hope in reading philosophy is to read it all.

A little philosophy is a dangerous thing, far more dangerous than a little knowledge. Philosophy is not knowledge, it is exploration; and a field half explored is a field not explored at all.

A little girl once opened, when the parental eye was closed, a book of ancient philosophy. She found therein these cryptic words, 'God is a spheroid, homogeneous throughout.' She was quite an intelligent little girl, and lost no time in looking up spheroid in the dictionary. She looked up homogeneous, too. But even then she could not understand how God could possibly be a body made up of similar parts having nearly the shape of a sphere. Everything she had ever known of God went to deny this. And when the parental eye was opened, it fell upon a little girl dissolved in tears and torn with doubts, a little girl whose world was upside down — as indeed any world would be which was presided over by a body made up

of similar parts having nearly the shape of a sphere. She entirely forgot the great majority of men who have conceptions of God as different from that as her own originally had been, and quite as likely to be true.

There is nothing so misleading as a philosophic statement dissociated from the statements which lead up to it, color it, and substantiate it. A train of thought may be criticized on its own merit. A single, unsubstantiated idea repudiates analysis by becoming an epigram, with an epigram's inviolable surface. And much more compelling than a dissociated philosophic assertion is a dissociated philosophic negation. However specious it may be, it is inherently more potent, possibly because assertion stimulates while negation inhibits thought.

In the same way, a single book of philosophy may be convincing when it is read by itself, and appear ridiculous against the background of the history of philosophy. Mr. Wells's recent book, *God the Invisible King*, impresses quite differently the lay mind and the mind familiar with philosophy. The casual reader picks up Descartes's *Discourse on Method* and finds him asserting that the man who follows his method of reasoning will attain the certainty that he has attained. The casual reader might believe this. But, as a matter of fact, a whole school of men followed the method of Descartes; they split up and they wrangled, they fell into disputes and schisms. They cast upon reason the stigma that has so often been cast upon faith, and showed, what has often before been shown, that theories as well as creeds can be promoters of dispute. Descartes's great philosophical monument, 'I think, therefore I am,' has become a mere schoolboy's catchword for sophomores to startle freshmen with. It has a glitter, it is true, which fascinates the infant philosopher; but we

no longer use it as a platform to build upon. It has disappeared from modern philosophy just as the soliloquy has disappeared from modern drama. They are both important solely as facts of history.

In a similar vein Kant says, in his preface to the *Critique of Pure Reason*, 'I flatter myself that I have removed all those errors which have hitherto brought reason, whenever it was unassisted by experience, into conflict with itself.' Kant flattered himself, indeed. He removed those errors to the satisfaction of himself, perhaps, but they still exist to trip the average reasoner. Kant shouted his 'Eureka!' too soon. There is no such thing as pure reason — no more after Kant than before him. Reason is the same hundred-headed hydra it has always been, and every head snaps at every other head, and there is no end of error and no end of conflict.

Kant reasoned for himself, and for himself his reason is infallible. But it does not proselyte. That is one of reason's failings: it is not contagious. Many have read Kant, and a few have understood him. The world has marveled at him, and a few have accepted. He teems with ideas, and we reject or accept them just as we should do if they had occurred to ourselves. It does not concern us that he has reasoned them; if our reason cannot corroborate his, we can only reject him. We might corroborate him, and yet reject him. It was a Harvard professor of philosophy who said, 'A man may argue a thing from A to B, and from B to C, and from C to D — and then his whole being rises up and says, "Oh, pshaw!"'

Kant reasoned out a code of agnostic morality; but his code appeals no more and no less because he reasoned it than if it had sprung spontaneously from his heart. Rationalism, in the abstract, appeals to us all; but one man's rational-

ism is another man's butt. There is no such thing as 'reasoning together.' Reasoning is an individual performance. One may drag a man, by cross-examination and the laws of logic, into admitting something he does not believe; but he will not have been reasoning. A rationalized belief carries no more weight from man to man than an avowedly mystical belief — no, not as much.

Mysticism, because it is very close to poetry, weaves a kind of spell about the imagination. It is less trustworthy than reason; but it is true, in spite of this, that mysticism carries where reason halts. Take such an early mystic as Plotinus. His words still wing their way like swallows to our innermost spirit: 'This, therefore, is the life of . . . divine and happy men, a liberation from all concerns of earth, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the Alone.'

A flight of the alone to the Alone! The mere words themselves start one irresistibly upon his longing flight; they are telling and magnetic as nothing rational can ever be.

The rational is not the appealing. There may one day exist a philosopher who, knowing truth when he meets it, will be able to bring others to a recognition of it. All we can say now is, that his star has not yet risen. Kant, the greatest abstract reasoner up to date, could not, and none of his fellows can. They all know truth — truth as they know it; but they know conflicting truths. And even philosophic truth cannot contradict itself and still remain intact. To know philosophy is to mistrust it, and to cast about for something more stable — or at least more stabilizing.

Reason was never meant to take the plunge alone, not because it has difficulty in getting in, but because it has difficulty in getting out. It needs some-

thing to furnish equilibrium, something instinctive and quickening and spiritual, which we might, perhaps, call faith. The abstract is like a great Charibdis which has sucked in many a mind of promise, not to destroy, possibly, but to keep floundering. The idea that in setting foot upon the path of reason, we are 'setting foot upon the path of sin,' is now quite out of date. Our faculties, it is generally conceded, were given us to use — but not to misuse. And Pure Reason — to borrow Kant's paradoxical term — is much too pure to walk alone. When it does, it fails to arrive. Abstract reasoning, judged by the standards of modern efficiency, is either a recreation or a waste of time.

If philosophy had been, as science has been, a slow filling up of the scrolls of knowledge with items to which all the thinking world subscribed, and which some few of them reasoned about, we might fear its nihilisms and accept its negations. If philosophy had been content to proceed as the handmaid of science, confining itself to the work of adjusting old ideals to new discoveries, and preserving old optimism against new depressions, we should surely give it our uncompromising trust. If its history had been the history of a consistent endeavor to reconcile the good in religion with the new in science, instead of a disconcerted effort to unseat religion with the scientific wedge, there could be no quarrel between science and religion and none between religion and philosophy. And there should be none. In scientific investigation it is necessary to be free from religious bias; it is not necessary to be adrift from religious belief. But very few minds have been balanced enough to effect the one emancipation without effecting the other. In their scruple to avoid the stagnant sloughs of teleology, they have been drawn unresisting into the

stultifying depths of agnosticism and doubt.

It is the proper *métier* of philosophy to wait upon facts. Science investigates, philosophy generalizes. Darwin was both philosopher and scientist: it was in the former character that he scrutinized the ape, in the latter that he formulated his idea of Evolution. The philosopher has another function in the field of science — to prepare the way for the scientist, as Copernicus did in assuming that the movements of the heavenly bodies were merely a heavenly mirage — that it was the spectator who looped the loop, and not the sun; as Mendelieff did in positing what must have seemed to him, at first, almost a fantastic table of elements.

If philosophy had 'known her place,' she would be a power in the world. But she has dabbled too long in abstruse questions to which no complete and certain answer can be found. She has devoted too much time to wondering how man gets his conception of the outside world and whether his ideas are innate or acquired. As philosophy now stands, a confused mass of theories and contradictions, a lurking pitfall for great minds to be entrapped in, it cannot be regarded as very much more than a universal *divertissement*.

It is easy to explode the syllogism, the typical formula of reasoning in the abstract. The syllogism is handy for exposition and analysis, but not at all a method of progressive thought. We could not make a syllogism unless we knew the facts. 'All men are mortal,' we may say; 'Socrates is a man.' This is the pith, really the entirety, of the syllogism. It is our reason now which tells us that Socrates is mortal. But we have already known that, and said it less succinctly; we get no added knowledge by repeating it. In the same way, if we know two sides and the included angle of a triangle, our reason

can supply the other side. But it is supplying nothing new. We cannot reason in the abstract and be sure that we are right, unless we know our subject in totality.

II

Much has been sung in reason's praise; but even those who have called it the highest human faculty must grant that it is neither more nor less than human. The lower animals have not this gift, and God does not need it. He cannot be thought to reason, since He is the possessor of all truth. So here is another of reason's shortcomings: we cannot reason unless we possess a complete knowledge of our subject; and, possessing it, we do not need to reason. A further indication that abstract reasoning is either a recreation or a waste of time!

We cannot reason in boundlessness. As Lucretius himself said, that great rationalist, 'You can think of yourself as standing on the borders of infinity and casting a javelin beyond them.' Hobbes spoke of the uselessness of trying 'to measure our conception of the infinite with a finite yardstick like the reason.' Mathematically speaking, infinity has been losing more and more of its infinite meaning. Mathematicians have had to clear it of its meaning of illimitability, and consider it as a goal — a really attainable object; otherwise they cannot handle it. Thus infinity has come to signify a quantity which 'admits of a unique and reciprocal (one-to-one) correspondence between itself and one of its parts'¹ — whatever that may mean. But it means something determined, and as finite as infinity can be.

¹ C. J. KEYSER, Essay entitled 'The Axiom of Infinity: A New Presupposition of Thought,' in a volume called *The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking*. Columbia University Press, New York.

We cannot reason in boundlessness, and we cannot reason in the things of the spirit. As the infinite engulfs the reason, so the spiritual rejects it, by a sort of centrifugal force. The human reason cannot compass the thought of God any more than it can compass the thought of infinity. It plays with the thought of infinity; but it falls away crippled from the thought of God. The reason can dispense with God entirely, and has done so again and again. The most devout among us can rationally conceive a time when the world shall be only a ball of smoky fire, spinning uncertainly upon a tottering axis; when the life thereupon shall be but myriads of whirling cinders; when God shall be no more. But we cannot so conceive the infinite; we cannot really think of the illimitable as limited; we cannot rationally conceive a time when the mathematical verities shall be dead. Three straight lines between two points are inconceivable. The thought of a whole exceeding the sum of all its parts will never be thought. The explanation of this is clear: these and other mathematical laws were discovered through unaided human reason, and unaided human reason, having once set them up, can never destroy them. The human reason has never been able to grasp the thought of God, and hence it can quite readily dispense with Him. But He is none the less real for that, and none the more.

The reason can so comfortably dispose of God because the reason is not the fountain source of God. Man did not first perceive Him through the reason. He perceived Him through the spirit, more tempered by longing, more intuitive than reason, and even more human than that. The spirit, once having truly known Him, can never dispense with Him. And let the idea of God take a hold upon the reason, let the reason really become saturated with

it, let a man be able to reason to his own complete certainty the reality of a personal deity, and he will no more be able to waive it than the mathematician is able to waive the fundamental axioms. It will be, like them, a part of his integrity.

Now I, as the average mortal, care very little for the mathematical verities. There is a beauty in them, a kind of steadfastness, which I should be sorry to see dispelled. But I could sustain with a light heart the necessity of changing my entire conception of mathematics. I could soon and easily accustom myself to calling a triangle a quadrilateral — not calling it that, merely, but having it be a quadrilateral, having a triangle assume incontrovertibly the properties of a quadrilateral. I cannot reason it out; I cannot actually conceive of such a thing; but if it were to be proved to-morrow, I should be quite used to it by next week. And so, I believe, would most of us. But such a state of flux would drive a mathematician mad. It would bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. He has a love for these things; they are part of him; deprive him of these, and you deprive him of sanity. Most of us, that is, can reason God into smoke without offending the reason, because the reason has not comprehended God; and most of us could dispense with mathematics without hurting the spirit, because mathematics has no part in the spirit. But what the reason has appropriated she cannot bear to be deprived of: and what the spirit has made her own is necessary to her life.

'Our age is the . . . age of criticism,' said Kant; 'religion, on the strength of its sanctity, and law, on the strength of its majesty, try to withdraw themselves from it; but by so doing they arouse just suspicions, and cannot claim that sincere respect which reason pays to those only who have been

able to withstand its free and open examination.'

This is becoming less and less true in the case of the law; the tendency is to weigh and rationalize every phase of it. And quite rightly: for what is the law, if it be not the expression of man's reason? The tendency, too, is to rationalize religion. Up to a certain point, or rather, of a certain kind, this rationalization is good. We must be sure of our religion; we must at least be sure that it is our religion. Sincerity insists on this. But we possess the indisputable right to see where we are going, to measure the losses which an unguarded, untrustworthy process is inflicting on us. We are under no compulsion, from within or without, to toss into the jaws of an idol the faith that *is ours*. Apply the test of reason we must, to winnow out the wheat. But to rationalize our faith in the usual sense of the word, is to use a steam-roller on a bed of mignonette. It has been called 'digging the grave of faith with the tools of reason,' digging a grave in the very foundations of our faith, so that the whole beautiful superstructure, which has nothing to do with tools, which is made without hands, is undermined.

We cannot know the truth; we can only believe it. As Saint Anselm said, 'I do not understand in order to believe; I believe in order to understand.' We are of necessity like men cast into a boundless, unknown sea, and, like them, we can use this vast unknown to rest upon or to sink in. We can, by relaxing, make it bear us up; or, by struggling against it, cause it to engulf us. Faith is relaxation — it is resiliency. Faith is light and peace and a quiet heart, a cup of cold water to a thirsting throat. When faith expires, there expires too that power to rebound from misfortune, to rebuild out of ruin.

Faiths last, and reasons fail. With all their incongruities, it is the things

of the spirit which have stood the test of time. Through nineteen centuries the unauthenticated story of a miracle has held people most irrationally. It is a story which completely staggers the reason; but no reasoned theory has a record to compare with this. No reasoned theory will ever have such a record. No reasoned theory in its original potency has ever outlasted the lifetime of the reasoner.

Faith is not so much believing as the ability to believe; many a man has faith who has no creed. And if, in this larger sense, he have not faith, God help him!

There was a story of the Comrade in White—a miraculous figure seen at Nancy, in the Argonne, at Soissons, at Ypres, in the Valley of the Somme. He ministered to the wounded, healed the broken heart, and helped the dying man to peace. Although he was constantly shot at, he marvelously went unscathed. There is no virtue in believing this story. It would, perhaps, be superstitious to believe it; perhaps it would be gullible—and we hate to be gullible. But to be unable to believe this story, to have so chilled the spirit that we cannot believe it, speaks a spiritual torpor quite as poison-

ous as any intellectual torpor could be.

Your reason can never tell you whether such a story is true or false. It may tell you that you cannot believe it; but in that case the fault may lie with the story and it may lie with you. Your reason cannot tell you which. Your reason can never differentiate between cunningly devised fables and the truth. We have set the reason to keep watch over the senses, and it would be a wise precaution to set faith to keep watch over the reason. There is one thing which we can confidently assert—anything taught us by faith alone is nearer the vital truth than anything taught us by reason alone. It is sure to have at least the element of truth that the human heart reaches out to it.

The feast of reason is nothing but a barmecide feast, a sort of soufflé, if you like, of a fine consistency and flavor, and a pretty thing to toy with, but a frothy sort of diet for a hungry man. It is a pabulum which bulks large enough in the mouth, but mysteriously vanishes when you coax it to nourish you. Worse than that. It has the inherent property, which life, which the mere passage of time can quicken, of becoming ashes on the tongue.

ORCHID-HUNTING

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

My path led down the side of the lonely Barrack, as the coffin-shaped hill had been named. There I had been exploring a little mountain stream, which I had fondly and mistakenly hoped might prove to be a trout-brook. The winding wood-road passed through dim aisles of whispering pine trees. At a steep place, a bent green stem stretched half across the path, and from it swayed a rose-red flower like a hollow sea-shell carved out of jacinth. For the first time I looked down on the moccasin flower or pink lady-slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*), the largest of our native orchids.

For a long time I hung over the flower. Its discovery was a great moment, one of those that stand out among the thirty-six-odd million of minutes that go to make up a long life. For the first time my eyes were opened to see what a lovely thing a flower could be. In the half-light I knelt on the soft pine-needles and studied long the hollow purple pink shell, veined with crimson, set between two other tapering petals of greenish-purple, while a sepal of the same color curved overhead. The whole flower swayed between two large curved, grooved leaves.

Leaving the path, I began to hunt for others under the great trees, and at last came upon a whole congregation nodding and swaying in long rows around the vast trunks of white pines which were old trees when this country was born.

From that day I became a hunter

of orchids and a haunter of far-away forests and lonely marshlands and unvisited hill-tops and mountain-sides. Wherever the lovely hidden folk dwell, there go I. They are strange flowers, these orchids. When first they were made out of sunshine, mist, and dew, every color was granted them save one. They may wear snow-white, rose-red, pearl and gold, green and white, purple and gold, ivory and rose, yellow, gold and brown, every shade of crimson and pink. Only the blues are denied them.

Since that first great day I have found the moccasin flower in many places — on the top of bare hills and in the black-lands of northern Canada, where, four feet under the peat, the ice never melts even in midsummer. Once I saw it by a sphagnum bog where I was hunting for the almost unknown nest of the Tennessee warbler, amid clouds of black flies and mosquitoes that stung like fire. Again, on the tiptop of Mount Pocono in Pennsylvania, I had just found the long-sought nest of a chestnut-sided warbler. Even as I admired the male bird, with his white cheeks and golden head and chestnut-streaked sides, and the four eggs like flecked pink pearls, my eye caught a sight which brought me to my knees regardless for a moment of nest, eggs, birds, and all. Among rose-hearted twin-flowers and wild lilies of the valley and snowy dwarf cornels swung three moccasin flowers in a line. The outer ones, like the guard-stars of great Altair, were light in color. Between them gleamed, like the Eagle Star itself, a flower of

deepest rose, an unearthly crystalline color, like a rain-drenched jacinth.

Another time, at the crest of a rattlesnake den, I found two of these pink pearls of the woods swinging above the velvet-black coils of a black timber-rattlesnake. I picked my way down the mountain-side, with Beauty in one hand and Death in the other, as I romantically remarked to the unimpressed snake-collector who was waiting for me with an open gunny-sack.

Then there was the day in the depths of the pine-barrens, where stunted, three-leaved pitch pines took the place of the towering, five-leaved white pine of the North. The woods looked like a shimmering pool of changing greens lapping over white sand-land that had been thrust up from the South into the very heart of the North. I followed a winding woodpath along the high bank of a stream stained brown and steeped sweet with a million cedar-roots. A mountain laurel showed like a beautiful ghost against the dark water — a glory of white, pink-flecked flowers. Through dripping branches of withewood and star-leaved sweet-gum saplings the path twisted. Suddenly, at the very edge of the bank, out of a mass of hollow, crimson-streaked leaves filled with clear water, swung two glorious blossoms. Wine-red, aquamarine, pearl-white, and pale gold they gleamed and nodded from slender stems. It was the pitcher-plant, which I had never seen in blossom before.

From the stream the hidden path wound through thicket after thicket, sweet as spring, with the fragrance of the wild magnolia and the spicery of the gray-green bayberry. Its course was marked with white sand, part of the bed of some sea forgotten a hundred thousand years ago. By the side of the path showed the vivid crimson-lake leaves of the wild ipecac, with its strange green flowers; while every-

where, as if set in snow, gleamed the green-and-gold of the *Hudsonia*, the barrens-heather. The plants looked like tiny cedar trees laden down with thickly set blossoms of pure gold, which the wind spilt in little yellow drifts on the white sand. In the distance, through the trees, were glimpses of meadows, hazy-purple with the blue toad-flax. Beside the path showed here and there the pale gold of the narrow-leaved sundrops, with deep-orange stamens. Beyond were masses of lambskill, with its fatal leaves and crimson blossoms.

On and on the path led, past jade-green pools in which gleamed buds of the yellow pond-lily, like lumps of floating gold. Among them were blossoms of the paler golden-club, which looked like the tongue of a calla lily. At last the path stretched straight toward the flat-topped mound that showed dim and fair through the low trees. The woods became still. Even the Maryland yellow-throat stopped singing, the prairie warbler no longer drawled his lazy notes, and the chewink, black and white and red all over, like the newspaper in the old conundrum, stopped calling his name from the thickets and singing, 'Drink your tea!'

I knew that at last I had come upon a fairy hill, such an one wherein the shepherd heard a host of tiny voices singing a melody so haunting sweet that he always after remembered it, which has since come down to us of to-day as the tune of Robin Adair. Listen as I would, however, there was no sound from the depths of this hill. Perhaps the sun was too high, for the fairy-folk sing best in late twilight or early dawn.

The mound, like all fairy hills, was guarded. The path ran into a tangle of sand-myrtle with vivid little oval green leaves and feathery white, pink-centred blossoms. Just beyond stood a bush with a death-pale trunk and leaves of bright arsenic-green. It was

none other than the poison sumac, which always makes me think of one of the haggard, terrible vitriol-throwers of the days of the Terror. Pushing aside the fierce branches, I went unscathed up the mound. At its very edge was another sentry. From under my feet sounded a deep, fierce hiss, and there across the path stretched the great body of a pine snake fully six feet long, all cream-white and umber-brown. Raising its strange pointed head, with its gold and black eyes, it hissed fearsomely. I had learned, however, that a pine snake's hiss is worse than its bite and, when I poked its rough, mottled body with my shoe, it gave up pretending to be a dangerous snake and lazily moved off to some spot where it would not be disturbed by intruding humans.

The pixies had carpeted the side of the mound thick with their wine-red and green moss, starred with hundreds of flat, five-petaled white blossoms. This celebrated pixie moss is not a moss at all, but a tiny shrub. Near the summit of the mound the path was lost in a foam of the blue, lilac, and white butterfly blossoms of the lupine. Little clouds of fragrance drifted through the air, as the wind swayed rows and rows of the transparent bells of the leucothoe. Beyond the lupine stood a rank of dazzling white turkey-beards, the xerophyllum of the botanists. The inmost circle of the mound was carpeted with dry gray reindeer moss, and before me, in the centre of the circle, drooped on slender stems seven rose-red moccasin flowers.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,

They have sought him over down and lea;
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

'T was bent beneath and blue above,

Their eyes were held that they might not see
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes;
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie.

If only that day my eyes had been loosed like those of True Thomas. I too might have seen the fairy queens in all their regal beauty.

Wherever it be found, the moccasin flower will always hold me by its sheer beauty. Yet to my memory none of them can approach the loveliness of that cloistered colony which I first found in the pine wood so many years ago. Year after year I would visit them. Then came a time when for five years I was not able to travel to their home. When, at last, I made my pilgrimage to where they grew, there was no cathedral of mighty green arches roofed by a shimmering June sky; there were no aisles of softly singing trees; and there were no rows of sweet faces looking up at me and waiting for my coming; only heaps of sawdust and hideous masses of lopped branches showed where a steam-sawmill had cut its deadly way. Underneath the fallen dying boughs which had once waved above the world, companioned only by sky and sun and the winds of heaven, I found one last starveling blossom left of all her lovely company. Protected no longer by the sheltering boughs, she was bleached nearly white by the sun, and her stem crept crookedly along the ground underneath the mass of brush and litter which had once been a carpet of gold. Never since that day have I visited the place where my friends wait for me no more.

II

It was another orchid which, for eleven years, on the last day of every June, made me travel two hundred miles due north. From an old farmhouse on the edge of the Berkshires I would start out in the dawn-dusk on the first day of every July. The night-hawks would still be twanging above me as I followed, before sunrise, a dim silent road over the hills all sweet with

the scent of wild-grape and the drugged perfume of chestnut tassels. At last I would reach a barway sunken in masses of sweet-fern and shaded by thickets of alder and witch-hazel. There a long-forgotten wood-road led to my Land of Heart's Desire. Parting the branches, I would step into the hush of the sleeping wood, pushing my way through masses of glossy, dark-green Christmas ferns and clumps of feathery, tossing maidenhair. Black-throated blue warblers sang above, and that ventriloquist, the oven bird, would call from apparently a long way off, 'Teacher, teacher, teacher,' ending with a tremendous 'TEACH!' right under my feet.

At last there would loom up through the green tangle a squat broken white pine. That was my landmark. I would push my way through a tangle of sanicle, and beyond the trunk of a slim elm catch a gleam of white in the dusk. There, all rose-red and snow-white, with parted lips, waited for me the queen flower of the woods, the *Cypripedium reginae*, the loveliest of all of our orchids. Two narrow, white, beautifully curved petals stretched out at right angles, while above them towered a white sepal, the three together making a snowy cross. Below this cross hung the lip of the flower, a milk-white hollow shell fully an inch across and an inch deep, veined with crystalline pink which deepened into purple, growing more intense in color until the veins massed in a network of vivid violet just under the curved lips kissed by many a wandering wood-bee. Inside the shell were spots of intense purple, showing through the transparent walls. The other two white sepals were joined together and hung as one behind the lip.

I had first found this orchid while hunting for a veery's nest in the marsh. At that time nothing was showing except the leaves, which grow on tall, round, downy stems. They were beau-

tifully curved at the margin, and were of a brilliant green, a little lighter on the under side than on the upper, and, at first sight, much like the leaves of the well-known marsh hellebore. That day was the beginning of a ten-year tryst which I kept every summer with this wood-queen. Then, alas, I lost her!

It came about thus. The marsh in which she hid was part of a thousand acres owned by a friend of mine, who was an enthusiastic and rival flower-hunter. Each year, when I visited my colony of these queen orchids, I sent him one with my compliments and the assurance that the flower belonged to him because it was found on his land. I accompanied these gifts with various misleading messages as to where they grew. He would hunt and hunt, but find nothing but exasperation. Finally, he bribed me, with an apple-wood corner cupboard I had long coveted, to show him the place. It was not fifty yards from the road, and when I took him to it he was overcome with emotion.

'I'll bet that I have tramped a hundred miles,' he said plaintively, 'through every spot on this farm except this one, looking for this flower. Nobody who knew anything about botany would ever think of looking here.'

The next year my wood-lady did not meet me, nor the next, and I strongly suspect that she has been transplanted to some secret spot known to my unscrupulous botanical friend alone. Moreover, he has never yet paid me that corner cupboard.

I never saw the flower again until last summer I visited a marsh in northern New Jersey, where I had been told by another orchid-hunter that it grew. This marsh I was warned was a dangerous one. Cattle and men, too, in times past have perished in its depths. For eight unexplored miles it stretched away in front of me. After many wanderings I at length found my way to

Big Spring, a murky, malevolent pool set in dark woods, with the marsh stretching away beyond.

Not far away, in a limestone cliff, I came upon a deep burrow, in front of which was a sinister pile of picked bones of all sizes and shapes. The sight suggested delightful possibilities. Panthers, wolves, ogres — anything might belong to such a pile of bones as that. I knew, however, that the last New Jersey wolf was killed a century or so ago. The burrow was undoubtedly too small for a panther, or even an undersized ogre. Accordingly I was compelled reluctantly to assign the den to the more commonplace bay-lynx, better known as the wild-cat.

On these limestone rocks I found the curious walking-fern, which loves limestone and no other. Both of the cliff brakes were there, too — the slender, with its dark, fragile, appealing beauty, and its hardier sister, the winter-brake, whose leathery fronds are of a strange blue-green, a color not found in any other plant. Then there was the rattlesnake fern, a lover of deep and dank woods, with its golden-yellow seed-cluster, or 'rattle,' growing from the centre of its fringed leaves. The oddest of all the ferns was the maidenhair spleenwort, whose tiny leaves are of the shape of those of the well-known maidenhair fern. When they are exposed to bright sunlight, all the fertile leaves which have seeds on their surface suddenly begin to move, and for three or four minutes vibrate back and forth as rapidly as the second-hand of a watch.

Farther and farther I pushed on into the treacherous marsh, picking my way from tussock to tussock. Now and then my foot would slip into black, quivering mire, thinly veiled by marsh-grasses. When this happened, the whole swamp would shake and chuckle and lap at the skull-shaped tussocks and the bleached skeletons of drowned trees which show-

ed here and there. At last, when I had almost given up hope, I came upon a clump of the regal flowers growing, not in the swamp itself, but on a shaded bank sloping down from the encircling woods. Three of the plants had two flowers each, the rest only one. Among these was a single blossom, pure white without a trace of pink or purple. Although it was only the thirtieth of June, several of the flowers were already slightly withered and past their prime, showing that this orchid is at its best in New Jersey in the middle of June, rather than at the end of the month, as in Connecticut. The perfect flowers were beautiful orchids, and had a rich fragrance which I had never noticed in my Connecticut specimens. Yet, in some way, to me they lacked the charm and loveliness of my lost flowers of the North.

III

It was a cold May day. The Ornithologist and myself were climbing Kent Mountain, along with Jim Pan, the last of the Pequots. Whenever Jim drank too much hard cider, which was as often as he could get it, he would give terrible war-whoops and tell how many pale-faces his ancestors had scalped. He would usually end by threatening to do some free-hand scalping on his own account — but he never did. He had a son named Tin Pan, who never talked unless he had something to say, which was not more than once or twice during the year. The two lived all alone, in a little cabin on the slope of Kent Mountain. On the outside of Jim's door some wag once painted a skull and crossbones, one night when Jim was away on a hunt for some of the aforesaid hard cider. When the last of the Pequots came back and saw what had been done, he swore mightily that he would leave said insignia there until he could wash them out with the heart's blood of the

gifted artist. They still show faintly on the door, although Jim has slept for many a year in the little Indian cemetery on the mountain, beside his great-aunt Eunice who lived to be one hundred and four years old. Lest it may appear that Jim was an unduly fearsome Indian, let me hasten to add that there was never a kinder, happier, or more untruthful Pequot from the beginning to the end of that long-lost tribe.

On that day the Ornithologist and myself were on our way to a rattlesnake den, the secret of which had been in the Pan family for some generations. In past years Jim's forbears had done a thriving business in selling skins and rattlesnake oil, in the days when the rattlesnake shared with the skunk the honor of providing an unwilling cure for rheumatism. Our path led up through masses of color. There was the pale pure pink of the crane's-bill or wild geranium, the yellow adder's tongue, and the faint blue-and-white porcelain petals of the hepatica, with cluster after cluster of the snowy, golden-hearted bloodroot whose frail blossoms last but for a day.

That very morning a long-delayed warbler-wave was breaking over the mountain, and the Ornithologist could hardly contain himself as he watched the different varieties pass by. I recall that we scored over twenty different kinds of warblers between dawn and dark, and I saw for the first time the Wilson's black-cap, with its bright yellow breast and tiny black crown, and the rare Cape May warbler, with its black streaked yellow underparts and orange-red cheeks. The richly dressed and sombre black-throated blue and bay-breasted were among the crowd, while black-throated greens, myrtles, magnolias, chestnut-sided, blackpolls, Canadians, redstarts, with their fan-shaped tails, and Blackburnians, with their flaming throats and breasts glow-

ing like live coals, went by in a never-ending procession.

All the way Jim kept up a steady flow of anecdote. I can remember only one, a blood-curdling story about a man from Bridgeport, name not given, who caught a rattlesnake while on a hunt with Jim, but who let go while attempting to put it into the bag, whereupon the rattlesnake bit him as it dropped.

'Did he die?' queried the writer and the Ornithologist in chorus.

'No,' said Jim proudly; 'Tin and I saved his life.'

'Whiskey?' ventured the writer.

'Not for snake-bites,' responded Jim simply.

'Well, how was it?' persisted the Ornithologist, hoping to learn of some mysterious Indian remedy.

'Well,' said Jim, stretching out his tremendous arms like a great bear, 'I held him tight and Tin here burned the place out. It took two matches and he yelled somethin' terrible. I told him we were savin' his life, but the fool said he would rather die of snakebite than be burned to death. You would n't suppose a grown man would make such a fuss over two little matches.'

Finally, we reached the den, a ledge of rocks near the top of the mountain, where for some unknown reason all the rattlesnakes for miles around were accustomed to hibernate during the winter and to remain for some weeks in the late spring before scattering through the valley. The Ornithologist and I fell unobtrusively to the rear, while the dauntless Pan led the van with a croched stick. Suddenly Jim thrust one foot up into the air like a toe-dancer, and pirouetted with amazing rapidity on the other. He had been in the very act of stepping over a small huckleberry-bush when he noted under its lee a rattlesnake in coil, about the size of a peck-measure — as pretty a death-trap as was ever set in the woods.

By the time I got there, Jim had pinned the hissing heart-shaped head down with his forked stick, while the bloated, five-foot body, as big round as my arm, was thrashing through the air in circles, the rattles whirring incessantly.

'Grab him just back of the stick,' panted Jim, bearing down with all his weight, 'and put him in the bag.'

I paused.

'You're not scared, are you?' he inquired, while Tin, who had hurried up with a gunny-sack, regarded me reproachfully.

'Certainly not,' I assured him indignantly, 'but I don't want to be selfish. Let Tin do it.'

'No,' said Jim firmly, 'you're company. Tin can pick up rattlesnakes any day.'

'Well, how about my friend?' I continued weakly.

The Ornithologist, who had been watching the scene from the far background, spoke up for himself.

'I would n't touch that damn snake,' he said earnestly, 'for eleven million dollars.'

At this profanity the rattlesnake started another paroxysm of struggling, while his rattle sounded like an alarm-clock. When he stopped to rest, the Ornithologist raised his price to an even billion — in gold. It was evident that I was the white man's hope. It would never do to let two members of a conquered race see a pale-face falter. Remembering Deerslayer at the stake, and other brave white men without a cross, I set my teeth, gripped the rough, cold, scaly body just back of the crotched stick, and lifted. The great snake's black, fixed, devilish eyes looked into mine. If, in this world, there are peep-holes into hell, they are found in the eyes of an enraged rattlesnake. As he came clear of the ground, he coiled round my arm to the elbow, so that the rattles sounded not a foot from my

ear. Although the rattlesnake is not a constrictor, and there was no real danger, yet under the touch of his body my arm quivered like a tuning-fork.

'What makes your arm shake so?' queried Jim, watching me critically.

'It's probably rheumatism,' I assured him.

Suddenly, under my grip, the snake's mouth opened, showing on either side of the upper jaw ridges of white gum. From these suddenly flashed the movable fangs which are always folded back until ready for use. They were hollow and of a glistening white. Halfway down on the side of each was a tiny hole, from which the yellow venom slowly oozed. I began tremulously to unwind my unwelcome armlet, while Tin waited with the open bag.

'Be sure you take your hand away quick after you drop him in,' advised Jim.

'Don't you worry about that,' I replied; 'no man will ever get his hand away quicker than I'm going to.'

Whereupon I unwound the rattling coils from my arm, and then broke all speed records in removing my hand from the neighborhood of that snake. This was my first introduction to the King of the Dark Places, the grim timber-rattlesnake, the handsomest of all the thirteen varieties found within the United States.

On my way back from the den it was Jim Pan who pointed out to me on the lower slope of the mountain the beautiful showy orchid (*Orchis spectabilis*). Between two oblong shining green leaves grew a loose spike of purple-pink and white butterfly blossoms. This is the first of the orchids to appear, and no more exquisite or beautiful flower could head the procession which stretches from May until September. I find this flower but seldom, usually because I am not in the hill-country early enough, although once I found a perfect flower in

bloom as late as Decoration Day, a left-over from the first spring flowers.

It was Jim, too, that day, who quite appropriately showed me the rattlesnake-plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*), with its rosette of green leaves heavily veined with white, from the centre of which in late summer grows a spike of crowded, greenish-white flowers. Under the doctrine of signatures, these leaves are still thought by many to be a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Personally, I would rather rely on a sharp knife and permanganate of potash. In the same group as the rattlesnake plantain are several varieties of lady's-tresses, which grow in every damp meadow in midsummer and early fall. Little spikes of greenish-white flowers they are, growing out of what looks like a twisted or braided stem. Of them all the most interesting to me is the grass-leaved lady's-tresses (*Gyrostachys praecox*), where the flowers grow round and round the stem in a perfect spiral.

As I went on with my hunting, I learned that not all of the members of the orchis family are beautiful. There is the coral root, with tiny dull brownish-purple flowers, which one finds growing in dry woods, often near colonies of the Indian pipe. The green and the ragged-fringed orchids are other disappointing members of this great family. Yet, to a confirmed collector, even these poor relations of the family are full of interest. In fact, the second rarest orchid of our American list, the celebrated crane-fly orchid (*Tipularia unifolia*) has a series of insignificant greenish-purple blossoms which look as much like mosquitoes or flies as anything else, and can be detected only with the greatest difficulty. Yet this very summer I am planning to take a journey of several hundred miles on the off-chance of seeing one of these flowers. Nearly as rare is the strange ram's-head lady's-slipper (*Cypripedium arietinum*),

the rarest of all the cypripedia and belonging to the same family as the glorious moccasin flower and queen flower. The lip of the ram's-head consists of a strange greenish pouch with purple streaks, shaped like the head of a ram.

There are scores of other odd, often lovely, and usually rare, members of the great orchis family, which can be met with from May to September. There is the beautiful golden whip-poor-will's-shoe, in two sizes (*Cypripedium hirsutum*, and *Cypripedium parviflorum*), and those lovely nymphs, rose-purple Arethusa (*Arethusa bulbosa*), and Calypso (*Calypso borealis*), with her purple blossom varied with pink and shading to yellow.

IV

One of the fascinations of orchid-hunting is the fact that you may suddenly light upon a strange orchid growing in a place which you have passed for years. Such a happening came to me the day when I first found the rose pogonia (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*). I was following a cow-path through the hardhack pastures which I had traveled perhaps a hundred times before. Suddenly, as I came to the slope of the upper pasture, growing in the wet bank of the deep-cut trail, my eye caught sight of a little flower of the purest rose-pink, the color of the peach-blossom, with a deeply fringed drooping lip, the whole flower springing from a slender stem with oval, grass-like leaves. To me it had a fragrance like almonds, although others have found in it the scent of sweet violets or of fresh raspberries. It is the pogonia family which numbers the rarest of all of our orchids, the almost unknown smaller whorled pogonia (*Pogonia affinis*). Few indeed have been the botanists who have seen even a pressed specimen of this strange flower.

Two weeks after I found the rose pogonia I came again to visit her. To my astonishment and delight, by her side was growing another orchid, like some purple-pink butterfly which had alighted on a long swaying stem. It was no other than the beautiful grass-pink (*Limodorum tuberosum*), which blooms in July, while the pogonia comes out in late June. The grass-pink has from two to six blossoms on each stem, and the yellow lip is above instead of below the flower, as in the case of most orchids. Years later I was to find this orchid growing by scores in the pine-barrens.

Last, but by no means least, is the great genus *Habenaria* — the exquisite fringed orchids. Purple, white, gold, green — they wear all these colors. He who has never seen either the large or the small purple fringed orchid growing in the June or July meadows, or the flaming yellow fringed orchid all orange and gold in the August meadows, has still much for which to live.

It was with an orchid of this genus that I had my most recent adventure. I had traveled with the Botanist into the heart of the pine-barrens. There may be places where more flowers and rarer flowers and sweeter flowers grow than in these barrens, but if so, the Botanist and I have never found the spot. From the early spring, when the water freezes in the hollow leaves of the pitcher-plant, to the last gleam of the orange polygala in the late fall, we are always finding something rare and new. On that August day we followed a dim path that led through thickets of scrub-oak and sweet pepper-bush. By its side grew clumps of deer-grass, with its purple-pink petals and masses of orange-colored stamens. Sometimes the path would disappear from sight in masses of hudsonia and sand-myrtle. Everywhere above the blueberry bushes flamed the regal Turk's-cap lily, with its curved fire-red petals. On high the stalks

towered above a tangle of lesser plants bearing great candelabra of glorious blossoms.

Finally, we came to a little ditch which some forgotten cranberry-grower had dug through the barrens to a long-deserted bog. On its side grew the rare thread-leaved sundew, with its long thread-like leaf covered with tiny red hairs and speckled thick with glittering drops of dew; while here and there little insects, which had alighted on the sweet, fatal drops, were enmeshed in the entangling hairs. Well above the line of strangled insects, on which it fed, a pink blossom smiled unconcernedly. Like the attractive lady mentioned in Proverbs, her house goes down into the chambers of death.

As we followed the dike, the air was sweet with the perfume of white alder. The long stream of brown cedar-water was starred white with gleaming, fragrant water-lilies. In a marsh by the ditch grew clumps of cotton grass or pussytoes, each stem of which bore a tuft of soft brown wool, like the down which a mother rabbit pulls from her breast when she lines her nest for her babies.

At last, we came to the abandoned cranberry bog. Suddenly the Botanist jumped into the ditch, splashed his way across, and disappeared in the bog, waving his arms over his head. I found him on his knees in the wet sphagnum moss, chanting ecstatically the mystic word 'Blephariglottis.' In front of him, on a green stem, was clustered a mass of little flowers of incomparable whiteness, with fringed lips and long spikes. One petal bent like a canopy over the brown stamens, while the other two flared out on either side like the wings of tiny white butterflies. It was the white-fringed orchid (*Habenaria blephariglottis*). Beside her whiteness even the snowy petals of the water-lily and the white alder showed yellow tones.

Like El Nath among the stars, the white fringed orchid is the standard of whiteness for the flowers.

Three great blue herons flew over our heads, folded their wings, and alighted not thirty yards away—an unheard-of proceeding for this wary bird. A

Henslow sparrow sang his abrupt and, to us, almost unknown song. The Botanist neither saw nor heard. All the way home he was in a blissful daze, and when I said good-bye to him at the station, he only murmured happily 'Blephariglottis.'

RED SEED

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Now perhaps there is Peace.

But dare you say that you know it? . . .

The Wind caught a wild red seed,

And is wild to blow it

Far—far—far—

Over crags, soft pastures, dead sands.

It will plunge and leap to a fire

In white frozen and hot green lands.

The Wind will fan it, and fan it.

The fierce red stems will flash.

For the secret seed that began it

Is flame — sheer flame — and no ash.

So it will snatch and devour.

And only God knows when

He will reap its rank red flower,

Lest it bite and burn all men.

Now perhaps there is Peace.

But dare you dream that you know it? . . .

The Wind caught a wild red seed —

He will blow it — and blow it — and blow it.

INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION DURING THE WAR

BY JOSEPH P. COTTON AND DWIGHT W. MORROW

IN the earlier years of the war, each of the nations fighting against Germany was compelled to carry on a separate war. Great Britain, France, Russia, and, later, Italy, each with its separate military command, and its individual types of munitions, maintained its separate front. And this was true, not only of the military activities of the Allies, but of their whole economic life, and also (and most important) of their systems of transport and supply, which included the import of food and raw materials on which they were all so largely dependent. As the war went on, the lesson of coöperation was forced upon them; but not until the third and fourth years did they finally admit that not only all their strength, but the joint use of all their strength, was essential. And after it was admitted, a long time elapsed before it was understood.

With the increasing absorption of the people and industries of the Allied nations in the business of war on so vast a scale, they required an enormous increase of importations. And by the spring of 1917 the German submarine campaign had produced a tonnage situation so acute that, in that year and in 1918, it was possible for the Allies to import only those bare necessities which permitted them to live and carry on the war, and it became essential that all waste of tonnage should be avoided. It was that condition which finally forced organized and efficient machinery for international coöperation.

In the earlier years of the war, the help in money and ships which Great

Britain gave to France and Italy was given sporadically, as the need arose, and for the most part without defined plan. Help was given — but often at the last moment, to ward off catastrophe. The decisions as to economic coöperation between the Allies were thus often dictated by panic rather than by plan, and at times, by competition between panics. The ships which Great Britain allotted to France and Italy were operated without any general plan for the economical use of tonnage — and thus a cargo of wheat going from the East to England might pass in the Mediterranean a cargo of wheat going from America to Italy. Neither ship need have entered that danger-zone at all. The lack of unified control of ships involved a disastrous waste of tonnage. More, since Great Britain (herself strong and free from invasion) was usually in the position of donor called on by the other Allies for aid, and was also the judge of how much could be spared from her own need, it was inevitable that there should at times have been misunderstandings between the Allied governments — on one hand the feeling of unequal sacrifice, on the other, the suspicion of unequal effort. Each of the Allies was surprisingly ignorant of the economic needs and the economic sacrifices of the others, and often underestimated both. Nor were the usual methods of communication well designed to avoid such misunderstanding.

To meet these conditions, and largely because of them, there was gradually developed a comprehensive system and

machinery of international coöperation in providing the ships and the imports. It is with that system of international coöperation in the matter of transport and supply that this paper deals.

The earliest conspicuous instance in which effective machinery for coöperation between the Allies was worked out was the Wheat Executive. The Wheat Executive was formed in 1917, by representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy, sitting together in London. Its function was to make a comprehensive plan for the breadstuff supply of the Allied nations and to supervise the execution of the plan. The Wheat Executive proceeded in its work on very simple and sound lines — first, to ascertain the respective needs of the Allies, and then to ascertain and divide the available supply. The representative of each country presented the minimum cereal needs of his people, tabulating the rate of consumption, the home-production, and the deficit to be imported. This statement was criticized by the representatives of the other Allies, and a yearly programme of importation for all the Allied countries was outlined. Then the possible sources of supply were examined and apportioned to the programme, and the deficit shared. The programme was thus established on the firm foundation of the respective needs of the Allies.

With this programme proposed by the Wheat Executive and approved by the respective governments, that body was then in a position to go to the British Ministry of Shipping and ask for an allotment of tonnage, furnishing reasons for the request which no one was in a position to refute. Where before there had been three applicants clamorous for ships, who must be appeased, each (for the sake of safety) overemphasizing his story of the dangers of starvation, there was now one request with a reasonably clear programme.

Once that programme was established, the Wheat Executive performed two other functions: it formed buying and shipping agencies in the exporting countries, which served all the Allies without competition, and simplified the system of financial credits between the Allies and the relations of the treasuries. It also kept watch over the execution of its programmes, and saw that the supplies were shipped and received and the deficiencies fairly shared.

It must not be supposed that this system, which at the end of the war controlled a large and complex business organization all over the world, was built up at once. No programme, however carefully made, could be more than a sound general guide; no system of division could work with entire fairness. But, on the whole, the Wheat Executive worked well, and for the cereal year September 1, 1917, to September 1, 1918, at the time when the Allied countries were nearest to starvation and the submarine campaign was at its height, the Wheat Executive performed its function with surprising success. This success did not come because that body had broad powers; indeed, its members exercised very little direct authority. Their success seems to have come from two things: first, that in daily conference the members representing Great Britain, France, and Italy came to know and trust each other and thus to found an antidote against misunderstanding; and second, they discovered that, as usual, the difficulties of their task lay in ascertaining the facts of their problem — that, once the facts were understood, it was not so difficult to persuade their governments to adopt a comprehensive and sensible plan of action. The Wheat Executive was by no means the first international organization on economic matters, but it initiated the first satisfactory machinery for international coöperative action.

The United States came into the war in the early part of 1917. Its entrance made a great change in the economic relations of the Allies. Up to that time Great Britain had given financial help very largely for the foreign purchases of France and Italy. From that time, the United States became the chief source of Allied credit, and, until the armistice, practically extended credit to all the Allies (including Great Britain) for all the food and goods which they could obtain and ship from the United States. And, coincidentally, as the submarine campaign grew more effective and the Allied shipping losses heavier, it became necessary for the Allies to draw an increasing amount of their food and raw material from America, the nearest source of supply.

The entrance of the United States introduced a further complication. It soon became evident that the movement of the American Expeditionary Force to France would make a new and heavy drain on British shipping, and that this programme must be correlated with the other transport programmes. The general problem of transport and supply then took on entirely new phases and new seriousness, and became the most difficult problem of the war.

At the end of 1917, the representatives of the Allies and the United States held the meeting now known as the Paris Conference, with the object of coördinating the efforts and organizing the strength of all the nations fighting against Germany. The official report of the Conference reads in part as follows:

The Special Committee for Maritime Transport and General Imports of the Inter-Allied Conference of Paris has decided, by unanimous resolution of the delegates of the United States of America, Great Britain, Italy, and France, that it is necessary to arrange a form of coöperation between the Allies to secure the following objects:—

(a) To make the most economical use of

tonnage under the control of all the Allies;

(b) To allot that tonnage as between the different needs of the Allies in such a way as to add most to the general war-effort; and

(c) To adjust the programmes of requirements of the different Allies in such a way as to bring them within the scope of the possible carrying power of the tonnage available.

To secure these objects (the report states) a board composed of representatives of each nation, with complete power over a common pool of tonnage, was proposed, but rejected because it was thought difficult for any country (especially America or Great Britain) to delegate absolute power to dispose of its tonnage to a representative of an International Board 'on which he might be outvoted'; also because such a board would not tend to efficiency. The report proceeds:—

The Allies are accordingly agreed:—

(a) That America, France, Italy, and Great Britain will all tabulate and make available to each other a statement showing in detail, as nearly as possible in the same form, each class of requirements for which tonnage is needed; and, secondly, the tonnage now available and likely to be available in future through new building, etc. These requirements having been classified (showing the source of supply, etc.), and having been adjusted (1) to secure a reasonably uniform standard of adequacy, both as between classes of commodities and as between countries, and (2) to bring the total within the carrying capacity of the Allies as a whole, will form the basis on which the general allocation of tonnage will be determined. The calculation will be revised at convenient intervals, in the light of losses, new building, war-requirements, and other factors in the problem; but it will be an essential feature of the scheme that, subject to such periodical re-allocation, each nation shall manage and supervise the tonnage under its control.

(b) That the neutral and internal tonnage, obtained through any channel and by whatever country, shall be used in such a way

as to increase to an equal extent the tonnage in direct war-services, the extra tonnage being allotted so far as practicable to the most urgent war-need of any of the Allies. The method of allocation will be worked out later, but the principle is recognized that it is urgency of war-needs, and not the method by which the tonnage has been obtained, that is to be the criterion.

(c) That steps shall be taken to bring into war-services all possible further tonnage, such as that in South America, etc.

(d) That control over cargoes carried shall be such as to ensure that they satisfy the most urgent war-needs in respect of which the tonnage has been allotted.

To carry out (a) and (b) above, Allied bodies for the different main requirements for food, for munitions, and for raw materials will be formed on the model of the Wheat Executive, America being associated with these bodies.

It being necessary, in order to obtain decisions by the respective Governments, that each country shall designate one or two Ministers, — the United States one or two special delegates, — who will be responsible towards their respective Governments for the execution of the agreements arrived at, and who will meet in conference as Allied representatives, as may be necessary from time to time, whether in Paris or in London, according to the circumstances of the case, either on their own motion or at the request of the Executive Departments, it was resolved that, for the purpose of carrying out the common policy above indicated, the appropriate Ministers in France, Italy, and Great Britain, together with representatives of America, shall take steps to secure the necessary exchange of information, and coördination of policy and effort, establishing a permanent office and staff for the purposes.

When one remembers how gloomy the Allied cause was at the date of the Paris Conference, and the professed aim of the Conference to pool the resources of all the nations against Germany, the first reaction one gets from the report is surprise that the Conference did not pool shipping, or at least

create a unified command for ships in war-service; and particularly that the United States — which had a small percentage of the total shipping of the world — not only did not urge such a pool, but opposed it.

In accordance with the action of the Paris Conference, the Allied Maritime Transport Council was formed in February, 1918. At various times thereafter, various programme committees, covering the whole range of imported commodities, were formed. At the time the armistice was signed, programme committees were functioning (some of them more effectively than others), dealing with the following commodities: wool, cotton, hides and leather, tobacco, paper, timber, petroleum, flax, hemp and jute, coal and coke, cereals, oil-seeds, sugar, meats and fats, nitrates, aircraft, chemicals, explosives, non-ferrous metals, mechanical transport, and steel.

The working of these various bodies in practice was most interesting. Representatives of the Allied nations would meet and state their import requirements of a given commodity. Instead of dealing at arm's length, through Foreign-Office memoranda and diplomatic channels, they sat around a table, and the representative of each nation would be in a position to criticize the demands of the others, and, in turn, to receive their criticisms of his own programme. Many of the misunderstandings which had resulted from incomplete facts were thus avoided. When the detailed programme was agreed upon, a nation was better able to curtail its requirements because of accurate knowledge of the sacrifices made by the other nations. And the astonishing feature was, that usually agreements were reached as to the programmes. It was no small achievement that, in the fall of 1918, when shipping was short and food certain to be scarce, the representatives of the food-

controllers of Great Britain, France, and Italy (who were responsible to their people for food-shortages) agreed as to their respective shares of the food which should be imported, and agreed to share further cuts to provide space to bring American soldiers to France. It was a remarkable example of how helpful the work of a fact-finding body can be, even if the power of final decision be not delegated to it.

The Allied Maritime Transport Council did not control the various programme committees. The Food-Committees reported to the several food-controllers, and the Raw Material Committees to the Ministers of Munitions and the War Industries Board. Inasmuch, however, as ships were the limiting factor, it was essential that, when the committees had reduced their programmes so far as seemed to them possible, there must be further reduction if the total programmes exceeded the amount of transport available. The result was that the Transport Council, in 1918, received the programmes of all the committees, and made adjustments to bring the supplies within the carrying capacity of the ships; but in practice that meant re-routing of the world's tonnage.

Moreover, it was not only the programmes of the Allied countries that were dealt with. Through control of the sources of supply, a very real control was exercised over neutrals. An effort was made to ascertain their needs, and to see that those needs were supplied as equitably as possible, having in view the world-shortage and the conflicting needs of the Allies and of other neutrals. The control over neutral imports, and (largely) the acquisition of neutral ships for war-service, were in the hands of the Blockade Committee, with which a representative of the United States War-Trade Board sat in a central coördinating committee,

which was charged with planning the blockade against Germany.

It must be constantly remembered that the representatives of the various countries on the programme committees and the Allied Maritime Transport Council did not have power finally to bind their respective governments. They could only recommend action; but since the decisions depended largely upon the facts, the finding of the fact tended more and more to determine the decision. Many newspaper references to the Allied Maritime Transport Council and the programme committees, and some books and magazine articles have given the impression that they were international bodies controlling the vital necessities of life. This is not accurate. Each nation settled its own affairs, but its manner of exercising its control was greatly affected — especially in the European countries which had been longer in the war — by the findings of the programme committees and the Transport Council.

A few cases will illustrate the range of subjects covered by these inter-Ally bodies and the nature of their recommendations. Early in the war, as we have said, wheat from India went through the Mediterranean to England, passing on the way wheat going from the United States to Italy. Under the Wheat Executive and programme committees, wheat from India stopped at Italy, and the corresponding amount of wheat that would have gone from America to Italy went to England or France. This was not only a saving of ships, but an avoidance of an unnecessary submarine risk in the dangerous Western Mediterranean. During the first years of the war England's oil-supply had come in very large quantity from the oil-fields of the Far East. American oil companies had built up a large market in China, and were carrying oil from the Atlantic seaboard to

China. A re-routing, which was about to go into operation when the armistice was signed, was arranged through the Petroleum Conference, by which the American oil should go to England and the oil from the far eastern points should go to China. Early in 1918 Italy was desperately short of coal. Through the Transport Council an arrangement was made by which coal was sent from Southern France to Italy, partly by an all-rail route, and partly by rail to Marseilles and then by ship to Italy. To take care of the coal needs of France, which would have been seriously imperiled by this diversion of coal to Italy, large shipments of Cardiff coal were sent across the Channel to the northern French ports. The March 21 (1918) drive of the Germans precipitated a very serious coal question. The principal coal-supply of France was in the Pas de Calais district. The German military success reduced the output of the mines in this district and prevented the shipment of coal therefrom to the south of France, because of the interruption of traffic on the main railway line to the south. An arrangement was therefore made by which the English army got its coal from the French mines in the northern district, and English coal was sent by ships to the southerly ports of France.

Following the creation of the Maritime Council in 1918, there also came into existence other inter-Allied organizations — the Allied Food Council, the Munitions Council, the Blockade Council, and the Finance Council (which dealt only with American purchases, but was formed before any of the others and had a longer service and tradition behind it). These bodies were functioning with varying efficiency when the armistice came. Some of them were very young — certainly they were becoming increasingly valuable and efficient, and played a considerable

part in making possible the supplying of tonnage for the American troop-movement to France. In all, the experience seems to have been the same — that a small international body, which sat constantly and concerned itself with the ascertainment of the facts of any situation, was of great assistance in securing intelligent joint action.

In all these international bodies which sat in 1918 the United States was represented, and to all the principles of international coöperation with the Allies in the war the United States assented. In actual practice, however, the United States government did not accept the results of the Allied councils to anything like the same degree as the European Allies; nor can it be fairly said that our action was largely influenced by these councils, or that our government listened to their studies of the facts or their plans. The most difficult task in international action always is the learning that the representatives of other nations can be as high-minded or unselfish as one's self, and that task always takes time.

It is notable, again, that neither in the United States nor in Great Britain and France was there at any time effective coöperation between the military and civilian transport and supply systems. The armies of France and Italy particularly depended almost wholly on the inter-Allied organizations for imports of food (the British army to a much smaller degree and the United States army very little), but no army got to the point of submitting its demands for general criticism, nor did any army seriously consider the general problems of waste of tonnage or supply. Thus, to the end of the war, the British navy sent some of their own coal to their ships in the Pacific at an almost unbelievable waste of tonnage, for no other reason than that the navy is sacrosanct; and every army piled up huge

reserves of food and supplies which were always asserted to be essential to winning the war. Perhaps they were, — certainly no one begrudged anything that might serve the fighting forces or make for their security. The purpose of the reference is, not to indicate selfishness, but simply to point out that the exigencies of the Great War were never enough to drive the armies on the Western front to a common general supply-system — much less to any system of coördinating that supply with the needs of the very hard-pressed civilian populations. Toward the end of the war only, after the unified command came into being, an Allied army-supply board began the job of pooling supplies of all the armies in those commodities, such as forage, of which the armies were shortest. Coöperation between the quartermasters' departments brings up quite the same difficulties as coöperation between nations.

But the surprising thing, to anyone familiar with the work of the international coöperative organizations during the war, was the amount which was actually accomplished by the several widely different nationalities working together in the face of appalling difficulties. It is fair to say of these organizations: —

First, that they served an important immediate purpose in getting a fair division of essential imports among the Allies and keeping them all united.

Second, that they emphasized again the value of constant 'common counsel,' and the examination of facts in international affairs, as contrasted with the unsatisfactory form of advocacy usually known as diplomacy.

Third, that they were highly instru-

mental in convincing the government officials of the European Allies that the project of a league of nations gave promise of success.

Fourth, that the form of the Covenant for the League of Nations proposed by the committee of the Peace Conference was largely influenced by the experience of the inter-Allied bodies described in this chapter. This is clearly brought out in the published statements of the representatives of Great Britain and Italy in the Peace Conference. It has not been emphasized or clarified in any official statement in the United States; and many of the members of our Senate, in their discussions in the session which ended on March 4, 1919, seem to have lost sight of the fact that the main function of the Executive Council of the proposed League is, not to bind any participant by a majority vote, but to study and report on the facts, and by constant common counsel to make easier agreement for action by the nations. Only in a few exceptional cases, which are expressly stated in the proposed Covenant, can the Executive Council, or indeed the League itself, act otherwise than by unanimous agreement. It is in its reliance on the value of the international understanding to prevent disagreement, and its significant omission of anything like an international police force which would attempt to coerce agreement, that the proposed Covenant gives most promise of success. That was the chief lesson of international coöperation during the war. And it is hardly to be expected that the nations of the world at peace will find the problem easier of solution than the nations fighting against Germany found it during the war.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND THE GERMAN MIND

BY LOUIS GRAVES

I

PSYCHOLOGISTS, amateur and professional, have been seeking during these last five years to sound the depths of the German mind. Painstakingly they have raked over and sorted the data bearing upon the subject, and have sought to interpret to us the mental processes of a people who seemed to most of the world suddenly to have gone mad. Men and women who have dwelt among the Germans for a long time, as well as hurried travelers of the tourist sort, have recounted their experiences and impressions, each contributing his or her bit to the effort to solve the puzzle. None of what might be called the secondary aspects of the war, no aspect save the immediate and transcendent problem of the fight itself, has continued, perhaps, a source of such keen speculation and interest. Nobody in America so lowly or untutored, so lacking in curiosity, that he has not asked himself and his neighbors, what goes on in a German's head?

Until recently, those who might pretend to speak with the authority which comes from contact with the object of study have been limited to that fraction of our folk that we are accustomed to call, somewhat snobbishly, the upper class—meaning, either persons of education who are conversant with German history and literature, or persons whose means have enabled them to indulge in foreign travel. Now, all at once, a quarter of a million Americans, a true cross section of our population, have been set

down among the German people. From having information and opinions handed down to them, as it were, these men, some of them rich, most of them poor, some of them highly educated, most of them boasting not even a high-school record, find themselves in the very midst of our late enemies, seeing them face to face and perforce forming their own judgments of them.

This circumstance is not going to bring any definite answer to the question. There is not any definite answer—even the fondest devotees of psychology have never claimed that it is an exact science. The members of the army of occupation, when they return home, will not all have seen the same things, nor will they all think alike. On some points, however, they will be in substantial agreement. At any rate, the first-hand observations of so many Americans, typical Americans, create a genuine addition to the data we had before.

It would be indeed reckless for any one man to assume to speak for all the men in our army in Germany—to set down exactly what conclusions they have formed. There are too many of them. But I have had an unusual opportunity, since I came to Coblenz a few days after our advance-guard reached the Rhine, to hear a great number of representative views. It so happens that my particular assignment has carried me constantly back and forth through the occupation area, and has brought me into speech with hundreds of officers and enlisted men in all kinds

of situations. Also, my official duties have required me to converse with many Germans.

The Americans entered Germany after months of the most unbelievable hardships and the fiercest sort of fighting. In the fury of attack and pursuit, clambering over mountains and through woods under shell and machine-gun fire, frequently they had had almost nothing to eat for two or three days at a time. They had been footsore, shivering, and rain-soaked; they had slept in trenches and shell-holes, amid the foul stench of gas; themselves face to face with death, they had been surrounded by the wounded, the dying, and the dead. To these men this country, unscarred by war, with its homes and fields as peaceful as if the war had never been, seemed a very heaven of comfort. Now they found themselves installed in rooms with real beds. (They had begun to think that beds did not exist except in dreams!) And, with the supply system again restored to normal, they began to have three meals a day. Those who have never been without these simple comforts, who take them for granted and therefore never give them a thought, can never realize what they meant to the fighting divisions which constitute the army of occupation.

When our troops crossed the border in early December, they expected, naturally enough, to find the people sullen and resentful. They even looked for a certain amount of actual hostility, of the sort that a conquering army meets in individual civilians who cannot control their feelings. To their astonishment, they were greeted by smiles and kindnesses. What the inhabitants were required to do, in the way of providing assistance and quarters, was done, not as if under compulsion, not even with signs of reluctance, but with the eagerness of friends. Now, for four years the

men and women of Germany had been hearing and giving heed to a gospel of hate toward Americans. At first it had been because we were sending food and munitions to the Allies, and then because, being 'the dupe of England,' and 'a nation of dollar-grabbers' who desired only to safeguard our loans, we had ourselves entered the war. It could be set down as a fact — so most of us reasoned and still reason — that these people could cherish toward us no real friendship.

Thus, the quality of the Germans that first impressed itself upon the Americans, after we got settled down and had time to think of the matter at all, was their canniness. Their puzzling mixture of phlegm and intense emotionalism has often been dwelt upon. Here we found a turn of mind that was mere business sagacity. The war was over; the men whom they had fought were here, their masters. What could possibly be gained by throwing obstacles in our way and stirring up our anger? Obviously nothing. On the contrary, was there not much to be gained, perhaps, by making our stay easy and agreeable? This is the way we believe they worked it out. And who can deny, even with the 'perhaps' suggesting a confession of possible disappointment in the hope of positive advantage, that it was an eminently sensible decision?

Unquestionably their prudence was stimulated by, though not mainly due to, fear. However much they might justify the deeds of their own invading armies on the ground of military necessity, they were well aware that these deeds had been such as to create in their enemies a spirit of revenge. They did not know that the doctrine of *Schrecklichkeit* was not favored by other nations as by their own. True, they reassured themselves that this was peace (or a sort of one) and not war, and that therefore the occupation was to be a

peaceful one; but they were not taking any chances, and they were determined to prevent, by all possible friendliness, any evil to themselves. The surprise of many of their number at finding the Americans mild-mannered and considerate, and honest payers for wares bought, was in some cases downright ludicrous.

I do not mean to be understood as doubting that many individuals, humble peasants or tradesmen, in whose houses the men were quartered, performed acts of kindness out of natural goodness of heart. That sort had never been hard haters anyway, except in moments of stress or acute personal loss; never thoughtful and consistent haters. Many a tiny Christmas tree was mounted in a soldier's room, and many a stray native egg was offered as a reinforcement to an army breakfast, from no ulterior motive. But the disposition to extend favors that were not looked for ran through all strata of the population, to a degree that put sincerity as a motive out of the question. Sleek merchants who, you knew well, had been despising and deriding Americans in 1917 and detesting them in 1918, bent over their counters with smiles and unctuous good-days; wealthy householders of Mainzer Strasse or Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse received officers into their homes as if these officers had been their own returned from the war; a man who had, a month since, been a Prussian officer, seeing you about to pass with your cigar unlighted, stopped with a bow and a smile and proffered a match.

Too wide generalization is deceptive, and unfair. It is always necessary to modify. Just as there were Germans who were friendly without design, so we found Germans who accepted the humiliating entrance of a foreign army with reserve and dignity; not friendly, not unfriendly; obeying our army's

regulations, and providing what was demanded of them, but without any pretense in word or manner that they welcomed our presence. They were the sort who came nearest to meeting our approval. But they were not a common sight. If there had been more of them, that would have been more dangerous 'propaganda,' so far as winning over the Americans was concerned, than was the usual attitude we encountered.

Soon after our arrival the army authorities put into effect a rule against social intercourse between soldiers and inhabitants. Statements have been published that, despite this, there has been a great deal of fraternizing — that is the official term. In the homes where the men are billeted, where they are in close contact with German families who go out of their way to minister to their comfort, without doubt there has been much friendly association. Especially is this true in small villages where there are no shop-windows and no diverting street-life to take the soldiers out of the house.

During the first month or two of the occupation, before the schemes for recreation and entertainment were under way, and the periodical holidays at leave-centres were arranged, there was more of this mingling than there is now, in the spring. From the beginning, however, it has been more with the women and children than with the men: the result of an easily understood yearning, on the part of a lot of homesick boys, for the sort of atmosphere they knew in their own homes.

There is little intercourse of the kind the army commander sought to prevent, the kind that might lead to 'poisoning the minds' of the innocent and unthoughtful. One does not see groups of soldiers and German men sitting and talking together, in the restaurants or on the streets, or elsewhere. What are the topics of conversation

when the Americans talk to the natives in their houses can be only conjectured; but from my knowledge of the American soldier, I venture to say that, with the little that he has picked up of the language, he spends considerably more of his time telling the Germans of the advantages of living in America than he spends listening to them tell of the virtues of the Fatherland. I believe that a certain general was right when he said that the Americans, not merely by what they said, but by their behavior, especially toward women and children, had done more proselyting for American ideas than the Germans had done for theirs.

From the beginning, the inhabitants were outspoken in their hope that the Americans would plead their cause at the Peace Conference, to the extent of standing out for more lenient terms than France or England would seek to impose. Their truly childlike frankness in giving voice to this hope, as well as to their desire for early food-shipsments from across the sea, made it plain, to the least suspicious of men, that their o'erweening friendliness had a motive behind it. Here was another attribute of the German mind that impressed itself upon the soldiers: craft in the conception of a policy combined with an execution so guileless as to defeat that same policy. The simplest doughboy could not fail to see the connection between benefits conferred and benefits expected.

'The French and English are our enemies, the Americans are our friends,' a youth of twenty-one said to me as he offered me some of that rare commodity, sugar, with an ingratiating smile. This was only a few days after the troops' entrance into Germany, and not six weeks after the Americans and Germans were fighting to the death along the Meuse.

The Germans in our zone were con-

tinually drawing comparisons between the Americans on the one hand and the French and English on the other, always to our advantage. They told us how pleased they were that it was the Americans, instead of either of our vindictive allies, who had come to occupy their district. (Incidentally, from several visits to both the French and English areas, I know that the armies there are no whit more severe than our own in their treatment of the inhabitants). They lost no chance to refer to kinsfolk who dwell in New York, or Philadelphia, or whatever the place might be, and to accent the consequent hold that America had upon their affections. Along with these compliments and declarations of good-will went always the refrain, — not left to the imagination, but expressed in plain words, — 'We are looking to America to keep the others from being too hard on us.'

It appeared to some of us surprisingly credulous in the Germans to expect that, even if they did make an agreeable impression upon the soldiers, this would have any appreciable effect on the temper of the delegates at Paris, who were already settling about their work and would surely not modify their views because Private John Doe, or several hundred of him, might write home that the householders at Putzenbach or Neider Bieber or Cottenheim had been very kind in providing candles and clean sheets. Yet, had the motive not been made so plain, it is conceivable that the policy might have had valuable ultimate results for Germany, in softening American dislike; fair words and kind deeds might possibly have served to dim the soldiers' recollection of German crimes, and to send them home, an army of apologists, to spread the doctrine that the Germans were not so guilty as they had been painted. But, as it was, the whole thing was too obvious. Change

the name in Kipling's line, and it tells the story of their success in winning over the soldier:—

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

There are those in the army who are convinced that this campaign of conciliation was directed from a high central source; that, as soon as the occupation programme was agreed upon, and before we actually came into Germany, the injunction to be friendly to the Americans was passed down through provincial chiefs to *Bürgermeisters*, and through them to councils and boards and lesser officials, and so was spread among the people themselves. The unanimity of the inhabitants' conduct, the similarity in their methods of approach and in their language, at widely distant places, certainly lent color to such a conclusion. The other view is that the excessive cordiality was simply the instinctive action of several hundred thousand persons to whom self-protection and self-interest dictated this as the wisest course. Whichever is true, it tends to confirm the impression, gained during the war, that there is something like a collective German mind cased in a fixed mould.

II

I have used the past tense in describing the attitude of the Germans, though the army of occupation is still in being, and the Americans are still billeted in German homes. The reason is that, two or three months after the Armistice was signed, there came about a perceptible change in the bearing of the inhabitants.

Together, the two motives that had inspired them, hope and fear, ceased to exist. They learned, even the lowliest of them, that the American representatives at the Peace Conference were

showing no disposition to condone the attack of 1914, or to waive the obligation of Germany to make good the wholesale destruction and theft of property. And they found that there was no bodily harm to be feared from the Americans, who, in obedience to their commanders, everywhere conducted themselves with soberness and forbearance. As they had before asked themselves, 'What is the use of keeping alive the foreigners' dislike?' so they could now ask themselves, 'What profit is there in assuming a cordiality we do not feel?'

Those who had been kind from the heart remained so; but the smirks and smiles of the others faded away. No longer was evident the scrupulous stepping aside, the unrequired and unwanted lifting of hats, the determination to be polite on all occasions. The natural resentment of any population at the presence of foreign troops came to the surface. This new behavior did not take the form of actual resistance—without army or arms, the inhabitants were too helpless for that. The majority of them committed no overt offenses. But there were numerous instances of what the soldiers call run-ins. Americans were ostentatiously scowled at, or bumped into, or addressed with sneers. Directions to local authorities were not carried out with alacrity. A high official of one district had to be placed under arrest for failure to comply with an order from Army Headquarters.

As a result of these incidents, officers and soldiers alike are setting this down as another characteristic German trait: servility under a firm hand (or the fear of one) and insolence under mild treatment. Now, the American soldier lapses easily into extreme mildness. In ordinary day-to-day intercourse, that is his normal state. And when he came into Germany, realizing that he was

among a people who had suffered defeat, he had no desire to rub it in. When he saw they were making no trouble, he was immensely glad of it. The easy-going ways of both the officers and their men, a great many Germans mistook for softness. Of course, it was not that, — if the German civilians had been more familiar with the details of the Argonne-Meuse fight they would not have made this error, — and when the population threw off its mask of friendliness the Americans in turn threw off their mask of softness. True to form (the Americans are saying), the Germans have responded promptly to a display of firmness. Through fines for disobedience of the army's regulations, a few sharp reminders addressed to city and village big-wigs, and one does not know how many unrecorded encounters in which fists played a part, the people are having impressed upon them these two simple facts, namely, that American orders are to be obeyed, and that the American flag and American officers and soldiers are to be treated with respect. As proof of the need of such a demonstration there is the manifesto issued by the Bürgermeister of Coblenz, reminding the people that they must obey the rules of the military government and act with proper courtesy toward the Americans. The highly placed began to realize sooner than their more humble fellow citizens that insubordination would not be tolerated.

'It has become known,' said the Bürgermeister, in the notice published in the local newspapers, 'that in the last few days fights have taken place between civilians and American soldiers. In one of these loss of life has resulted. It has been reported that American soldiers have been repeatedly insulted by civilians. The causes of these incidents remain in doubt, but all citizens are emphatically warned that serious results may come to the many from the actions

of a few. The population is urgently requested to refrain from thoughtless acts in dealing with the Americans, and to exercise the utmost self-control.'

At the same time that it has insisted that the German civilian leaders must maintain the good conduct of the people, the army command has informed them that any improprieties or acts of violence on the part of Americans are to be reported at Headquarters. That the discipline and general behavior of the troops has been excellent, cannot be questioned; but nobody pretends that every one of a quarter of a million soldiers is a model of virtue and restraint, and the inhabitants are given to understand that a soldier who takes advantage of his position to impose upon them will be properly dealt with.

A most surprising discovery of the American soldier last winter was that the Germans did not consider themselves defeated. He had pursued them steadily for weeks; he had seen them captured by the thousand; he had seen vast quantities of their cannon and machine-guns fall into our hands; he had been informed of the meagre force they had in line at the place where our next great offensive was to be made; and he knew the exacting terms of the Armistice. To him nothing was plainer than that they had been thoroughly beaten. Yet he had to pursue a conversation with a native only a few minutes to learn that the Americans were not here as conquerors, but simply by 'agreement,' or 'arrangement,' whatever that might mean.

'We were never defeated; we merely withdrew, in perfect order, in accordance with the terms of an understanding with an enemy who outnumbered us,' said a citizen of Coblenz to a New York newspaper correspondent at Christmas-time.

The newspapers of late November carried large headlines announcing the

imminent passage through the city of 'our unconquered army.' The passage was not called a retreat, or even a withdrawal. It was a *Heimkehr* (home-coming). The people were reminded that they were to greet the troops 'as conquerors.' In copies of the newspapers of the day, after the troops entered Coblenz, in their march eastward, I find glowing descriptions of the flags hung from windows, the cheering of crowds along the sidewalks, and the scattering of flowers in the soldiers' path.

Most conversations between Americans and Germans have turned upon some unexciting topic, like the probability of rain on the morrow, the coldness of a room, the affection of the military palate for eggs, or the scarcity of soap. But there have been discussions of war and peace and world-affairs in general. In these the Germans have usually preserved a genial, chatty tone, as if to say, 'Oh, well, the rather unfortunate episode is all past now; let us talk it over as we would relate our dreams of last night — and why cherish any ill-feeling about it?' Now and then, however, a chance remark, or, maybe, a deliberate prod, will generate a sudden heat; words will come forth in an avalanche, and you will be hearing that Germany is still unconquered, that the war was forced upon her by a world of envious foes, and that America would never have entered the war if it had listened to Germany's side and had not been deceived by England.

In comments upon the Germans' present attitude, I have often seen it described as 'unrepentant.' That, it certainly is, in the opinion of what I feel sure is the vast majority of the army of occupation. But should this fact, if it is a fact, cause any surprise, or, in itself, any special *new* condemnation? A nation that would fight such a war as Germany fought for four years,

and in such a way, could hardly be expected to turn really contrite, all at once, just because the promised victory did not come. Those who thought she was right before still think so, and are sorry, not for the war, but for the failure to win it. We do not say that many of them will not look upon the thing differently in the future. But such changes of heart take time; and there has not been time enough yet.

A question that a good many of us are asking is: How many Germans are there who did *not* really think their country was right in the war, who did *not* sympathize with its purposes, but whose voice was necessarily stilled while the fight was on? If the number of these is as large as some profess to believe, then there may indeed soon be a liberal Germany. We read of the National Assembly at Weimar, and of the great voting strength of so-called liberals and radicals and republicans. But meanwhile, from Berlin and other places in the Fatherland, — even from that same National Assembly at Weimar, — we hear rumblings that sound very like echoes of the old German spirit.

And here, in the American zone, we find Von Ludendorff unpopular only because he failed, the Kaiser pitied as a martyr, and Von Hindenburg a popular idol, and are left with the feeling that all these parties, the Centrum, the People's Democratic, the Majority Socialists, and the rest, are shadowy things, made up of just — Germans. By compulsion they may be kept from continuing exactly the same sort of Germans we have known in the past; they may be patched-up and made-over; but we here are not expecting to see any genuinely changed Germans until, possibly, the children who are now the playfellows of our American soldiers have become men and women.

A POST-MORTEM OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

A POST-MORTEM examination of the patient often reveals the cause, or causes, — before that only imperfectly understood, — of the fatal illness. Of course, sometimes it does not. The case of the collapse of militaristic Germanism is one that urgently calls for examination after the event. We need to find out, for the sake of knowing what not to do or be, as much as we can of what Imperial Germany did, or was, that brought her to a timely end.

There may be some who will remonstrate that this end has not come yet, and that a present post-mortem examination of Germany is premature. In all truth, Imperial Germany is not wholly dead. But sometimes, for that matter, neither is the more usual subject of a post-mortem wholly dead at the time of the examination. The human body does not all die at one moment: it dies by parts, by organs, by tissues, one after another. For example, the amoeboid white blood corpuscles, the most independent parts of the body, go on moving and functioning long after the heart has stopped beating. The army was the heart of ante-mortem Germany. It has stopped beating. And it is revealing some curious phenomena during its decomposition.

II

The happenings in Brussels in 'Revolution Week,' November 10 to 17, are interesting and suggestive in this con-

nection. I did not get to Brussels until several days after its evacuation by the Germans; but my wife was there before the last crazy caravan of mixed German soldiers seized Belgian cattle, and looted Belgian household belongings, piled high on gun-carriages, munitions-wagons, passenger hacks, and hucksters' carts, went out; and she has described to me some of the extraordinary performances of the disintegrating German army in Belgium. Also, many friends in Brussels have told me many things that happened in those last amazing days of German occupancy. I need to refer to a few of these happenings in order to add to the post-mortem which I have been able to make personally, since the armistice, in Belgium, North France, Poland, Austria, and Germany.

Hauptmann Graf W—— had been my escort officer at German Great Headquarters in Charleville, in 1915 and 1916. It was he who, as described in an earlier article in the *Atlantic*,¹ broke in on my attempt to explain one night while dining, at his invitation, with a group of Headquarters officers, just what it is that America understands by democracy. I had proceeded but a little way in my explanation, when he interrupted, rather violently, with the exclamation, 'Democracy — bah! — license, lawlessness, anarchy!' On his hurried way from Charleville to Germany after the armistice, he passed through Brussels and talked with one of our C.R.B. men.

He was still boasting, — entirely

¹ 'A Belgian Wilderness' (March, 1916).

characteristic of him, — but it was a strange, new boast that he uttered. Always, at Headquarters, he had upheld against me the great advantage — nay, the absolute necessity, if a people was to be well governed and successful — of a military autocracy. If America wished to be great, or if she had for the moment the seeming of greatness but wished to assure its continuance, she should acquire as soon as possible a Kaiser and a General Staff. Germany was the greatest nation in the world, because she enjoyed these particular blessings; of course, incidentally, her people, her Kultur, and all the rest were the best, and so forth, *ad nauseam*.

But Graf W—— had learned, surprisingly quickly, a new boast. Germany was now really going to be the greatest nation, because she had a splendid new government, a real democratic government; not a pseudo-democracy like America's, where the President was more of an autocrat than any monarch in Europe, but the most real thing in democracies conceivable.

My astonished C.R.B. friend stammered out a question. 'Do all the officers at Great Headquarters and all the other officers say this, too? Do they all think as you do?'

'No, not all; some are fools. But sixty per cent of them do; and the other forty per cent — well, they don't count.'

This may seem hard to understand. But I know Hauptmann Graf W—— very well, and many others like him. It was the acceptance of authority, the cringing to power. The Kaiser had run away; so had some of the General Staff; the others were rapidly changing their uniforms for mufti. The 'real democracy' was in power — therefore, knuckle down to it. This is not to say that there are no Germans who believe in democracy and want it. Only Hauptmann Graf W—— is not one of

them. He accepts the real democracy — if it can give the orders.

Some of the leading German officers and officials in Belgium, men of the Governor-General's staff, gave an edifying exhibition in Brussels shortly before scurrying away. The German soldiers, at the suggestion, and with the moral support, of a group of Soldier-Council emissaries from Hamburg and Berlin, took control of the army in most of Belgium on the day before the armistice. The insignia of rank were stripped from the officers' uniforms, or the officers were ordered to strip themselves of their insignia, which they did, and a Soldaten-Rath was established in Brussels, under the leadership of Private Einstein. This council requested the attendance at one of its meetings of half a dozen of the highest German officers and officials in the city, men who had been the rulers of Belgium for four years, whose word had meant life or death to German soldiers and Belgian civilians up to this very moment. They came to the meeting — early. They were there before Einstein. When he came in, they rose from their chairs and stood respectfully until he was seated.

Amazing? It was beyond words. I can hardly write this. It is too good to be true. Yet it is the truth. These were the men who had shot Miss Cavell and scores of the fearless Belgians; the men who had brutalized thousands of German soldiers; the men who had insulted, times unnumbered, the Americans of the Relief Commission. How many times, for the sake of the work, we had accepted from them, unanswerd, with faces burning from anger and shame, a brutal or insulting remark! How we had almost come to fear them! They could do anything. Even now something — is it fear? — keeps me from writing their names.

Private Einstein had learned the language of command, not by using it,

but by hearing it, by having it growled or barked at him. He used it now. The others knew it, too. And they knew the proper response. Each knew how to lift impassive face to it, hands down on trouser-seams. Private Einstein gave each the opportunity to practise a little all that he had so long practised.

Then he told them what to do and what not to do. He said that he was informed that the jails in Namur had not yet been opened. Would Governor H—, Governor of all Walloon Belgium, see to it that the prisoners — British, French, Italian, Russian — were all released by night? Governor H— would see to it. Would Graf R—, who had lived in the same house with Governor-General von Bissing, and used this familiar intercourse to rise to great power in Belgium, do this other particular thing that Private Einstein wished done? And would Baron von der L—, chief political adviser of the successive governors-general of Belgium, and a widely known figure in German diplomacy and official intrigue, do that other thing? The humble servants of Private Einstein assured him that they would.

Is this credible? It happened.

In the few days after that meeting these men disappeared from Belgium. They slunk away in concealing civilian clothes to Holland or Germany. Haughty Rupprecht, Crown Prince of Bavaria, escaping the bullets shot into his house, took refuge in the Spanish Legation, whence he was taken, under the Spanish flag, to the Dutch frontier.

A few officers not so high in rank and not so easily convinced of the advantage of the new democracy — some of the foolish forty per cent, perhaps — resisted feebly. They continued to wear their uniforms and insignia, and tried to give orders to their men. Some of them were shot, and others shot at. From the Palace Hotel, former convi-

vial headquarters of German officers back from the front on leave in Brussels, and now taken possession of by the soldiers, a machine-gun spat bullets across the square into the windows of the Cosmopolite, last hold-out of the recalcitrant officers. The soldiers, the Soldier-Councils, were giving the rulers of Germany their first lesson in the 'splendid new democracy.'

It is apparently not necessary to observe — which, nevertheless, I do here, parenthetically — that this is not exactly our idea of democracy, for the officers had no representation in it. It was dictatorship, just as the former autocracy was. The rule of the proletariat alone is no more democratic than is the rule of the nobles alone. Bolshevism is not democracy. It is the exchange of the tyranny of kings and nobles and general staffs for that of the bottom rung in the political and social ladder. Russia illustrates this now; Germany will illustrate it to-morrow if the Spartacists have their way.

But to return from the parenthesis. One other Brussels happening must be recorded. It is the departure of the German occupying troops.

On 'Liberation Sunday' (November 17) my wife watched for three hours, from a curtained window on the Boulevard du Regent, that strange procession of beaten conquerors passing by. The significant thing to me about this procession — in special connection with the point I am laboring — is that, despite the uprising of the soldiers and degradation of the officers during the last week before the evacuation, when the troops moved away, — with their final loot, — they were led and kept in line by officers! It was the effect of long tradition and ingrained habit reasserting itself. In taking up familiar performance again, the soldiers needed, or thought they did, or just accepted without need or thought, some kind of con-

trol. They wanted somebody over them, somebody to rely on, someone to order them; they wanted to be reassured by the familiar bark. Which has its significance to be considered in any attempts to estimate just how far democracy will really come to its own in new Germany.

III

At the time of this writing Noske, Minister of National Defense, is the strong man of the Majority Socialist administration of Germany, and the man on whom chiefly depends the hope of a continuing orderly or semi-orderly government. By the time this is published, he may not be; before then he may be assassinated; he almost certainly will be, if the Spartacists can get to him. But now he is the strength of the government. Why? Because, although he is a Socialist and a man risen from the ranks, he uses the control methods of the old régime. He wields the Big Stick; he controls by force. The Germans understand his ways. He orders them, and sends troops to enforce his orders. The Ebert-Scheidemann *bloc* has a large majority in the National Assembly, and the Majority Socialists have a larger number of voters than any other German party, but this alone is not sufficient to give them control. They must have a Noske, and the Noske method of prevailing upon the people to accept their decrees. The splendid new democracy will do very well, and Hauptmann Graf W—— and his kind will see its reasonableness and advantage — as long as it can give, and enforce, its orders.

The way to control Germans and Germany, to make decrees valid, to make promises and agreements binding, to make treaties sacred, is by force. This the French know very well, and this is why France goes panicky to-day

when she sees, or thinks she sees, any signs of any releasing of the grip that the world has on Germany. The attainment of the present moment has cost her such sacrifice, and so weakened her, — despite her great success, — that any surrender of control spells danger and horror to her. The Great Menace is removed; it must never, never return. That is the dictating note in all the international politics of France to-day.

But Germany is more broken than France seems to realize. Perhaps I can even say, she is more changed. Anyway, for a strong nation to be broken is to be changed. When our first food-mission to Poland reached the Swiss-Austrian frontier on New Year's Day, we looked for possible trouble from the Austrian border officials with regard to our passports and papers, and the numerous bags and boxes which contained our food and special traveling conveniences. But no Austrian officials appeared to look at our papers or examine our baggage. When, made bolder by this, we demanded that somebody stamp our passports as seen, so that any later inspection by the police in Vienna, or in passing out through the northern Austrian frontier, might not lead to trouble for lack of these *visés*, we were told by representatives of a Soldaten-Rath, 'We are a republic now; anybody can come and go; any goods can come and go; you don't need any papers; we don't want to look at anything.'

To be sure, this was in Austria, not Germany; but it was in a land of German ways. And it was a great change from other days.

I cannot put into words the profound impression of brokenness that Vienna and the Viennese made on me. I had already, in Berne, on a trip some weeks earlier, gained at long distance the beginnings of this impression. For Dr. Taylor and I (representing the United States Food Administration) had met

there certain official and unofficial representatives of Austria and Germany, who had come to Berne to put the facts of their pressing need of food before whomever of neutrals and enemies they could reach. These men were pitiful in their despair. And yet there were flashes now and then of their old insolence, especially on the part of the Germans. Muehlon, the famous ex-director of Krupp's, who had been compelled to flee to Switzerland for daring to try to tell the German people some unpalatable truths during war-time, said, —

'You must be careful; you cannot push Germany too far; you must not treat her people too hard. The world must reckon with Germany's intrinsic greatness; it must not overlook the importance of her Kultur; the world will always need Germany.'

And with the characteristic national naïveté and utter lack of comprehension of the realities external to himself and Germany, he asked if we did not think it an auspicious time to institute a propaganda among the children of America, to collect funds for the feeding of the children of Germany, as we of the C.R.B. had done so successfully in earlier days for Belgium!

Vienna itself — *die lustige, schöne Stadt Wien* — is the most depressed and depressing great city of Europe that I have seen. Its people show a fatal apathy; broken, with no initiative to help themselves, waiting for someone to come to their aid, and apparently hopeless of that. It is really horrible. Such, at least, is my impression of Vienna in January and February last.

Brussels in the darkest days of her four years' isolation and martyrdom was never like this. Warsaw in November, 1915, when I saw her soon after the iron hand of Von Beseler had closed on her, nor in January of this year when I

saw her again after she had been released for two months and was struggling all unaided to find herself, with her country without food or clothing, without work for her workmen, without stable government, without recognition, and trying to fight on three fronts against Bolsheviks, Ruthenians, and Germans — Warsaw was not like this.

And, finally, a great difference is apparent in Germany herself. Perhaps we cannot say that Germany is broken, as we can certainly say of Austria; but if the French could see more of the interior of Germany, — see Munich, Leipzig, and Berlin, as I have recently seen them; see the kind and quantity and quality of the food the Germans have to live on; see the clothing and shoes they have to wear; see the type of men at her head whom she has to depend on for guidance and control; see the extraordinary difference between the small, almost unrelated, groups of voluntary soldiers under officer adventurers whom she has to depend on as an army to quell her food and labor riots and preserve her from Spartacist uprisings, as compared with that terrible machine of precision and power which swept through Belgium and into France in 1914, and held those ravaged lands through all the long years until the débâcle came, — if the French could see more of all this, they would not be so panic-stricken in their fear of a possible swift recuperation of Imperial Germany and an overpowering German army.

From my window in the Adlon I used to watch almost each day, during my two weeks of February in Berlin, the march past of the guard, down Wilhelmstrasse, at noon, on its way to relieve the morning squad at the Chancellor's palace. The band played well, but the soldiers marched poorly. People of the street walked along beside them and chatted with them; urchins ran through

the column; the leaders and side guides were men from the ranks. The officers' uniforms were seen on the streets; they were not healthful clothing. We saw a good deal of a Major von S—, attached to the Foreign Office. He arranged for us most of our food conferences with the government officials. When we saw him in his own rooms, he wore his uniform, with the broad red Staff stripe down the trousers; when we saw him in other offices, or on the street, he was in mufti. The insolent Prussian officer no longer lords it down Unter den Linden; his uniform and sabre are taboo; he, himself, in mufti, is unrecognizable—and glad, for his health's sake, to be so.

All over Berlin are placards signed by Major X or Oberst Z, calling on men who wish to be soldiers to enroll themselves 'with me, to join my crowd. You will be lodged, fed and paid by the Government, and commanded by me. There is something in it for all of us.'

These are the *freiwillige* bands that compose the German army to-day: almost independent groups, loosely disciplined, with the German counterparts of the old Italian *condottiere* to lead them; these are the 'Regiment Gerstenberg,' 'Regiment Reinhardt,' 'Regiment Oefen,' that one reads of in the newspapers as appearing here and there, where trouble rises, to machine-gun the illegal food-sellers, the 'Wild-Haendler,' of the Moabit, or the Spartan rioters in Hamburg, Halle, or Leipzig. They do not compose an overpowering German army, nor are they likely to. To be sure, one of these *condottiere* may turn out to be a man of magnetism and ambition; he might possibly gather round him many of these groups and tie them together; he might, possibly, become a military dictator. It is a contingency to reckon with. But it is a remote contingency.

IV

Under-Secretary of State von Braun once made a notable little speech during the war, in which he presented to the Reichstag—and, incidentally, to the German people and the world—the irrefutable facts which proved that Germany could not be starved into a breakdown; that, if the Allies were counting on the blockade and the food and raw-material shortage to win the war, they were doomed to bitter disappointment; and, finally, that, if the Allies did not make an early peace with Germany, something awful would soon happen to them.

The second official interview that Dr. Taylor and I had in Berlin, in February, was with Under-Secretary of State von Braun. On this occasion he made us a notable little speech, in which he presented the irrefutable facts which proved that Germany's breakdown was due, practically, entirely to her shortage in food and raw materials, and that unless something were done quickly to relieve the existing terrible situation, she would simply explode into revolution and Bolshevik anarchy, and the Allies would have to face the awful something that such a catastrophe in mid-Europe would entail.

This illustrates one of the difficulties which faced those who attempted to learn anything about Germany's condition before the débâcle by listening to German declarations about it, and which faces those to-day who would try to know something of Germany's present condition by taking a German official's word for it. Official lying seems to be the great German national sport. Under-Secretary of State von Braun lied to the German people and the world when he made his Reichstag speech. But that has little importance for us now. What does have importance is, how much are he and the others

lying now, when they pretend to reveal in all candor the German situation which must largely determine the attitude and action that the Allies and America have to take toward Germany now and for some time to come.

With regard to this, I may say at once that I think Under-Secretary von Braun lied less to us in Berlin in February than he lied to the German people and the world during the war. We have certain extrinsic proofs of this.

There is no doubt in my mind that the blockade did effective things to Germany, especially from the early part of 1917 on, that is, after America came into the war. By our action toward the neutral states contiguous to Germany, we helped tighten the blockade to the real pinching point.

Some of these effective things are revealed by our post-mortem: they can be expressed in figures; to begin with, certain German official figures. This, of course, puts the presumption strongly against them. But, strangely, they are confirmed by certain German figures which we have been able to get unofficially. In addition, the American War-Trade Board, the American military and naval intelligence services, and our diplomatic representatives in those neutral countries nearest to Germany and most actively in commercial relations with her during the war, were able to obtain information which was not only of important use during the war, but is now very serviceable in checking up the figures that the German Government is presenting, to make out its case of present need and its plea for practical pity. With these figures of our own in our hands, we were able to ask pertinent questions of the Berlin officials, and to check effectively these officials whenever they seemed inclined to dash off into the national official sport which I have referred to by the ugly word.

Also, certain testimony for the fig-

ures is apparent to the eye in Germany to-day. These things seen on the streets are less amenable to expression in figures, but they have a real value in connection with any statistical considerations. They reveal something of the likelihood or unlikelihood of that which the figures purport to prove.

For example, one sees fewer strongly convex Germans now than in the old days. This is an obvious fact that helps to give reality to the otherwise bald and unillustrated statistical statements concerning shortages in meat and fats and bread and beer. Wooden collars and cuffs, paper shirts and skirts, and shoes with wooden soles and cloth or paper uppers, are not articles that one chooses to wear when textiles and leather are plentiful. But Germans wear them. Nor do the principal hotels of Berlin, Munich, and Leipzig use paper tablecloths and napkins by predilection, or for economy's sake alone. The other kinds are simply too scarce.

But, after all, we must have recourse to figures to make our post-mortem revelations really informing. Let us begin with meat and fats, which the blockade, according to Von Braun's Reichstag speech, was not hitting very hard, and anyway, if it was, was not doing much harm to, because of the sufficiency of home production. What is the story to-day of the facts of yesterday?

The Germans are willing, nay, anxious, to admit that, while the pre-war importation of meats and animal fats and the concentrated feedstuffs for producing them amounted to more than 900,000 tons annually, the 1917 importations were only 5000 tons, and the 1918 (first ten months) only 2000 tons! And as a consequence of this effect of the blockade, and of other meat-limiting conditions, the German meat-ration during the months just preceding the armistice was on the average only 135 grams (4.75 oz.) per head per week for

the city populations, which is just about one eighth of the average pre-war consumption. Also, this meat was much inferior to the pre-war meat, and the protein-supplying eggs and fish were not available to take its place. The meat-hungry people raided the game preserves of the Kaiser, and even ate the familiar and famous Berlin swans which used to paddle so proudly and Prusianly on the Spree and Havel.

While the pre-war average annual German consumption of eggs amounted to 425,000 tons, of which 40 per cent was imported, the war-time use of eggs was reduced to an amazing degree. In 1917 the imports of eggs amounted to but 40,000 tons (instead of the pre-war annual average of 170,000 tons), and in 1918 (first ten months) to but 17,250 tons. Also, because many hens were killed on account of the shortage of meat, and there was little grain available to feed those left alive, the native production of eggs was much reduced. In Berlin, for several months before the armistice, but one egg a month was available per head of the population.

As to fish, the figures tell a similarly sad story. While of the pre-war average annual fish consumption of 577,000 tons, importations were relied on to the extent of about 361,000 tons, these imports were cut in 1917 to 161,000 tons, and 1918 (first ten months) to 97,830 tons. Also, the native fish-catch was greatly lessened.

Coupled with this shortage in meat, eggs, and fish was the shortage in butter. During the last months before the armistice, the quantity of butter available in Berlin per week was not more than that which had been available per day before the war. And there was but little vegetable oil and fat to make up for the lack in animal fats. There was practically a total stoppage of the importations which before the war had provided over 82 per cent of the 188,500

tons of vegetable oils and fats annually used. Of the 1,600,000 tons of oleaginous fruits and seeds imported in pre-war time, but little more than one one-hundredth could be imported in 1917.

Finally, in this group of protein-carrying and fatty foods, milk demands a special paragraph. A shortage of milk works its greatest harm to the growing children, and therefore any country suffering from food-shortage makes its greatest effort (or should make it) to maintain its milk-supply. But Germany was in the unfortunate position of depending for the production of nearly one half its milk on imported concentrated feedstuffs. The blockade played havoc with these importations. The annual average of 5,180,000 tons in 1912 and 1913 was reduced to 59,000 tons in 1917, and to 41,000 in the first ten months of 1918. The absolute minimum milk requirements for Germany are estimated at one and three fourths million litres; in the last year of the war not more than one and one fourth million litres were available.

All this frightful shortage in meats and animal fats made Germany in war-time, perforce, a land of vegetarians. Rice, after the stocks existing at the beginning of the war were used up, was practically altogether lacking. The importation of dried legumes was cut from an annual pre-war average of 310,800 tons to 1700 tons in 1917. So on bread and potatoes fell the burden of keeping the German people alive through the war. And they had a thankless task.

In the first place, there was not enough of them; in the second place, sometimes the potatoes, and always the bread, were of poor quality. The necessity of 'stretching' the grain by milling it at a high percentage — going from the usual 70 per cent, first to 72 per cent, then 75 per cent, then 80 per cent, then 82 per cent, and in the last year of the war to 94 per cent! — and

by mixing with this high-extraction wheat and rye flour other meals such as potato, bean, pea, barley, oats, rice, and fine turnip meal, together with finely ground bran, resulted in a bread almost unedible for many. Even starving people will balk at turnip-bread. It was, indeed, the terrible 'Kohl-Rüben Zeit' — epoch of turnips — of late 1916 and early 1917 which did more to unsettle the German confidence in such speeches as Von Braun's than anything else. It is from that time, when, in the face of a failure in the potato crop of 1916, it was necessary to have recourse to the abundant supply of turnips to replace the lacking potatoes, and when these turnips were also used as substitutes for many other foods, even to the extent of making turnip-marmalade and turnip-coffee, that the marked increase in mortality and morbidity among the German civil population appears. Which introduces us to a new set of figures, — German official figures, it must be confessed, — which we are not in a position at present to check up as effectively as we can the figures of reduced importations. Indeed, we must wish, for humanity's sake, that they are, as is probable, exaggerated.

In the first place, the malnutrition of the people resulted in a marked reduction in weight. Statistics collected from all towns of over 5000 population reveal an average loss per person of 20 per cent in weight. Losses of even 50 per cent were not rare. The consequences of this 'emaciation, caused especially by shortage of albuminous foods were,' according to an official report, '(1) reduction of physical and mental capacity of the individual; his will-power and mental balance were gravely affected; (2) the reappearance of suppressed or controlled diseases; (3) rapid increase of other diseases; (4) irregularities in female functions, and a general tendency toward infertility;

(5) retarded recovery in all cases of illness; (6) marked increase in mortality and morbidity, especially among the aged and the youth of school age.'

As to the actual mortality in the civil population, it is declared that, while the year 1914 showed no increase over 1913, there was in 1915 an increase of 9.5 per cent over 1913; in 1916, 14 per cent; in 1917, 32 per cent, and in 1918, 37 per cent. The great increase began in December, 1916, in the Kohl-Rüben Zeit. These percentages indicate a total number of deaths in 1915-1918 of nearly 800,000 more civilians — the losses of soldiers are entirely excluded — than would have died if the death-rate of 1913 had remained the annual average for the four war years. The increase was greatest proportionately in the age-group 5 to 15 years (55 per cent over the 1913 rate), and next in the 1 to 5 years group (49½ per cent over 1913). Tabulated by disease causes, the most notable increase was from tuberculosis, which, from a rate of 16 per 10,000 deaths in 1912 and 15 per 10,000 deaths in 1913, jumped to 18 per 10,000 in 1916, 25 in 1917 and 27.5 in 1918, or, in this last year of the war, almost double that of 1913.

Because of lack of disinfectants, rubber bed-spreads and gloves, sufficient bandages, and the like, and, in general, proper cleanliness, the deaths of women in childbirth are declared to have increased from a rate of 22 per 10,000 infants born in 1913 to 30.8 in 1917 and 36.75 in 1918. This matter of the lack of proper rubber appliances, cotton bandages, and certain over-seas drugs, as quinine, cocaine, menthol, camphor, ipecacuanha, etc., as well as the great shortage of soap, is held to have had serious consequences to the ill and injured everywhere in the country. The pre-war use of soap was about 10 kilograms of laundry and toilet soap per capita per annum. But early in the war a ra-

tion of 250 grams monthly of a wash-powder for laundry use, containing only 4 per cent of fat, had to be established; and from January, 1918, only 125 grams of this laundry powder plus one 50-gram cake of toilet-soap, containing 75 per cent of clay, could be allowed. 'Many attempts to replace soap by fatless washing substances were made, but these preparations proved quite unsuitable for bodily use, and of a limited utility only for laundry purposes.'

This last-quoted sentence invites a few further remarks on the subject of *Ersdize*, a word which all through the war was a word of boasting, and now has become a special word of confession and whining. The truth is that the substitutes did n't substitute. The vaunted German science and ingenuity simply could not make the needed bricks without straw. Speaking of the shortage of leather and textiles for clothing, the German authorities admit to-day that, despite all attempts, 'we have not succeeded up to the present time [January, 1919] in supplying the civil population with a single really useful substitute [for leather or textiles]. The paper textures which appeared on the market were, to say nothing of their high prices, a disappointment.'

And the testimony, both official and unofficial expert, is the same with regard to substitutes for the usual foods and metals. The leading scientific men of Germany with whom we talked admitted this with little hesitation; the people in the street admitted it with less hesitation, and in terms of no doubt. The number of these substitutes ran into the thousands; they turn out to have been practically as many disappointments.

v

These few post-mortem revelations present to us some of the reasons why Germany broke. We have examined

in detail only the food-situation; a detailed examination of the situation as regards metals, oils, rubber, leather, and other necessities for the maintenance of her railways and motor-transport, and her munitions and miscellaneous war-factories, would reveal the same condition of cumulative difficulty leading inevitably to disaster. And all this is apart from the actual military situation on the Western and Southern fronts, where just plain military defeat was coming as certainly as anything in war can be certain.

The only wonder is that Germany was able to go on as long as she did. And Germany herself now wonders how she was able to do it. The explanation is one of psychology, of the official and self-deception of nearly a whole people, and of an almost superhuman endurance of an almost impossible situation, on the basis of the promise — and a blind faith in this promise — of an early cessation of the situation and a complete compensation for the sufferings endured. A few Germans saw, some time before the break, the reality of things and the certain disaster that impended from this reality. But they were few and they had to keep silent. The two or three who did try to speak out either got quickly out of the country, or into prison. If there was freedom of anything in Germany during the war, it was not freedom of speech.

One of the most revealing books concerning the internal situation in Germany during the war-time is Kurt Muehsam's *Wie Wir Belogen Wurden*, a fully documented account of 'the official deception of the German people' by means of the press-control. The book was published in Munich as soon after the armistice as it could be put through the press. It is a book of damning revelation of German official lying, German official stupidity, and German official culpable ignorance, not merely

of facts, but — more important — of the significance of facts known. It helps to reveal the singularly artificial character of the control of the German nation by the rulers of Germany, a control to which, nevertheless, the mass of the people, from ignorant peasants to most erudite of professors, submitted tamely for amazingly long.

Muehsam lays bare, by actual citation and quotation, the whole censor system, absurd in its attempt to controvert all truth, criminal in its success in hiding sufficient truth to wreck the nation. It was a system that went far beyond saying that truth might not be printed, for it included saying what untruth should be told.

For example, to show its attitude toward a single critically important matter, on May 17, 1918, the official news agency gave out for publication in all the newspapers a statement that 'the number of American fighting troops in France is, according to reliable official information, to be estimated at about ten divisions — only four of these are at the front. The total of all those behind the lines as well as in them is at most from 150,000 to 200,000 men. Press notices concerning these facts should state therefore that America has not been able to meet its expectations in the way of sending troops, and the earlier estimates of the German General Staff as to what America could do have proved to be true. However, in order not to let the enemy know how well informed we are, the actual figures given above should under no circumstances be mentioned'!

Now, as a matter of fact, there were, at the time this was given out to the German press, nearly one million American troops in France. Was the General Staff just lying, or was it just ignorant of the facts? The latter supposition is almost inconceivable. In any event, the giving out of this false information

to the German people was both stupid and criminal.

In a remarkable *Censor Book*, issued in March, 1917, general instructions, including explicit prohibitions and recommendations, were given concerning the press treatment of a long series of subjects, arranged alphabetically and running all the way from 'Aalandfrage' to 'Zensurmassnahmen.' These presumably permanent instructions were added to a thousandfold by the special instructions issued constantly by a so-called 'Press Konferenz,' which, beginning in 1914 with weekly sittings, soon became an almost continuously sitting institution, and, in addition, by other confidential detailed instructions with regard to particular matters of the minute, which were constantly issued by no less than a score of separate official bureaus and war offices.

The *Censor Book*, under the head 'Lebensmittel,' forbade the publication of any declarations or suppositions that 'our economic holding out may not be possible.' It also forbade the comic papers from making the food-shortage the subject of jests.

Under 'Zensurmassnahmen,' it was forbidden to print any news concerning measures taken to enforce the censorship! In a word, in the face of, and by means of, what was notoriously the most radical and criminal censorship ever instituted, it was attempted to cover up the existence of any censorship at all.

On September 22, 1914, just after the first battle of the Marne, the 'Press Konferenz' gave out to the newspapers and the people of Germany the following announcement: —

'The general military situation in the West is good. No retreat or backward push has taken place as a result of any tactical advantage of the enemy. Our movements were entirely strategic, for the preparation of new successes, and were not forced by the enemy.'

On the next day this general thesis was repeated, with certain interesting additions, — amazingly absurd additions, as a matter of fact, — one of them being a prohibition to the press to say anything about the backward movement of the German troops, 'in order that the enemy may be left in his present embarrassing great uncertainty' about these movements!

When the Luxburg *Versenkt ohne Spur* affair was a few days old, the worried Berlin Foreign Office issued a rather petulant special instruction to the press, to the effect that, although the Entente was continuing to publish new telegrams, the Foreign Office desired all references to the Luxburg affair to 'disappear from the German press once and for all.' On March 16, 1917, the press was given the statement that the injuries to the German ships in American harbors had been successfully accomplished. 'For example, the giant steamer Vaterland has been made completely unusable for America.' On July 27, 1917, the press was notified that it should refer to Russia as still a brave antagonist. 'The successes of our troops are much depreciated if our press continues to speak of the Russian Army as without strength or power of resistance'; which was exactly its condition at this time.

On August 29, 1918, a long instruction to the press was issued, announcing the retirement from the Marne, for ten to twelve kilometres, of Boehn's army, but forbidding any immediate publication of the fact. The news was told the press so that preparation could be made 'if the Entente should announce this retreat as a great success, as was probable,' to meet 'the urgent necessity through the press of creating a proper understanding and of quieting the public.' It was further stated to the press that the Marne operations had resulted in a failure, both on the German and

Entente sides, to carry out the planned movements, but 'in any discussion of the situation the failure on the German side is not to be mentioned, while that of the Entente is to be strongly brought out and emphasized.'

But we cannot dig further into this mine of decaying 'blood and iron.' The odor is too repellent. Let us turn to one other, and, for this paper, final matter for post-mortem consideration. Can we find an answer — and the true answer is of great significance — to the question: Do the Germans now know that their débâcle was a military one as well as an economic and political one?

Returning from Berlin to Paris in February, I found myself alone, in a compartment on the train from Cologne to Spa, with a German locomotive engineer on his way to help advise the German armistice commission about the delivery of railway engines and cars to the Allies. He was an unusually intelligent man, or seemed so, and was very frank in his talk.

We were discussing the German revolution. He agreed that it was a good thing for Germany; it had to come; the old régime had to go; the time had certainly come for it to go.

'But,' he added, 'what a pity they did n't put off the revolution a little longer.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Why, because we should have won the war soon, and then we should have been in so much better shape. You know, we were not beaten in a military way. It was just our breakdown behind the lines.'

And he then, unintentionally, gave some proof of the conditions 'behind the lines,' when he paid ten marks to a passing Scots soldier for a cake of Sun-light soap. The occupying troops along the Rhine can pay many bills with a few bars of soap. That is one thing the blockade did.

But the idea that Germany was not beaten by arms is not limited to the man in the street. In a speech before the National Assembly at Weimar, a Minister of the Majority Socialist government was interrupted by clamorous approval when he declared, 'We were not beaten; we gave up.'

For the sake of stopping further bloodshed in Europe, and to end the privation and suffering of the civil population of Germany, the unbeaten army of Germany 'gave up'!

Now this would be more important in its significance for the future of Europe if the people of Germany were not tired of Germanic militarism; tired of it and, I really believe, finished with it, at least in its aspect as a policy and means of foreign aggression and conquest. It costs too much; it demands too heavy sacrifices. Germany and Germans are too bound to the tradition of control by force, for any government to maintain control in Germany without recourse to force. Germany herself will have to be controlled by force, from inside or outside, for a long time to come. But German force is, to my mind, also for a long time, and, let us hope, forever, no menace to the outside world. German militarism, as we have understood and feared and hated it, is a thing of the past.

German royalism and German militarism are one and the same thing, or at least so tied together, so much a part of each other, as to be inseparable. I asked a German officer, an official in the Foreign Office, what he thought about German royalism. He answered frankly, —

'I am a royalist. I believe that a royalist government is the best one for Germany. But if a movement were begun to restore the Kaiser, I would not take part in it. It would be hopeless, and only hurtful. The German people will not have a kaiser; they are through with kaisers and kings.'

And it certainly looks so. They have got rid of the whole lot they possessed, — or were possessed by, — and they show no signs of wanting a new lot. And they are not more friendly to the only slightly lesser kaisers and kings of the General Staff and the military hierarchy altogether. And it is not simply because these men lost the war — although winning it would have made them still masters; but because they started it and kept it going; because, in a word, they were, to the people, German militarism.

Now, if the German people wish to hug to themselves the fond delusion that they were not beaten in a military way, but at the same time do not want, and will not have, any more of German militarism, as we understand it, then I do not know that there is much use in our wasting breath or printer's ink trying to explain to the German people that they really were beaten in a military way. Perhaps, as I hear many people over here say, there would have been some kind of advantage in sacrificing a few more tens of thousands of lives and limbs, and postponing peace a little longer, by having no armistice and going ahead with the horror until most of Germany's soldiers were killed or captured. But thoroughly as I believe that teaching Germany and punishing Germany and breaking Germany by war was necessary and right, I do not believe that we ought to have killed any more Germans, or any more of our own sons, or France's or England's sons, than were actually necessary to be killed to do what has, I believe, really been done, which is the smashing of German militarism, the removal of the Great Menace to European and world-peace, and the establishment of a concert of the nations, not for a balance of power, but for an end of war.

Hence, as pacifist, or hater of German militarism, or believer in the chas-

tisement of Germany for the unspeakable woe she has worked, whichever I am, or all that I am, I can find some satisfaction with the web the Fates have woven. I have seen the German-made horrors of Belgium and France and Poland, and now I have lived to see the self-made horrors of Germany. I have seen the Belgians and French struggling, almost hopelessly, it seemed, as they were driven back and ever farther back by the field-gray locust swarms;

and yet I have seen the King come back to Brussels, and a French general ordering the terms of Germany's self-conducted humiliation. I have seen destroyed Ypres and wrecked Soissons; but I have seen Vienna dead in life and Berlin begging for bread. I have seen that the mills of the gods do grind. This may sound vicious; it is really only human. And it includes the thought that such justice is needed to help bring the light into the dark places of this world.

THE TEMPORAL POWER

BY L. J. S. WOOD

PRESIDENT WILSON has been to see the Pope, and many persons are putting this fact with other facts, and concluding that there is at last a chance of the old 'Roman Question' being settled. The moment, they say, is opportune; indeed, it is unique. The world is on the point of resettling itself; surely, while it is regulating the position of, say, Esthonia, it will not overlook the position of the Holy See. This plea is being put forward urgently, if quietly and soberly, by Catholics all over the world. They maintain that the situation of the Pope is 'abnormal' — using the word in the Italian sense, as meaning irregular, not properly regulated; that there is something wrong. Whether we like the Pope or no, we cannot now get away from the fact that he and his three hundred million Catholics exist and count for something in the world. Even those who like him least hold meetings and write books to point out the danger of him. And the interest

taken, in Italy particularly, and in the world generally, in everything the Pope says and does, is a patent fact. It seems, then, worth while, even at the risk of adding an extra subject to the innumerable problems that have to be solved, to study the old 'question,' in order to find out if there is anything wrong; if so, whether it is possible to put it right; and whether it would be to the advantage of the world that it should be put right. The facts and the opposing points of view being, fortunately, fairly clear, an attempt will be made here to study them as objectively and dispassionately as possible.

The subject seems to divide itself easily into three parts: the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Past is 1870, when the 'Roman Question' came into being. The Present must cover the changes in the situation that have come about during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the last four, years. The Future involves a study of possi-

ble relations between the Holy See and Italy and the world, with the 'abnormal position' of the first-named regulated and the 'question' dead.

I. THE PAST

The entry of Italian troops into Rome by the breach of Porta Pia was the culminating stage in a process which had been going on for over ten years. In 1859 Piedmont and Napoleon III had driven the Austrians out of Lombardy; the Unification of Italy had begun. Revolutions broke out in Central Italy; the Austrian garrisons evacuated Bologna and Ancona; then came the first Italian advance into Papal territory. The Peace of Villafranca between the French and Austrian emperors contained the suggestion of an Italian Confederation under the nominal presidency of the Pope; in reality, it could do nothing to stay the inevitable march of events. Efforts were made then and later to induce Pius IX to cede part of the Papal territory, but he stood firm.

Still the process went on. Less than two years after Villafranca, on March 27, 1861, after Naples and the South had been joined up, the Turin Parliament voted the 'Unity of Italy, with Rome as its capital.'

During the political intricacies of the years that followed, Italy was slowly closing in on Rome from north and south. The war of 1866 added Venice to National Unity. Then there was hesitation; a final effort to induce the Pope to yield met with the same firm refusal as before; and on September 20, 1870, Italian troops broke down the walls of Rome; Pius IX ordered the resistance to cease and retired to the Vatican, whence no Pope has issued since.

Now, if we want to get a just conception of a case, it is as well to face facts, and there is no getting away from the

fact that, although the occupation by Italy of Papal property may have been inevitable; although the rulers of Italy may have had the soundest reasons for their showing that it was inevitable; and although a large part of the world seemed, by making no objection, to agree with them — still it was wrong. The Pope was legitimate sovereign of his territories, and Victor Emmanuel broke down the walls and took possession of his city, Rome.

We who have just cheered President Wilson from the station to the Quirinal, where he has been the guest of the King of Italy; we who only three months ago were proud and happy to stand in the square outside the old palace, and join the Romans in that wonderfully affectionate greeting they gave their King as he came back from the war — we may find a difficulty in realizing that less than fifty years ago the Pope was living there, that conclaves were held there. If a reminder is necessary, there are the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul on each side of the entrance, and the Virgin Mary overhead; and the historical fact is that in 1870 it was the residence of the Pope, and that King Victor Emmanuel broke through the city walls and came and sat down in it.

On the last day of 1859 the Emperor Napoleon appealed to the Pope for a voluntary cession of part of his territory as 'the solution most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See.' The Pope's reply, sent on January 8, and published to the world in the *Encyclical* of January 19, 1860, was 'Non possumus.' He could not give up 'what was not his'; by abdicating the provinces in the Emilia, he would be 'violating the solemn oaths by which he was bound' and giving a sanction to 'pernicious principles which would weaken the rights of all sovereigns.' His reply to King Victor Emmanuel's letter of September, 1870, was practi-

cally the same. 'He could not agree to certain demands or admit certain principles.' The City of Rome, in fact, the States of the Church, the temporal possessions of the Papacy, were a sacred trust placed in the Pope's hands by Divine Providence to guard on behalf of the Church. He simply could not give them up. But, inasmuch as Divine Providence leaves the making of history in human hands, as an inevitable part of the unifying of Italy, it came about that Piedmont possessed itself of the States of the Church and the City of Rome; the Pope from the Vatican, the King from the Quirinal, looked at each other across the Tiber, and the vast religious buildings of the city formed most convenient homes, when the occupants had been expelled, for the ministries, schools, libraries, law courts, and other public offices of the young kingdom. One has to recall these facts in order to get a fair notion of the controversy which has kept Italy and the Papacy at loggerheads for half a century, with mutual recrimination by extremists, of 'Usurper' and 'Perennial enemy of Italy.'

II. THE PRESENT

But when we come to consider the controversy between Italy and the Holy See and Catholics, we find that far more important than the material occupation of the temporal possessions of the Pope is the resultant question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See. That is the real crux. The Papacy, the Pope, the Church, the Holy See, can live without this or that particular piece of territory; but the Supreme Pontiff must be possessed of complete liberty and independence, effective, apparent to the world, and satisfactorily guaranteed. For many years this side of the question was generally disregarded; yet it is the one that really matters. The facts of the material oc-

cupation were under men's eyes, and to most people the whole question was summed up in the phrase 'Temporal Power.' If, however, it is to be understood, there must be a realization that Temporal Power was not an end in itself, but a means to an end, and that end was the liberty and independence of the Holy See.

The Catholic contention may be summed up thus: The Pope must be free and independent; he is Sovereign Pontiff, and cannot be a subject of anybody. He must have, too, an effective and apparent guaranty of that liberty and independence. Divine Providence gave him what is called 'Temporal Power,' — possessions, armies, the attributes of civil sovereignty, — and for a thousand years these served as guaranty. Now Italy has taken these away; the Pope is not free and independent; even if he is shown to be so on paper, there is really no effective and apparent guaranty.

Italy replies at once: 'There is: there is the Italian law of May 13, 1871, better than any guaranty the Papacy has ever had; the best that could possibly be devised for it.'

There is the point of difference between Italy and the Holy See. Throughout the whole process of unification Italy professed the utmost respect for the Pope. In his speech at the Turin Parliament, when the unity of Italy with Rome as its capital was announced, Cavour said, 'If the overthrow of the Temporal Power was to prove fatal to the independence of the Church, then I should state without hesitation that the unity of Rome with Italy would be fatal, not only to Catholicism, but to Italy herself.'

'Free Church in a Free State,' was Cavour's motto. By the separation of the temporal and spiritual authority 'the independence of the Pope would be placed on a far surer foundation than at

present.' So Italy took Rome and passed its Law of Guaranties; the Pope declined to accept it; and that is, fundamentally, how things have been ever since. The protest of Pius IX has been continued without lapse by Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, each one of whom has repeated it immediately on ascending the throne of Peter. Fundamentally the situation to-day is exactly as it was in 1871.

That is seen at once whenever the 'question' comes up for serious consideration. A pronouncement on the subject was made at Palermo in November, 1915, by the present Prime Minister, Signor Orlando, at that time Minister of Grace, Justice, and Cults. The Pope replied to it in a Consistorial Allocution ten days later. More recently, Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, replied to a question asked in Parliament by a Catholic Deputy on the subject of the famous clause XV of the London Agreement, made when Italy joined the Allies, by which France, Britain, and Russia promised to support Italy in any protest she might make against the presence of a representative of the Pope at the Peace Congress. The three utterances make it quite clear that there is no change at all, fundamentally, in the position to-day from that of 1871.

We have the Catholic contention that the situation of the Papacy is abnormal. Says the Pope himself, 'More than once already, following in the footsteps of Our Predecessors, we have lamented that the situation of the Roman Pontiff was not such as to grant him the use of that full liberty which is absolutely necessary to him for the government of the Church. But who is there who does not see that this has become far more evident in the present circumstances?'

On the other hand, Signor Orlando had said that while 'the Fundamental Law of the State which recognized the

special sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff' had provided perfectly for his liberty and independence in time of peace, it had not been framed to deal with the event of Italy being at war. But Italy had faced and overcome the resulting difficulties, so that whereas in old times 'the sacred character of the Head of the Church had not prevented the Temporal Sovereign from undergoing persecution and violence, imprisonment, and exile, from Gregory VII to Boniface VIII and Pius VII, during the present frightful storm, which has not spared the most accepted principles or the most powerful empires, and which has proved the little worth of the most solemn international pledges, the Sovereign Pontiff governs the Church and carries on his sublime ministry with a fulness of rights, a liberty, a security, a prestige, altogether worthy of the truly sovereign authority belonging to him in the spiritual domain.'

Baron Sonnino repeated the same strain. Under the Italian law of 1871 the rights, the liberty, and the independence of the Pope are guaranteed far better and more effectively than they could be by any other means. Yet the Pope and Catholics say that the Law of Guaranties is no guaranty at all.

Evidently it becomes necessary to study this Law of Guaranties. And the first thing that jumps to the eye is the intention of the framers to give the Pope sovereign rank. His person is sacred and inviolable: any attempt against him, or provocation to commit the same, meets with the same punishment given to such attempts against the King. According to Article 3, the Italian Government pays sovereign honors to the Supreme Pontiff in the territory of the realm, and preserves to him the preëminence of honor paid to him by Catholic sovereigns. He can retain the usual number of guards

attached to his person. Later clauses further confirm the Pope's sovereign standing, in granting to envoys of foreign governments accredited to him all the prerogatives which belong to diplomatic agents according to international law. Italy gives the Pope the right to have his own post and telegraph offices; if he uses the Italian service, no charge is made.

In Article 4, however, we begin to see the limitation complained of by Catholics. The Italian Government sets aside, in favor of the Holy See, an annual sum amounting to \$645,000, for the support of the Sovereign Pontiff, 'the maintenance, ordinary and extraordinary, and the custody of the Apostolic palaces and their dependencies . . . for the ordinary maintenance and custody of the Museums and Library. . . . This sum cannot be diminished even in case the Italian Government shall hereafter undertake the responsibility of providing for the expenses of the Museums and Library.'

By Article 5, the Sovereign Pontiff, besides the endowment established in the preceding article, 'continues to enjoy the Apostolic Palaces of the Vatican and the Lateran, with all the buildings, gardens, and plots connected with them, as well as the Villa of Castel Gandolfo, with all its appurtenances and dependencies. The said palaces, villas, and annexes, together with the Museums, Library, and archaeological collections therein existent, are inalienable, and exempt from all taxes or burdens and from expropriation on any ground of public utility.'

Men break into your property, take forcible possession of your house and grounds, except one room to which you have retreated. They tell you that you may 'continue to enjoy' possession of that room, and offer you an annual sum of money for its upkeep. The room and its furniture are 'inalienable'; you have

no right to dispose of them, but the new owners of the property will not take possession of them, though they may some time 'undertake the responsibility of providing for the expenses of their upkeep.' That is, rather crudely put, how Catholics interpret the Italian Law of Guaranties; and the conclusion they draw from it is that it gives the Pope, not the position of a sovereign, but that of a tenant at will of the King of Italy. Neither the law nor the money has ever been accepted by the Pope, and the latter goes back every six years into the Italian treasury.

But the Catholic objection goes even deeper than the dispositions of the law itself. The Law of Guaranties, they say, as a guaranty of the liberty and independence of the Pope, is not worth the paper it is written on. An Italian Parliament passed it: an Italian Parliament might revoke it to-morrow. The fact that it is called a 'fundamental law of the kingdom' does not save it from the possibility of revocation. Indeed, — to contemplate a more revolutionary contingency, — it is only a few weeks since a motion was put before the permanent Parliamentary committees for the calling of a Constituent Assembly. It was a snap motion, with no chance of being considered seriously at this juncture, either by Parliament or by the nation; but in nearly every committee it found supporters — in some even a majority. That the liberty and independence of the Sovereign Pontiff should depend on the transient will of a Parliament is inconceivable. To call it a guaranty is absurd.

The answer to this is difficult to find. The Italian answer, the bald statement that the Pope's liberty and independence are guaranteed better and more effectively by the Italian law than they could be by any other means, is in reality no answer at all. That, even in these difficult times of war, Italy had main-

tained the Pope's privileges, his liberty and independence, is true enough; but neither is that an answer. Pope Benedict XV, in the Consistorial Allocution in which he replied to Signor Orlando, bore witness to the 'good intention that those who are governing Italy have shown to eliminate the inconveniences'; but, he went on, 'that very thing shows clearly that the situation of the Roman Pontiff depends on the civil powers, and with a change of men and circumstances it also can be changed and made more difficult. No man of sense can affirm that a situation which is so uncertain and so subject to the will of others is indeed that which is suitable for the Apostolic See.'

There seems to be a deadlock to-day as in 1871. But just as the controversy came about then through the human means by which Divine Providence works, so by human means circumstances have changed very much during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the past four, years. A lot of water — two generations of it — has flowed under Tiber bridges since the troops of Victor Emanuel II made the famous 'Breach of Porta Pia,' and a great revolutionary war has come, to put a finite seal on the change which perhaps was still indeterminate till the war made people think.

When Italy took possession of Rome, Prince Lancellotti closed the great front gates of his palace until such time as the old order should be restored, and they have not been opened since. He was not alone in thinking that the occupation would be temporary. Numbers doubted New Italy's ability to maintain itself, and looked forward to the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope over Rome. And the difficulties of the country were indeed enormous. Its expenditure was exactly twice its revenue; and even as late as 1894, when Baron Sonnino took in hand

the reorganization of finances begun by Quintino Sella, its annual deficit was nearly twenty-five millions sterling.

How it has held on and prospered, we have seen; of its still latent capacities we have learned something during these four years of war. In any case the official Papal attitude, from 1871 onward, was clear and — it may be said, in consideration of what has been outlined above — natural: the new kingdom was not recognized; in official Catholic publications allusion was made, if it became necessary, to the King of Sardinia or to the Duke of Piedmont, who was called 'Colui che detiene,' the Usurper; Catholics were forbidden to take any part officially in the life of the nation; Catholic sovereigns could not come to Rome to see the King. It was a clean-cut refusal to recognize.

A volume would be required to record all the incidents illustrating the gradual progress from the situation of 1871 to that of to-day. It may suffice here to show the contrast by noting just one or two recent facts. One is the practically official meeting of Italy and the Pope in the great thanksgiving service at the church of Araceli, on the Capitol, after the Italian victory. The occasion and the choice of church made it official; it was organized by the authorized Catholic associations of the city; the religious representative of the Pope in Rome, his Cardinal Vicar, officiated, assisted by the chief Master of Ceremonies, who directs none but Papal functions; and among those invited and present was the representative of the King, the Duke of Genoa, Lieutenant Governor of the city, who came in full state, with Quirinal carriages and royal cyclist escort.

Another fact: the meeting of Cardinal Bacilieri with the King at the review at Verona; a spontaneous action on the part of the Prince of the Church. Another: the presence of the Queen and

Royal Family at Cardinal Maffi's service of thanksgiving in Pisa Cathedral; a spontaneous action on their part, which the Cardinal reciprocated by addressing them personally in the course of his sermon. Another: the presence — undoubtedly with the highest ecclesiastical authority — of the official Catholic societies and associations, with their banners, in the great patriotic victory demonstration in the Piazza of the Quirinal, and in the second great demonstration when the King returned to Rome — to the Quirinal, which was the Pope's palace in 1870. Another — and politically, perhaps, the most significant: when the Pope sent out his Peace Note in August, 1917, he asked the British Minister to the Vatican, Count de Salis, to communicate it to those of the Allied sovereigns and rulers with whom he, the Pope, had no diplomatic relations, among them 'The King of Italy.' Just these facts may serve to give an indication of the distance that has been traversed since 1871.

The truth is that Italian Catholics *must* take their share in the life of the nation. They themselves feel it, — they insist on being good Catholics and good Italians, too, — and it is but common sense. The old 'abnormal' régime, which was summed up for them in the political sphere by the ruling 'Neither electors nor elected' — this will not do to-day. It has been disappearing slowly. At the 1913 election, the Papal prohibition against voting for deputies for the Italian Parliament — 'It is not expedient' — had disappeared in practice, though in theory, 'Non expedit' was still the rule. Church and Government were in complete agreement that it was very expedient; indeed, that all good men should use their votes to keep down the subversive element in the Chamber. For many years, though in theory there has been no 'Catholic Party,' there has been a small group of

'Deputies who are Catholics.' For two years, one of them has been a minister of the Italian Crown. This necessity that Catholics should be, and act as, full citizens has been there, if indeterminate, for some time: the war has lifted it to actuality.

The announcement has just appeared of the formation of the 'Italian Popular Party' in Parliament. This is, in fact if not in name, the Catholic Party; the whole press sees this, and Catholic Deputies do not hesitate to acknowledge it. One of them, Signor Cameroni, describes the new departure as 'the official consecration of this most important historical evolution, the conquest by Italian Catholics of full and unquestioned exercise of their rights of citizenship.' Officially the Holy See is not involved; it accepts no responsibility for the programme and actions of the new party, which is autonomous, purely political, and in a quite different category from the 'Popular Union' and other officially authorized Catholic organizations. Nevertheless, it is quite impossible that Italian Catholics should have initiated this movement without the knowledge and tacit consent of the Holy See, and it means, in point of fact, that the 'Non expedit' has gone by the board: Italian Catholics are now at liberty to take part openly and without subterfuge in the life of the State.

The change had to come. The 'abnormal' situation of the Papacy, the conditions of semi-hostility between Pope and King (while in point of fact they have the utmost respect for one another), have done untold harm to Italy, and they have been a nuisance to the world, creating over and over again perfectly unnecessary misunderstandings in countries — Ireland, for instance — where the Pope has many spiritual subjects. There has always been unofficial communication between the Vatican and the Italian Government. The

affairs of the everyday life of the city and kingdom have necessitated this, more particularly on special occasions, such as conclaves, when Italy undertakes the protection of the Princes of the Church who come to Rome to elect the new Pope.

There is now no hostility on the part of the Italian Government toward the Holy See; its 'dispositions' as a government, indeed, are quite excellent. The good will of the Holy See may at least be deduced from instances cited above, to which may be added a document recently issued, primarily on the subject of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire, but containing a statement of principle not without general significance. In a letter to his Cardinal Secretary of State, the Pope protested against the assumption that the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire must necessarily cause displeasure to the Holy See. More than once, he pointed out, he had urged Italy's right to her unredeemed provinces; and he went on, 'The Church, a perfect society, which has for its one and only aim the sanctification of men in all times and all countries, while it adapts itself to different forms of government, so it accepts without difficulty the legitimate territorial and political variations of the peoples.' Later on in the letter, he referred, as he has done more than once before, to Italy as 'Our beloved country.' Strictly speaking, of course, there can be no parallel in the mind of the Pope between the breach of Porta Pia in 1871 and the 'legitimate variations of the peoples' in 1918. Still —

III. THE FUTURE

Before studying possible solutions, it will be as well to eliminate the impossible. Therefore let it be said at once that the old 'Temporal Power' is dead. Theoretically, the Pope may be per-

fectly justified in his contention that it was the guaranty of his liberty and independence for a thousand years, and that, if Italy and the world expect him to renounce all claim to it, they are bound to put something satisfactory in its place. But for all practical purposes it is dead. Everyone must realize, including Catholics and the Holy Father himself, that the civil sovereignty of the Pope over the old States of the Church, or even the city of Rome, is impossible. As people say, 'If you gave Rome to the Pope, what could he do with it? He would most certainly ask you to take it back again.' Sovereign the Pope is, and always will be; but the old Temporal Power is dead. Let the ground be cleared of it.

The Holy See claims that it must have sovereign liberty and independence, apparent to the world and satisfactorily guaranteed. There is every indication that, if a way were found by which that were assured to it, it would ask no more. It would settle on those terms. It insists that, even if the dispositions of the present Italian law were satisfactory, the guaranty is insufficient. Very well, then: let us, without authority from either side, and purely as impartial observers, see whether the Holy See's complaints cannot be remedied without treading on Italy's susceptibilities.

The text of the law reads as if it were intended to certify the sovereign independence of the Pope; but in points such as the phrase 'continues to enjoy,' it fails to do so. Now, surely it should not be impossible, in consideration of the change that has come about in nearly half a century, that Italy should draw up a document which would satisfy the claims of the Holy See without hurting the feelings of any patriotic Italian. (There are a few extremists on both sides who will not be satisfied, to whom any suggestion of an understanding is

obnoxious. These must be put out of court. They must be given to understand very clearly that their unnatural prejudices are not to be allowed to hinder a solution of the old problem which will be to the advantage of the world at large.) Such a document should enunciate in unmistakable terms the free and independent sovereign possession by the Holy See of certain territory; for, presumably, certain specified territory there must be. The extent does not matter, whether it be the States of the Church or as much as the Pope can put his foot on, so long as it is his. Otherwise he becomes the subject of someone. The present law mentions the Vatican, the Lateran, the Castel Gandolfo villa, and the gardens, plots, etc., round them. It has been suggested that that might be amended to include St. Peter's and a certain acreage of the present unoccupied ground behind the Vatican, to give the Pontiff a little more room to breathe, and perhaps to put up a house or two as residences for Cardinals of Curia, or for other purposes in connection with the ecclesiastical administration of the Holy See.

Presuming that that satisfies the first complaint of the Holy See, and that Italy agrees, we arrive at the crux of the question, that of the guaranty. Many solutions of this difficulty have been excogitated from time to time. One of them, brought forward and considered, but rejected, thirty years ago, and revived as a quite new suggestion last month, was that of the 'Strip to the Sea.' The idea was that a strip of territory, reaching from the Vatican to the Mediterranean, should be given to the Pope, in order that he might be able to get on board a ship and go to the ends of the earth if he so desired, without passing through Italy — in any case, that his communications with the outside world should be free. A hundred years ago that might have been consid-

ered as a solution, but it is not one now.

All said and done, there seems to be but one solution approaching satisfactoriness — that of an international indorsement by the world at large of the agreement between the Pope and Italy. Italy hates the phrase 'Internationalization of the Roman Question'; she regards it as a private matter between the Pope and herself. She resents any outside interference as derogatory to her sovereign rights and dignity. It may be questioned, first, whether her own actions in 1871 and previously justify her in that point of view; and, secondly, whether, by an international indorsement of such action as she might take in 1919, she would not really raise, not lower, her position. The Roman Catholic Church certainly is not national, not English, or Dutch, or Italian, or of any one country; it is international, spread over all the world. The Pope is Pope to the simplest Irish girl out in Australia, just as much as to an Italian Cardinal in the Roman Curia; his authority is the same over the one as over the other; his communication with the one for religious purposes must be as free and untrammelled as with the other.

This international character, and the necessity of the independence of the Papacy, have been recognized again and again: by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston in 1849, by many Italian statesmen, by Cavour himself, and most explicitly by the circular of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs to His Majesty's ministers abroad in August, 1870, seeking the 'adhesion of Catholic governments, now that Italy 'was called upon to regulate with the Catholic world the conditions of the transformation of the Pontifical Power.'

The reply of the powers was an acknowledgment of the communication of the Italian Government, but Italy has never from that day to this received

from any single power a definite sanction of the settlement which she arranged for the Pope's position, but which has not been accepted by the Pope. Diplomatically the question can be reopened to-morrow. An account has been published of an incident at the Berlin Congress, when the Italian representative, Count Corti, endeavored to obtain the diplomatic sanction of the powers to the Italian occupation of Rome. He was told by M. Waddington, Lord Beaconsfield, and Count Andrássy, that, if the question were so much as laid before the Congress, they would at once leave the assembly. Italy, by submitting the question to the world, did admit its international character.

Would it be in the least derogatory to her rights and dignity that the world should now indorse any arrangement that she might come to with the Holy See? At present there is no agreement: Italy has made a settlement unilaterally, the Pope has not accepted it, and the world is looking on, conscious of a sore spot. But, presuming an arrangement made, Italy could announce to the powers that a settlement had been arrived at to the complete satisfaction of both parties; the world would give its cordial adhesion, with a feeling of relief that the sore spot had been healed; the Pope could make the same announcement, and the world's agreement would be the one thing necessary for him, the guaranty. Italy would no longer be the 'Usurper'; she would become the world-acknowledged protector of the Papal privileges, rights, and sovereignty — surely an improved position compared with that she holds now.

And the world would have reason to congratulate itself on the removal of a perennial fount of international complications and misunderstandings. We need only look back on the use Germany has made of the Roman Question

in bringing influence to bear, first on the Holy See, then on Italy, to enable her to gain her own ends, to see the advantage of a settlement. In the good religious times of Catholicism in Germany, Bismarck, seeing that his *Kulturkampf* had failed, that he could not terrorize the Catholics, that, indeed, he could not govern without their support, did not hesitate to make the journey to Canossa. Germany suddenly became, not the enemy of Catholics, but the patron of the Pope. Pressure had to be brought to bear on Italy to get her into the German orbit. Catholics, therefore, in Italy and the world over, learned of the iniquities of the behavior of the Italian Government toward the Pope, whose person even was not safe in Rome and who might have to leave the Eternal City and take refuge — in Germany, his champion before the world. It was the utilization of the Roman Question for political ends, holding it over the head of Italy, at that time practically alone and weak. Germany, too, in the early days of seemingly triumphant victory, and in fury against Italian neutrality, announced that one of the results of the war would be the settlement of the Roman Question in a way that Italy would not like at all. It was never sufficiently remarked here in Rome how significant was the Pope's retort through Cardinal Gasparri: 'Not by foreign arms but through the realization by the Italian people where their true interests lie.'

But in the spring of 1915, when Germany was playing for the continuation of Italian neutrality as against her intervention on the side of the Allies, at the time when Von Muehlberg was still busy at the Vatican, the note changed. It was not the Vatican, but Italian neutralists, Clericals and others, whom Erzberger, under Bülow's orders, was courting. Later, when the die was cast, the note changed back again, and first

the Jewish, then the Catholic, press in Germany informed the world of the danger threatening the Pope through revolutions in Rome and the incompetence and ill-will of the Italian Government. Catholic opinion in Spain during the first years of the war is an object-lesson.

Nothing is more certain than that, if the old question remains unsettled, German intrigue will seek to use it; nor can it be expected that the feeling of disgust at the hypocrisy and lies of the Central Empires now prevailing at the Vatican will always remain strong enough to see through and resist the forceful subtlety which had gained the ear of the Holy See in 1914. As an example of international misunderstandings, one trifling incident may be illuminative. Only a year ago a well-read and cultivated Englishman expressed to the writer his conviction that the desire that the Pope should have the Temporal Power given back to him was at the root of all the troubles in Ireland. That is absurd. Still, it would do no harm to the British Empire if the Catholics in it, Irish included, knew that Great Britain had supported a settlement which the Holy See regarded as satisfactory.

Exactly what the Holy See would regard as satisfactory is an unknown quantity; it depends entirely on the judgment of the Pope. It may at least be regarded as certain that it would welcome a solution brought about — to quote again Cardinal Gasparri's official statement — 'not by foreign arms but by the triumph of those sentiments of justice which the Holy See hopes will spread more and more among the Italian people in conformity with their true interests.' As long ago as 1887, Leo XIII expressed practically the same wish. In his Consistorial Allocution of May 23 of that year, he hoped 'that the zeal for pacification with which We are

animated toward all nations might prove useful to Italy in the way in which We are bound to wish.' What that way was, he explained immediately after, when he expressed the hope 'of seeing swept away at last the fatal dissension with the Roman Pontificate, but saving always the claims of justice and the dignity of the Holy See, which had been injured, but not so much through the violence of the people as through the plotting of sectaries.'

From which side is the initiative to come? Considering the facts of 1870 and the preceding years, it is perhaps too much to expect the Holy See to make any advance. And anything that looked like pressure on the part of the Powers might well be resented by Italy, who is perhaps more sensitive on this than on any other one subject. Great changes like this come about through a previous confidential understanding; but it would seem that the initiative must come from the Italian side. Then the unknown will reveal itself: the extent to which the Pope, regarding only the interests of the Church, 'the perfect society which has for its one and only aim the sanctification of men in all times and in all countries,' will, under the changed circumstances, relax the rigidity which made Pius IX refuse to consider any compromise.

If what is called the 'Internationalization' solution were to succeed in bringing a remedy to the long-existent sore, it would serve to accentuate and extend the international character of the Holy See and to avert a possible cause of misunderstanding: the fear on the part of one or more powers that the Papacy might be an Italian institution, at the service of Italy for her political ends. From its position in Italy it must always be more Italian than anything else; but of late years it has been becoming more and more international. It is gaining a far wider outlook on the

world, getting more and more in touch with distant countries, understanding their conditions and their points of view.

When Pius IX was elected Pope, in 1846, there were sixty-four Cardinals in the Sacred College. Thirty of them were in Rome; seventeen others were in various parts of the Papal States; eight occupied archiepiscopal sees in other parts of Italy; there were three in France, and one each in Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. There may have been two or three non-Italian Cardinals in Curia, but at the most the 'foreigners' did not amount to a dozen. To-day there are sixty Cardinals (not counting the two whose names have not yet been published to the world and who are considered almost certainly to be 'foreigners'). Thirty-one of them are Italian, twenty-nine foreign, distributed among France, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Portugal, the United States, England, Ireland, Canada, Brazil, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. (It has been noted here with satisfaction that the official *Annuario* of the Holy See does not this year speak of Austria-Hungary or of Germany, but of the States which composed those two empires — Bavaria, Bohemia, etc.) A few years ago it happened that the foreigners in the Sacred College momentarily outstripped the Italians. In other departments of Curia the process is going on, too, though more slowly, but the rate of progress is increasing yearly.

When Pius IX was elected Pope, the world was in ferment, as it is to-day. There is ample evidence to show that he would not have opposed the prevailing demand for reform had it been put forward reasonably. He did indeed institute notable reforms in the govern-

ment of the States of the Church. But it was a question of principle, and it is doubtful if any permanent settlement could have been arrived at then, in view of the inevitableness of the Unification process and the determination of Cavour. None the less is it a fact that reasonable reform, reasonable agreement, was killed by the Bolsheviks of the day — 'sectaries,' as Leo XIII called them.

That must not occur again. Pius IX's intentions were excellent; his efforts were killed by the extremists on the other side, and the Church retired into its 'Non possumus.' There is every reason to believe — even judging alone from his official words and actions — that the views of the present Pope are moderate, his intentions generous. It would be disastrous if extremists were to be allowed to-day to repeat their success of the eighteen-forties and succeeding years. There will certainly be fanatical opposition here to any reconciliation project which an Italian government may consider. Trusting the country and taking a bold stand, a government could sweep aside such opposition, — numerically and intrinsically insignificant in proportion to the noise it makes, — as Salandra and Sonnino, trusting the country, swept aside, in May, 1915, the dishonest opposition to Italy's just war. On its side the Holy See would have no difficulty in keeping in order the few, the very few, who still look with a jaundiced eye on Italy. The wrong done from the eighteen-forties on, left a train of results which have worked untold harm to Italy and created misunderstandings in the world at large. Presuming that there is now a conciliatory spirit at the Vatican, surely it is possible for Italy, backed up by the world in Peace Congress assembled, to close that era and cure its sore spot.

THE FUTURE OF SEA-POWER

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

SEA-POWER is emerging from this war with a higher prestige than ever, but with somewhat chastened ambitions. In no previous war has sea-power exercised a more decisive influence than in this; in no previous war has there been, relatively to its magnitude, so little fighting between the battle-fleets of the combatants. The military side of naval power has been almost completely obscured, and may never come to the front again; but what we may call the civil side has been more important and decisive than it has ever before been in history. In the future sea-power will be as important as in the past, but it seems clear from the events of this war that it will assume very different forms.

Before the entry of America into the war, few would have ventured to assert so confidently that the future of sea-power as England understood and as Captain Mahan expounded it, would be as great as its past. In December of 1916 and the opening months of 1917, the destruction by the German submarines was at its worst; and if at the end of the war we could say with any confidence that we had taken the measure of the submarine, it was due in no small measure to the decision of the United States to throw in their lot with the Allies. There were other reasons for this decision than the German outrages at sea; but it was these, more than the misconduct of Germany's army in Belgium and elsewhere, more even than the

abuse of American hospitality by German diplomatic and consular agents, that convinced America that she could not remain neutral. History has thus refused to repeat itself. Toward the end of the Napoleonic wars, the United States went to war against us on behalf of the freedom of the seas, as they understood that phrase. In this war she fought on our side against the catchword of the freedom of the seas, as it has been put into practice by Germany, but in support of the reality of the free seas as she has understood it. The long controversy between the two countries on the laws of war at sea has thus ended in a reconciliation, which, based on common danger, will, it is to be hoped, develop into something permanent and complete.

It was fortunate for England that Germany, ever since she began to aspire to sea-power, had had at the head of her Admiralty, a man so completely destitute of original ideas as Admiral von Tirpitz. In the long period of naval competition that preceded the war, nothing was more remarkable than the convention by which every Admiralty sought to find out what every other Admiralty was doing, and to do the same thing itself. To read the Parliamentary debates and the newspaper discussions of that time, one would have thought that the art of naval war had been reduced to a sum in simple arithmetic. In certain circles of naval opinion the idea apparently was that the object of having a navy was rather to avoid battle.

The Dreadnought itself would seem to be an application of that idea. It was to be so fast that it could show its heels to everything else on the sea; and secondly, it was to have such long-range guns that nothing could ever come near it without being destroyed. Naval battles, if there were any, were to be won, not by closing with the enemy, but by keeping as far away from him as possible. But, as might have been foreseen, the object of the enemy with an inferior fleet was precisely the same, namely, to keep as far away as possible; and the greatest of our naval problems, namely, to force an enemy to fight who did not want to do so, and to fight on our own terms, was never approached. It is, in fact, impossible to discover a single point at which Dreadnoughts constructed and developed on these ideas came into contact with the real needs of England as an island power. Just as the chancelleries of Europe envisaged foreign politics as a game of chess played according to certain arbitrary rules of their own, so naval war, before this war began, was to be a new war-game, played, not in accordance with the facts of human nature, but in accordance with a code of rules which people supposed, without much thinking, would be observed by the belligerents. The game of 'capping Dreadnoughts,' which was pursued with so much vigor before the war, has as much — and as little — to do with the real problem of naval operations, as they were revealed in this war, as a Punch and Judy show has to do with the facts of human nature.

The result was that the ships that people quarreled so much about before the war, were never heard of during its progress, except incidentally, in battles like that of the Dogger Bank and Jutland, which were quite indecisive. The battle of Jutland, indeed, proves that the main idea on which the Dread-

noughts have been built was ridiculously unsuited to the conditions of naval warfare in northern waters. In an action fought at distances of ten or twelve miles radius, a Dreadnought is doubtless supreme — in fighting other Dreadnoughts; but, in the North Sea, she is also, in nine days out of ten, nearly blind at that distance. On the other hand, if she closes the distance, she is apt to lose all the superiority which her builders thought to attain; and in the middle distances she suffers under the same disadvantages, owing to her lack of secondary armament, as those of a soldier of the Macedonian phalanx, with his long lance, in conflict with the short sword of the Roman legionary. At the end of the first day of the battle of Jutland, the British fleet had the Germans all but surrounded; but the distances were so great, owing partly to the fear of submarines, and partly to the design of the Dreadnought, that the German ships in the thick mist had no difficulty in slipping through. The battle would not have ended so in the pre-Dreadnought and pre-submarine days, when capital ships would have come to closer quarters.

Thus the Dreadnought, conceived altogether without reference to the problem of how to force an enemy to fight against his will, proved itself quite incapable of making use of the one opportunity with which chance has presented us in this war of forcing a decisive fleet action.

Happily, the Germans were obsessed with the same ideas that we were, and with very much less justification. It is at any rate an intelligible principle for the greater sea-power to have such a preponderance of Dreadnoughts that any fleet action with it is hopeless; in other words, to win the war at sea without the necessity for any battle at all. But it passes comprehension how Germany could ever have hoped to use

her capital ships for any purpose at all against numerical superiority, and, therefore, why she should have had any at all.

But had Germany before the war proceeded on the plan of building up a fleet that was not merely a copy of ours, but embodied ideas of her own, and expressed a naval strategy of her own, she would have done terrible mischief in the surprise and confusion of the first few months, and might conceivably even have overthrown our naval power. She understood the use of mines from the very beginning, but it was only gradually, and, as it were, by accident, that she tumbled to the tremendous importance of the submarine and the torpedo. At the beginning of the war, a very large fleet of submarines, such as she possessed later and used with full realization of its power, might have driven our fleet out into the Atlantic. This fact stares us in the face from every page of Admiral Jellicoe's book. As it was, we were given time to devise counter-measures, and the enemy, to make up for the opportunity he had lost at the beginning, began to make war on all sea-borne commerce without distinction, with the result that he made an enemy of every neutral that dared oppose him. The greatest naval victory gained in the last ten years was Lord Fisher's success in bluffing Von Tirpitz into the belief that sea-power lay in Dreadnoughts and in other capital ships. Had Von Tirpitz been less of a conventional Father Neptune, he would have seen that, for Germany at any rate, sea-power lay in smaller craft. Victory is won always by differentiation, never by imitation.

II

Shall we say, then, that sea-power lies in multiplication of the smaller craft — light cruisers, destroyers, and

submarines? More than all naval craft, these have done the bulk of the work. For one battle in which capital ships have been engaged, these have fought a hundred; and in addition they have had the task of protecting battleships, of carrying on the blockade, and of protecting convoys and trade-routes. It would have paid us at any time in the war to have had ten destroyers and submarines for each Dreadnought. And yet the naval usefulness of these craft had very strict limitations, even in this war; and in future wars they will be still greater. When there are no longer any huge overgrown battleships for them to menace, and when the destruction of commerce is a thing of the past, as it is to be hoped it will be after this war, the natural rôle of submarines will be in coast-defense. The submarine, skillfully used, has, in fact, made invasion — at any rate, of a protected coast — extremely difficult. The submarine, moreover, is a comparatively cheap craft, and a poor nation, by the help of it, may make itself the equal of the strongest naval power so far as the protection of its coasts from invasion is concerned. Similarly, the rôle of destroyers is likely to be reduced, when we realize President Wilson's ideal of the free seas.

The plain fact is that sea-power consists, not in multiplication of fighting ships, but in the mercantile marine. The fighting ships are the mere insurance premium of sea-power. Sea-power itself consists in the freedom to use the communications of the sea, alike for the purposes of military expeditions and for the needs of peaceful commerce. The great revelation of the war, alike on sea and on land, has been the enormous and preponderating influence of what may be called the civilian element of power in war. In England, at the beginning of hostilities, the army was regarded as a profession, governed by

purely technical rules, which at no point came into contact with civil life. It came on the British people as a great new discovery that wars were won in the factory and in the laboratory, quite as much as in the field; and that the state of war was not a negation of civil life, but rather the application of the efficiency acquired in civil pursuits to the different but still analogous tasks of war.

The German ideal of a nation in arms has, in fact, been justified, though not in the sense of its expositors. War is, and will always be in the future, the application of the whole mind and energy of a nation to the task of defeating its enemies. It will never be again, except, of course, for mere police wars, the work of a military caste. The vice of German militarism is that it combined the enlistment of the whole forces, intellectual and material, of a nation, with the dominance of a caste. Our own, and preëminently the American, ideal of military efficiency has been the adaptation of civilian virtues and civilian efficiency to the purposes of war. It is the militia ideal of an army as distinguished from the professional ideal.

When wars attain a certain magnitude, and are prolonged, it is obvious that this is the ideal that promises the surest success. The stock of purely military ideas accumulated by the profession is exhausted almost as soon as its human material of a highly trained, professional standing army. It must renew its strength by close contact with civil life, and the civilian soldier is ultimately the deciding element in any war between nations in arms. Everyone sees and understands the application of these principles to war on land; indeed, they are the chief subject-matter of our quarrel with Germany; for when we talk about overthrowing German militarism, what we mean — among other things — is the establishment, for the

purposes of a great war, of a civilian soldiery as opposed to that of a professional army. What is not generally understood is that the same principle applies equally to war at sea. Here, too, the real maker of victory is, after all, not the admiral, not even the crews of our battleships and destroyers, but the merchant mariner. Without him, our navies might be supreme on every sea, but there would be no naval power, no ability to use the highways of the sea to support the nation's life. If the submarine menace, though still serious, has no longer any chance of being fatal, we owe it mainly to the merchant marine. And the chief contribution of America to the naval power of the Entente was, not her battleships and destroyers in European waters, but her shipyards and the new merchant service that she placed at the disposal of the Entente. There can be no naval power without a merchant marine; there can be no real supremacy at sea without a large, contented seafaring population.

At the Conference at Paris after the Crimean War, when the rules for maritime war were under consideration, America refused to consent to the abolition of privateering, because, as she said, it would weaken the natural protection of a power that had not a great navy. Just as England on land has always been the champion of the rights of a civilian population against an invader, so America at sea has similarly championed the rights of the privateer at sea.

The course of the war has proved America to have been right. During this war practically the whole of the merchant marine has been in a sense privateers. Letters of marque have been in effect issued to them by their governments, not indeed to wage war on the enemies' shipping, but to do work of even greater national importance — to bring in supplies for the susten-

ance of the people and the maintenance of the army, and to defend themselves against enemy submarines that should try to interrupt them. Not only have these privateers been necessary to supplement the strength of the weaker naval powers, as America foresaw, but the greatest naval power of all — Great Britain — has found itself under the necessity of using them to the greatest possible extent.

III

What then is the future of sea-power, or, rather, what objects do we expect it to serve in the future? Are we, in future wars, to drift in our adaptation of the old principles of naval power to modern conditions, as we have done in this one, or are we to have a clearly defined policy from the outset, leaving nothing to chance, but providing for every contingency that can be foreseen?

The old functions of naval power were, roughly, these: (1) to prevent invasion; (2) to defeat the enemy's naval forces if they put to sea, or, failing that, to keep them penned up in their harbors; (3) to deny to the enemy any military advantage from the use of the sea by his own ships or by the ships of neutral powers; (4) to blockade the enemy's coasts, irrespective of the military advantage to be derived from the blockade.

The first and second of these functions will remain unchanged, so long as fleets exist at all; but in the light of the experience in this war, the means of discharging them are likely to be very different. It can no longer be said that an immense preponderance of capital ships is necessary to protect a country from invasion. It is not the German Dreadnoughts or cruisers that have prevented us from landing on the shores of Belgium or Germany, but the fortifications, the mines, and the submarines.

Nor is it our Dreadnoughts and cruisers that have prevented an invasion of Britain, as is shown by the fact that for the greater part of the war they have been stationed in northern waters, well away from the area of the narrow seas in which, if anywhere, the enemy might be expected to attempt a landing. For a considerable period at the beginning of the war, indeed, as Admiral Jellicoe has told us, the Grand Fleet was not between us and Germany at all, but in the western seas. The submarine and the mine between them, abominable as their misuse has been in this war, have undoubtedly made it easier to repel invasion. The smallest naval power, if it has sufficient industrial resources to make mines and submarines and to erect shore-fortifications, is secured against the strongest naval power; and on the whole that is not a bad thing for the world at large. At any rate, so far as the military action of the fleet is concerned, no one can contend that it is an instrument of aggression. And on that fact is based the British contention that sea-power is an instrument of liberty. Right here is the *differentia* between German militarism and British sea-power.

But the main controversy of the future will arise as to the discharge of the other two functions of the navy, namely, those of military and of commercial blockade. Ever since the days of Benjamin Franklin, the United States has insisted that warfare on sea-borne commerce, as such, is indefensible; that the condemnation, and still more the destruction, of merchant ships and cargoes at sea is as wrong as the confiscation of private property on land; and that the highways of the sea cannot reasonably be barred to sea-borne commerce for civilian as distinct from military use.

This distinction between civilian and military commerce in modern war is

doubtless a very difficult one to maintain; still, a great deal of the law of contraband is based on the distinction, and more law than the law of contraband. To bomb barracks and forts is legitimate; to bomb unfortified towns is inhumane. To take the supplies of an army is the object of every general; to lay waste a country is cruel. If you say that you cannot keep up the distinction, then you accept the evil logic to which the German mind has succumbed in this war, and must come to the conclusion that, with the introduction of universal service, the distinction between soldiers and civilians is obsolete; that it is as fair war to terrify towns as to strike panic into the enemy's lines; that killing babies in their cradles is as permissible as bombing soldiers in their billets.

Where America has failed to carry out to its logical conclusion a principle which is as old as American politics itself is in not perceiving that this distinction necessarily implies the abolition of commercial blockade as a legal institution. If you are preventing the enemy's merchant ships from leaving his ports, or neutral ships from going into his ports, by the establishment of a blockade, it seems illogical and perverse to say that the enemy's ships should be immune from capture if they do manage to get out to sea. It is a worthless concession to exempt private property at sea from capture, if one of the main objects of your naval policy is to prevent it from ever getting to sea at all.

And this difficulty lies at the very heart of the controversy with regard to the freedom of the seas. The freedom of the seas is one of the oldest and greatest of America's political ideals, and reasonable Britons do not allow their views in regard to it to be prejudiced by the horrible and cruel caricature Germany has made of it in this war. But

it is certainly in need of restatement. On the one hand, the American doctrine of the immunity of private property at sea from capture needs to be considerably modified. On the other hand, the law of blockade, which Great Britain has always maintained in its full severity, should be considerably mitigated. We cannot separate the reform of the law of capture at sea from the reform of the practice of blockade.

The three principles of any change of law that will work at all appear to be these. In the first place, the list of contraband will have to be very greatly extended. If war, as Clausewitz taught, is only a form of politics, and if success in war is best assured by the adaptation of civil efficiency to the new conditions, as has been argued in this article, it follows that we must greatly extend the list of contraband. The distinction between absolute and conditional contraband should be swept away, for it has never been found to be workable. Instead, we ought to have a list of contraband articles to which all belligerents must adhere, and which cannot be added to except by permission of some international court. Instead of an international prize court, what we want is rather an international court to decide what additions, if any, can legitimately be made to the established lists of contraband. Any ship, whether belligerent or neutral, carrying these articles within an area defined by proclamation, should be liable to capture and condemnation by the prize courts of the captor. All other commerce should be perfectly free.

Secondly, the existing laws of naval war give an unfair advantage to the Continental power which has railway communication with a neutral country, as compared with an island power which must import everything from overseas. This advantage should be neutralized by an extension of the law of continuous

voyage. The old doctrine of continuous voyage contemplated only a voyage between seaports. For example, a hundred years ago, if England had been at war with Germany and at peace with France, a ship carrying contraband, say, from New York to Hamburg, but touching at some neutral port on the way, was still good prize for a captor, even when on its way to the neutral port and before it had left the neutral port for a hostile destination. The ultimate destination would determine the character of the cargo. This system has been worked out in this war in the case of Holland and other small neutral countries. But it would also have to be applied equally to the great countries. If, for example, we were at war with Germany and France were neutral, a cargo of contraband which could be proved to be destined for German use could not escape capture and condemnation on the ground that it was consigned to a French port and intended to be sent thence by rail to Germany. The system of rationing would present enormous difficulties in the case of great commercial countries, and these arrangements again might properly be left to be scheduled by the same international court which decided the lists of contraband.

Lastly, subject to the exception of contraband articles, commercial blockade should be abolished, and only a strictly naval blockade maintained. All goods consigned to ports used as naval bases—and shore-fortifications might reasonably be held to bring any port under that category—should be subject to condemnation as contraband, and the ships carrying them made liable to confiscation. All goods, except contraband consigned to other than naval ports, would be free.

With these provisos and safeguards, Great Britain might well consent to adopt the American principle, the free-

dom of the seas, and the last outstanding cause of difference between the two countries would then be removed. If this war has proved anything, it has proved that the retention of the right of capture has not paid this country. In a recent letter to the *Times*, Lord Inchcape, Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, advocated a shipbuilding crusade for Great Britain. The British Mercantile Marine, he estimated, will have lost at the end of the war from one fourth to one fifth of its 1914 tonnage, even with allowances made for new construction and for confiscation of German ships. On the other hand, America, Japan, and Holland have added considerably to their ocean-going fleets. It is an extraordinary paradox that a war in which the British Navy has been so indisputably supreme in the military sense should promise to end in really serious anxiety for the preservation of the supremacy of our mercantile marine. Clearly, under existing practice of capture and destruction, military supremacy at sea does not make for commercial supremacy.

It will be said that this destruction is the consequence of the German submarine campaign, which will not be repeated in any future war. But even so, it is doubtful whether the same or better results could not be achieved by surface craft. The Germans have shown singularly little enterprise in their war on commerce. Whatever may once have been the case, it is certainly no longer true that the law of capture tends to draw merchant shipping to the flag of the country with the supreme navy. The submarine campaign has driven this fact home with indisputable force. But if Germany had never sunk a merchantman with her submarines, but had used small surface craft to prey on commerce, it would still remain true that the law of capture is against the

interests of an island country, in proportion as it is more dependent on overseas supplies and presents, in its larger mercantile marine, a bigger target in a *guerre de course*. If, to take a most unlikely supposition, we were ever at war with France, and she were to make a really enterprising use of small surface craft in preying on our commerce, such a war would deal a blow to the supremacy of our merchant marine every whit as great as that of Germany's submarines in this war. The only question is, how to reconcile the security of our commerce in war with the maintenance of the power to punish an enemy for gross infraction of the law of war and of humanity.

Mr. Wilson, before leaving the Conference for America, is said to have told a party of American newspaper-men that the question of the freedom of the seas no longer existed as a cause of difference between America and England. He does not seem to have explained this somewhat hard saying further, and there are no signs that either England or America has modified its traditional views on the laws of war at sea. We must suppose, therefore, that what Mr. Wilson meant was that both the American and English doctrines are in process of fusion into a new law, which will combine the principles contended for by each. Is such a fusion possible? It is not only possible, but, thanks to the League of Nations, it seems now almost within sight.

The terms of this fusion have not, so far as is known, been worked out, and it is an interesting exercise to draft an imaginary agreement which will reconcile the American and the British traditions of the sea. Such an agreement might run something like this:—

Article 1. The law of naval warfare in the future shall vary according as the war is waged with the sanction of the League of Nations, or without its

sanction. Wars waged with the sanction of the League are hereinafter styled public wars, and those waged without such sanction, private wars.

Article 2. In public wars, the full blockade, as practised by the Allies in this war, shall be permitted. Such wars being waged in defense of the common law of humanity, neutrals have an equal interest with the belligerents in securing their just termination, and they shall therefore contract to give no assistance to the enemy by land or sea, directly or indirectly, but shall enforce a pacific blockade against him.

Article 3. In private wars, the operations of blockade shall be restricted to the enemy's naval ports and to the service of actual operations against the enemy's armed forces. Commercial blockade in private wars is hereby declared to be abolished, and there shall be full liberty of commercial intercourse between belligerents and neutrals, subject only to the prohibition of trade in contraband of war.

Article 4. The only lists of contraband which are binding on neutrals shall be lists drawn up by a naval committee attached to the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations, and such lists shall be revised from time to time.

Article 5. Sinking of merchantmen by belligerents is prohibited, unless it be the only means of preventing a breach of blockade legally established. Merchantmen are good prizes of war only in execution of a judgment of the International Prize Court.

Article 6. Where ships or cargoes are neutral property, they shall in all cases before condemnation be adjudicated upon by the International Court.

Article 7. The International Court shall be set up by the Executive of the League of Nations and shall be a permanent part of its machinery.

A few notes of explanation may be

added to this tentative draft. A sharp distinction, it will be seen, is drawn between wars sanctioned by the League and wars which are not. No wars will be sanctioned by the League except against a power or powers which have defied the provisions of the Covenant, or in defense of laws governing the conduct of war. The principal provision of the Covenant provides for an interval between the quarrel and the blow sufficiently long for the people to prevent war if they are minded to do so. If they are not so minded, they have become *participes criminis*, and as such have forfeited all right to civilian exemption from the operation of war, and have become liable to the rigors of the full blockade.

The distinction between the civilian and private citizen, and a soldier or sailor or agent of the government, is no longer tenable in such cases. Moreover, neutrals in such a war must not be allowed to draw any private advantage from their neutrality, but must coöperate with the League in establishing a blockade, and must submit to a rationing system for the satisfaction of their domestic needs.

In public wars, the law under this draft is the traditional law of the British Navy. On the other hand, in pri-

vate wars the American principles are adopted. The distinction between civilian and soldier is preserved and maintained in its full rigor, and also the right of neutrals to trade as they will with the belligerent. The only restrictions on neutral rights are those of the law of contraband and of the doctrine of continuous voyage. But as neutral rights could be completely abrogated if the belligerents were free to promulgate their own lists of contraband, the only binding lists are those promulgated by the League itself; and similarly, in regard to the doctrine of continuous voyage, the onus of proof that a cargo consigned to a neutral port is really destined for belligerent use is upon the belligerent who intercepts it. These general principles can also be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to operations of the belligerents in the air. The writer submits that if they are adopted, not only will Great Britain be made secure in her defense, but an old cause of difference between her and the United States will have been removed. Moreover, the offensive use of sea-power will not have been abandoned, but it will be kept in reserve for use, not in private quarrels between nations, but as a rod in pickle for nations that offend against the common rights of humanity.

A CECIL IN BRITISH POLITICS

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

It is typical of Lord Robert Cecil, and of his family traditions, that he resigned from the Lloyd George Administration on a point of conscience. Indeed, the family is distinguished for conscience—for a delicate sense of soul. Such nicety of rectitude is unhappily infrequent in this wicked world, and, some skeptics would say, particularly so among politicians. None the less, there is something quixotic, to many of his countrymen, in the fact that he severed himself from front-rank politics at a period when his presence would have meant so much to his own career, because of his objection to Welsh Disestablishment. 'Oh,' said the worldly-wise, 'it is impossible. No one resigns for so quaint a motive—not in the twentieth century. Divorce of Church and State, especially in a little country where Nonconformity is proverbially strong—what could be more appropriate, or better accord with the principles of justice, of free expansion, of abolition of privilege, of equality for all?'

Yes, such arguments would have seemed unanswerable if they were applied to an ordinary man. But Lord Robert Cecil is not ordinary—far from it. That is why the incredulity expressed in people's faces at the reason given did not respond to the realities. They could not understand—because it was outside their daily experience. Suddenly to jerk one's self from office for such a reason was so fabulously impossible, so incredibly unreal, to a generation that is less and less churchgoing. It was as fantastic as meeting a lion in

the path on one's way to the Hampstead Tube.

Recently I talked to a distinguished American diplomat about Lord Robert Cecil. He had met him frequently at the Foreign Office, when his lordship was Minister of Blockade, and, later, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. 'I admire him immensely,' he said. 'We get on together splendidly—until I come suddenly against a stone wall. Behind that wall what is passing? I do not know. I can only guess. He has dropped back into past centuries, it seems to me, in my modern mind. He has become mediæval, as remote from earthly things as a monk in his cloister. It is charming, but it is also disconcerting. Honor and high principle belong to such an attitude, but it is not of to-day.'

Lord Robert stands for that aloofness from the present, for that detachment from material things, which marks a lofty disinterestedness. Like all his family he is clerically minded, set on High Church ritual. The little black cross on his watch-chain betokens his beliefs and his refusal to conceal them. It is the symbol of his sincerity. When those beliefs clash with politics and his career, so much the worse for both of them. His faith is not an adjunct, but a guiding inspiration. It explains him. It explains why, when the eyes of the world were fixed upon him, when even voices from unlikely quarters called for him to be sent to Paris as one of the British delegates, he chose the way of retirement. As head of the British sec-

tion of the League of Nations, he remains a servant of his country, but he has ceased to direct its policy. For to Lord Robert there is a thing more precious than rubies, more estimable than pure gold, and that is the satisfaction of his scruples. Welsh Disestablishment is to him something not to be measured by worldly expediency or success, or even by the logical trend of politics. In his eyes it is the rupture of a contract, the breaking of a plighted troth, the snapping of a link binding to God, and to a nation's spiritual development.

Doubtless, also, he sees a dangerous precedent in the measure removing the Established Church from its position of privilege in the Principality. After Wales, England and the blood of all the Cecils will be up to the fighting-point when that discussion comes before the Mother of Parliaments. That it is inevitable makes no difference. It is inevitable in the terms of modern progress, but is not to be approved merely on that account, for it may be progress away from heaven.

His brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, is the champion of the Church in the House: a man greatly respected for his unbreakable opinions; a splendid speaker, with an impressive appearance and a conviction that shines, invincibly, from the countenance. He is as fearless as he is disinterested. When his cousin, Mr. Balfour, was Premier and seemed to be flirting with Protection in the guise of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, Lord Hugh, as a free trader, warned him of the danger of such practices. And the House secretly enjoyed the spectacle of the Hotel Cecil, as it has been scoffingly called, divided against itself. Family counts for a great deal with the Cecils, but not above principle.

Yet Lord Robert is in many ways modern and democratic. He appreciates scientific development, and is not

in the least interested in customs merely because they are old. He is engagingly frank, an enemy to secret and tortuous diplomacy. One felt this when received by him at his weekly talks with the press, which he inaugurated at the Foreign Office during the war. You might meet him in this semi-public manner many times without becoming aware of his idiosyncrasies as they affected his daily conduct, and formed part of his spiritual being. You would only be struck by his earnestness, by his power for cool and detached thinking, by the ready grasp of his mind, by his insight and sympathy, by the great qualities of his intellect. But the visitor, if in the least observant, will certainly note his delightful and unique mannerisms. He will walk suddenly out at you from in front of the blazing fire, in the large, comfortable room that gives on to the Horse-Guards Parade, as if he were going over the top — over your body; but the movement is only apparently dangerous, and presages no harm. It is intended merely to mark a mood, to translate a phrase into appropriate action. Another of his mannerisms is even more humorous. Enconced in the depths of a low easy-chair, he thrusts out his long legs in front, and reclines at such an angle that he seems to be sitting on his neck. This is rather a Parliamentary attitude, often pictured with a delightful whimsicality by Harry Furniss, in *Punch*, in the old days.

His voice and phrasing, also, belong to Parliament, where his affections most deeply lie. He has the forensic manner gained in public speaking, an incomparable practice in dialectics which comes from electioneering, and the gift of swift and incisive reasoning developed at the Parliamentary Bar. In that field he greatly distinguished himself, coming to it, as most men do, from the Common Law. The Court of Parliament,

composed of the legal lights of both Chambers, is peculiarly amenable to the sort of eloquence that Lord Robert knows how to employ. His lofty generalities, his generous appeals to reason and the spirit of adjustment, made him an acceptable advocate before such a tribunal. Indeed, it is in arguing before a committee of his fellow men that Lord Robert particularly shines, not only because of his personal qualities, but from the prestige surrounding his great name. For the shadow of the glory of Lord Salisbury, his illustrious father, rests upon him; his brows glisten, already, with laurel.

But though he was successful in his cases, and particularly in arbitrations, where he showed special ability, he did not seem, to his friends, quite happy in this work. His thoughts, they suspected, were always turning to the sphere where his father shone. There is no family in England other than this which has given three great public servants to the Crown. The famous Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, was descended directly from Lord Burleigh, who held the highest post in the land: Chief Secretary of State and Lord High Treasurer under Mary and Elizabeth; and Viscount Cranborne, the present Marquess of Salisbury became Lord Privy Seal in the Balfour Administration. John Adams's family in America presents some analogy, but its line of distinction does not reach to the spacious days of good Queen Bess.

Lord Robert seemed to be hankering after political life in the midst of legal activities. Though his sharp and leaping mind gave him an unquestioned advantage in convincing judges or in straightening out disputes, atavism was playing with his heart-strings, and secretly but surely drawing him to Downing Street, to the anvil where foreign policy is shaped into enduring form.

Lord Robert was somewhat poor as

a cross-examiner, notwithstanding his powers of pure logic. I have heard his performance in this direction described as 'woolly.' He has not the born lawyer's Satanic gift of making the best of bad points. He eschewed them, for they disconcerted him; he was never able to turn them to his ends. His mind rejected this sort of inferior suggestion — the doubtful argument. He was not an Autolyceus, who could gather up trifles and gratefully stow them in his bag. 'You put that on me,' he would declare to a baffling witness, as if astonished at such intention to get the better of him. Indeed, it was a sort of formula with Lord Robert. His astonishing integrity is his strong point as a man, but it does not always serve in court. How removed from him is all desire of gain is shown by the fact that he renounced an income of £7000 or £8000 a year, to enter politics. As under-secretary he received hardly a fifth of that. And now, by an explosion of his superb scrupulosity, he has sacrificed place and power, — at least for the moment, — the stepping-stone to higher things.

His tastes are simple. Though he has married a peer's daughter and is himself the scion of a noble house, he lives in a modest villa on the banks of the Thames, not far from the Tate Gallery, and leads a life of austere regularity and unremitting toil. There is nothing in the unpretentious door and equally plain interior, into which one is shown by a maid-servant instead of by the usual butler, to suggest the abode of a famous politician. He has the family disregard for all coquetry. It was dominant in the late Lord Salisbury, who never minded in the least about his clothes. He was so unconventional in his appearance that, when living at Beaulieu, he was refused admittance to the gaming rooms of Monte Carlo. When he gave his name and quality to the clerk in the office, the latter said,

'Oh, we have had several of that name here to-day!' It was only later that he learned his mistake, when a horrified Britisher informed him that he had turned away the Prime Minister of Great Britain. 'How was I to know that so shabby-looking a man was a great nobleman?' asked the native; and, from his point of view, the defense was unanswerable. A messenger full of apology ran after the Marquess, but it was characteristic of him that he would not return; nor did he attempt again to enter the Temple of Chance.

His son Lord Robert is just as indifferent to externals. His soft felt hat is as floppy as his father's and as shapeless. His overcoat has no particular cut. If your eye travels to the shoes, you notice how broad and unfashionable they are. The rough-ribbed socks are evidently not held in place, but allowed to sink at will. That disdain for the valet in human nature, for which we like him all the more, showed itself at Eton. He was there for five years, and became captain of his house during the last part of the time. He was not popular, because he showed no particular aptitude for games, but principally, I think, because he would not bow the knee to Baal. The traditions of the school were stronger then than now. That he defied them showed a positive heroism. Etiquette, indeed, thirty or forty years ago, had a terrible importance in the eyes of the average boy in the great English public school. Then he was a reformer: intractable upon certain points involving questions of ethics and personal conduct. This is rarely a spirit that gains friends for a lad, and Cecil had no great following, though those who were attracted to his sturdy character were extraordinarily faithful. He had in him the stuff that makes a fighter — particularly against odds; though I fancy that he would say of himself in those days, that he was wanting in tact.

As a small child he had a serious illness, and seemed likely to die. The specialist summoned said, 'The boy is worth saving; he will be a great man some day.' He was, as a contemporary says, 'like polished steel,' sharp and finely set, ceaselessly active in body and mind, not much given to erudition or to poring over books, but practical in his speculations, and determined to do his utmost to advance the cause in hand.

At the Foreign Office, he gained the reputation of an untiring worker. He was at his desk in Downing Street shortly after ten, and did not leave it, except for an interval for lunch, until eight o'clock. His time was spent in receiving diplomats and attending to the office routine. But often in those days of his Cabinet position he had to attend Parliament, where, as Minister or as Under Secretary, he had to stand fire from members of the House whose knowledge of foreign affairs was less conspicuous than their desire to obstruct or undermine the position of a Cecil. Afterwards, in the quietude of his room at the Foreign Office, Lord Robert would diagnose the opposition. He glowed a little from the fight, and would particularize the points with the zest of a schoolboy recounting his first successful 'mill.' It is clear that he revels in dialectics and forensic power.

'Ah!' he would say of a certain opponent who had been particularly pertinacious at the sitting of the Commons, 'really, he should know better. He knows very well that I cannot give the information he asks without assisting the enemy. He is a "bad" man' — using the term, of course, in a technical sense. That was always his first thought: whether any word of his in the heat of political argument would encourage the Germans. No sounder, shrewder patriot ever sat on the ministerial bench. Of his shrewdness I had ample opportunities to judge in my con-

versations with him, which arose from his readiness to help to enlighten the British public on points of foreign policy. He was singularly accurate in his estimate of German policy. He knew whither it tended, what was the meaning of it, when to others it seemed contradictory and obscure. He would put his finger on certain signs and was rarely misled in his reading. I remember, notably, how clearly he foresaw the German collapse. He was very well informed about events, and was clear in his interpretation of them. To his mind there was no doubt about the genuineness of the peace overtures — long before others had cleared their mind of skepticism on the subject. He knew the hopeless case of the enemy, and that if he had put out feelers for peace, it was because he meant to obtain it.

I found him, also, well inspired in regard to Russia. He was never greatly attracted by Kerensky, even when that volcano was in his most eruptive state. When, finally, the burning mountain became a heap of ashes, none was less surprised than Lord Robert. Perhaps he felt that a speaker of extraordinary volubility and facile eloquence is rarely a practical statesman. He had read, also, with disconcerting vision, the inwardness of the Bolshevik movement. This, however, did not prevent him, if I mistake not, from suggesting the Prinkipo meeting between Peace Conference representatives and delegates from the Russian governments. It is the British principle to recognize 'de facto' governments, — there have been few exceptions in history, — and, probably, his keenly trained mind realized that, while the project gave no excuse to the Bolsheviks to continue their practices on the ground that they were outlaws and unrecognized, and therefore was good in principle, it was in itself unworkable because of the inherent bad faith of Lenin and Trotzky.

It cut the ground from much soft sawder among British sympathizers; it exposed the Bolsheviks to the judgment of their generation in Russia, marked by the refusal of respectable governments to associate with them. I think he saw all this, and still felt justified in a much-criticized course.

Lord Robert is the rare combination of the critic with the enthusiast. He is one of the few diplomats who have really believed in the League of Nations as a working concern. His zeal for this magnificent conception springs, not from airy ignorance, but from the profound conviction born of knowledge of European conditions. His great political science, as well as his love for the subject, made him, indeed, an ideal figure for a Peace Commissioner. This was said in most unlikely quarters — such is his transparent competence. Yet it is strange that Cecil, aristocrat of the aristocrats, in whose blood runs the very principle of class government in England, and of law and order as evolved in centuries of tradition, should be an apostle of the *New Times* — a dreamer of dreams, a believer in modern miracles, in the abolition of war by the creation of a new order of things, in the erection of a super-nation, which should call the world to witness before it chastened anyone in the name of a common civilization and common moral standards. One does not expect, somehow, a visionary from the dim corridors of the Foreign Office, but a sharp suspicion and the wisdom of the serpent. It is not the place, you would say, for generous ideals, for a beatific vision of the unseen world.

Yet, although constitutionally addicted to abstract reasoning along practical lines, Lord Robert is a prophet. Democrat he is, also, in a peculiar, almost a religious sense. He was favorable to female suffrage, but one has to remember Welsh Disestablishment as

the touchstone of his modernity. To us it seems a boundary mark of the centuries, something curiously outworn, a hoary survival of another age, incompatible with human progress, with the development of man. To him it is the living symbol of Christianity among the people.

That is the root difference between his lordship and you and me. He is as remote in that particular as a knight of King Arthur's Round Table is from the common man. Indeed, the Cecils are knights looking at life from the turret-window of a castle. Occasionally they descend to take a part in the joust, and return dusty to their window. But the armor soon gleams spotless as before.

It is this aloofness, this inveterate seclusion of soul, which prompts many to ask whether Lord Robert, notwithstanding his good stout sword and his lusty blows, is sufficiently of his generation to serve, say, the ends of Labor or of some ministry socially advanced. Only the future can tell, but I admit to a robust confidence in his destiny. If, as is likely, Labor rules in the England of to-morrow, it will, I suspect, be as keen to find competence as any of its predecessors. Now, Lord Robert's special province, the foreign field, is not open to everyone. Even without esoteric diplomacy, there is much to learn for the most diligent student. The head of the British section of the League has a good deal of his father's skill in untying knots and in ability to impress foreigners. Indeed, when I see him sitting in the big room at the end of the corridor on the first floor of the Foreign Office, overlooking St. James's Park and the glimmering lake, — Mr. Balfour's present official quarters, — I think, inevitably, of the illustrious figure in white marble at the foot of the stairs, wearing the Oxford Chancellor's

robes. Lord Salisbury in this very room presided over Cabinet meetings; that flowing mantle seems to have descended upon his son.

He has Roosevelt's enjoyment of a tussle for its own sake. At meetings at Hitchin in front of his constituents, fencing with obstructionists in the House of Commons, or gayly standing up to be fired at by press correspondents, he is always the perfect Bayard without fear and without reproach. For all his old-world attitude upon certain questions, almost inseparable from such a family, connected so intimately with British history and development, he is, I am sure, capable of leading the hosts of Democracy into some new Promised Land. But he will be no mere time-server, but a conscientious, faithful servant of the Law. Whether or not he assumes the rôle of his cousin, Mr. Balfour, none can seriously question his success as Blockade Minister. The present state of Germany proves it. Yet there could be no greater certificate of his tact and firmness than that he brought no power in, on the other side, by reason of excess of zeal. Neither America nor Scandinavia could complain that this son of England's great Foreign Minister regarded lightly his responsibilities, or blustered in interpreting them. Courtesy was his habitual method. So delicate a business intrusted to less able hands might have worked incalculable harm to our cause. It would seem that this wise and accomplished statesman, in the splendor of his talents, had ever before him the possibility of American intervention as the Champion of Right. If for no other reason, his *doigté* and *savoir faire* in this special business of restricting imports would make him acceptable to Washington in the post of Lord Reading, if such is to be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BY-PRODUCTS OF HIGHER EDUCATION

ONE of the twenty-five or thirty greatest state universities in America is spread out all over the better part of our town, which is four times farther from Boston than from Chicago by rail, and forty times farther from Chicago than from Boston as to its state of mind.

Here everything is taught that mortals know, plus much that mortals guess at; and the campus squirrels impartially accept love-offerings from the palms of youngsters representing every state in the Union and all the nations of the world.

Here, too, flourish some extraordinarily interesting human types who, while sustaining no relation to the University beyond the fact that they live within sound of her clock-chimes, have been curiously influenced by the great school, and are known to more students than any member of her thirteen faculties.

I have been waiting, with increasing impatience, for a book to appear dealing with these eccentric folk who are to be found in every academic community. Surely, the delay of such a work is not due to dearth of data or lack of a market. It is in the hope that some clever imagination may be stirred to the point of analyzing these 'by-products of higher education' that one ventures to hint at the alluring possibilities of this subject by citing a single example.

Persons who have been given to observing, of late (see recent reflective literature), that there is no longer any conflict between Science and Religion,

need to be informed that until our Aunt Polly Briggs retires from the field no such conciliation is possible.

Many years ago, this quaint little old lady is said to have besought heavenly illumination to direct her to the most effective process of protecting religious beliefs from the baneful effects of modern scientific declarations. The vision vouchsafed her, as a reward of her supplications, led Aunt Polly to the inauguration of a campaign fashioned after Joshua's siege of Jericho; and in conformity to that programme she began to attend such lectures as she considered most dangerously subversive of faith, where she occasionally asked questions, to the discomfiture of the scientists and the undisguised delight of their disciples.

Of course, the customary regulations anent the attendance and conduct of classroom visitors are written in our by-laws; but these rules have never been rigidly enforced, and since Aunt Polly's supernal commission involved her inspection of so many scientific redoubts that considerable time was required to make the rounds of all the works, she never appeared in any one lecture-hall with sufficient frequency or regularity to be rated a nuisance.

Moreover, Aunt Polly was not a noisy, controversial old shrew. Had that been true of her, it would have been an easy matter to put her out, — on further reflection, I am not so sure of that, — but her queries were always offered in a quavering tone of such bland and childlike innocence, and she was so pathetic a little figure in her old-fashioned gown and diminutive black bonnet, that the instructor who had attempted

to deal harshly with her would have invited the reproach of the students, in whose opinion Aunt Polly was not a visitor, but an institution.

She never talked back. That was the exasperating feature of her inquisition. She simply asked her naïve question in a sweet, tremulous treble, and accepted the reply with quiet resignation; whereupon there would ensue a dense silence, to which the class invariably offered its respectful contribution, and in that eloquent silence the banal stupidity of the professor's answer would stand forth, in high relief, like the smile of the storied cat, long after everything else in the lecture had faded into total eclipse.

Dr. Preston Clarke, our well-known anthropologist, at the close of a fascinatingly interesting address concerning our early ancestry, — a discourse which alluded to Father Adam only in a facetious phrase, — would be fondling his clay model of the flat cranial roof of the exhumed *Pithecanthropus*, and murmuring something about 'proof conclusive' that our kind had been antedated by a pre-human type. At this point, Aunt Polly would avail herself of the first full pause, — faculty men always vocalize their punctuation: 'ah' having the value of a comma, 'er' being the equivalent of a semicolon, 'um,' of a period, etc., — and while all beholders held their breaths, she would inquire, meekly, 'Might that not have been the head of an idiot?'

Now, for Dr. Clarke to reply, solemnly, 'No, madam; this skull could not, by any possibility, have belonged to an idiot!' would almost amount to predicating precisely the opposite of his own glistening dome. He understood the futility of entering upon a lengthy explanation, for there would be no visible reaction. Aunt Polly would say no more. His brief answer would be the exact truth, spoken in the spirit of a scientist: 'We conjecture that this was a normal

skull.' But 'conjecture' is always an awkward word to use in either a major or a minor premise, especially if one expects to say 'therefore' somewhere in the conclusion.

There would be nothing further from Aunt Polly. She had done her bit. Having again marched around Jericho, she could put back into camp and call it a day's work. Some youth in the back row would relieve the blistering silence in his immediate zone, by whispering to his neighbor, 'Aunt Polly has spilled the beans again!'

Or, Professor John Henry Browne, our celebrated geologist, in the course of demonstrating his belief that our little planet was once a molten mass which has but recently cooled sufficiently to permit the presence of life upon its surface, would be saying that the internal heat of the earth, at a depth of twenty-eight miles, is known to melt granite; whereupon Aunt Polly could be depended upon to ask, 'How deep is the deepest hole anybody ever dug?'

Professor Browne knows exactly how deep is that hole, for he has been there. He has often told the class all about the famous hole. It is a very, very deep hole — all of six and one fourth miles in depth. There is nothing to do but repeat this fact, which he does. Aunt Polly makes no comment. Neither doth she blow upon the ram's horn. But another trip has been made around Jericho.

There is a rumor to the effect that, not very long ago, a small and select group waited upon Aunt Polly and informed her, gently but firmly, that her continued visits to the lecture-rooms would be contingent upon a definite promise to refrain from disturbing lecturers with questions, and that she promised.

At all events, Aunt Polly no longer makes inquiries. But she still attends lectures, being partial to geology and

anthropology. She sits in the front row, a little apart from the unbelievers — a Nemesis spirit. When anything is said that puts a crimp in the opening pages of Genesis, she heaves a sobbing sigh, so full of heart-break and the eloquence of saintly sorrow, that he is a well-poised sage, indeed, who can lightly toss a flippant fling at 'the early Hebraic mythology.'

If Aunt Polly's endurance equals her zeal, one trembles for the fate of the besieged Jerichoans.

NIPPON-AMERICAN: IDEALISM AND IDIOM

We had a Japanese in my class in college; and when, in the annual *Record*, a pertinently disrespectful quotation was sought for each member of the class, the editors went to Tennyson for Nakamura's tag. It ran, —

Would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Since those days, life in a university of the Pacific coast has often brought the verses to mind, as there has passed through the classroom a succession of delightfully eager and quick-witted students from Japan, whose expression has been frustrated — now pathetically, now with splendid, striving joy — by the mysteries of the English tongue. They know what the struggle means, and buckle on their armor for it valiantly. Witness the following composition, called by the writer

STUDY OF ENGLISH (FOR JAPANESE)

No Japanese will ever say that English is easy. The language is not easy at all for us as an American or an Englishman, as they learn French or German. The most of Japanese are very anxious to learn or to know. But the English is hard although they are learning, and on that they are not so happy than they are working. If they worked, they can take a money, and can do any-

thing which they can in their mind as they think. So the most of Japanese does n't understand the English well, even their own things. What a pity! According to their grow they will know themselves about them, the language is necessary, and were not right. Then the ages comes much upon them; the time is late to learn the English. What a pity! Not pity, it is the shame of Japanese. So I must study the English within the youth, with my best.

It is hard to define a certain quality of temperamental attractiveness which marks the great number of these students from Nippon. A part of it would seem to be the unashamed admission of that joy in being alive, and in sharing that joy with others, which is normal for youth, but which young America does not care to confess. This is well represented in the two following essays, of which the first is concerned with the experiences of a newly arrived freshman at the students' club maintained by his countrymen. No hazing here, it will be seen!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS AT COLLEGE

The first impression which I have received in my home here is the inexpressible friendship and love among the students. This impression I have received on the first night I arrived here. The older students were sitting around the dinner-table at my arrival, as it was the dinner-time, and took me by the hand, some stretching their hands over the table from the opposite side. I was a little hesitating on that moment, because every student looked at me so intently, laying their nives and hooks on the table; but in a while I learned that every body was kind and hospitable toward me, as their joyous, smiling faces showed, and I was so comfortable in my chair.

A beautiful flower was smiling at the centre of the table, and a red-faced tomato-salad waiting for me with a beautiful, sweet and fresh odor. George Washington's portrait was looking down upon us from the wall, and a Holy Bible half opened on the desk beneath the portrait of Washington.

The white cloth pictured me the clean, unspotted hearts of students and their warm shake-hands interwoven in my heart the kind friendship among us.

I really wish that I could tell you how beautifully the moon shone upon us when we went out into the yard after our dinner. We sat down in our chairs under this moonlight and told a funny stories from each one's hospitable heart.

MONDAY MORNING

The fresh bright sunlight refracting through the window in my room, on the September morning shining upon my face and the books on the desk which is placed near my bed. The birds singing a sweet song outside on a tree in garden. It is unusual things as it is this morning; the blind of the window was up, and the birds are singing outside at so early morning.

These sudden occurrences broke my soundless asleep, on the morning of the second Monday of instant. 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it is the Monday. On this day, at the earliest of the morning, my plan for this week must be established; otherwise I am a-conquered by the things with which I am going to encounter.' As, for a while, I was thinking of last week, and of this week, forming a program for the day and of the week, the second disturbance on the faint mind is performed by an alarm-clock which, as I set it up during the preceding evening, started his noisy music from seven o'clock. Instantly I had jumped out from the bed and changed the clothes, then, after shaving and washing the face, I set the things on the table in order. With cheerful, cloudless, and rejoicing heart, I sitting myself to the table, and put the program on a paper as well as stamped in the bottom of my mind.

I think it will be agreed that there is something contagiously heartening in such a remedy for 'blue Monday' affections as the nature of this writer reveals.

The next selections reveal Shakespeare as seen through Japanese eyes and displayed in an examination-paper. They may leave something to be de-

sired, yet they at least convey the dramatic movement of the tragedies which the writer is analyzing.

OTHELLO

Othello a Moor and a brave general marries with Desdemona a fair angelic maiden. Now Othello's fellow general Iago a villain became jealous with the matter and tries to destroy Othello. In consequence Othello kills his innocent devoted wife Desdemona. And says Othello, 'Oh, misery, now I have lost my wife!' He stubs himself, fall down. Emilia (wife of Iago): 'Oh, what a devil thou art! she is innocent!' Desdemona dies in saying something faintly, 'Othello! I am innocent!' Othello dies also. End. It is a villain play.

HAMLET

Hamlet a prince of Denmark; his father killed by his uncle, and who became the king, and to whom mother of Hamlet marries. Hamlet a prince, a skeptical philosopher, knows the situation very well. Polonius (an aged subject to the king) whose daughter Ophelia, a pretty innocent maiden, fell in love with Hamlet long since. Hamlet kills Polonius by mistake. Before that time Hamlet pretended as a crazed person in the purpose of revenge. Now he left home. Ophelia lost her father and her lover, in consequence she became a broken heart, in singing:—

'He is dead and gone;
His fluxen hair is white as snow;
Cockle hat on his head, and oh!' etc.

She drowned and dies. Finally Hamlet and Leartice (son of Polonius) make a duel fencing; Leartice stubs slightly Hamlet, and he himself fall down and says: 'Dear Hamlet, revenge! Revenge the king!' Then Hamlet stubs the king, the king fall and dies. Hamlet: 'Helecio, my friend, revenge is done!' Hamlet fall and dies. The end.

The Japanese student is of course highly poetical in his way of looking at things, but does not often attempt to express himself in English verse. When he does, the results are by no means always contemptible. The following little

lyric seems to me, quite apart from its struggle with idiom, to be not only high-souled, but structurally a true work of art.

SELF-RELIANCE

I have my hands to work,
Which my mother brought them up;
They are my only reliance.
Whatever may it be,
I fear not.

I have my feet to walk,
Which my father strengthened them;
They are my only standpoint.
Whatever may it be,
I evade not.

I have my mind to think,
Which my Lord gifted me;
This is my only guidance.
Whatever may it be,
I stray not.

I shall conclude with a pretty piece of adjective description which came in a personal letter from a student who had lately, for the first time, made his way still farther from home, across the continent to the Atlantic shore. Writing of his impressions of the journey, he said, 'Chicago I did not like at all; it seemed like a wild beast, ready to devour me; but Boston is *tame and genteel*.'

POETRY BY THE PENNYWORTH

'FOR SALE — Beautiful poems, 35 titles, all new, 35¢. Peter Wilson, Junior, R.F.D. 3, White Mount, Georgia.'

For some weeks this item, persistently recurrent in my home-paper advertising columns, has cheered my heart, for I perceive that there are others who, like me, regard poetry as a commodity worth purchasing. I am comforted also to observe that poems may still be had cheap; the price of singing has not gone up with the price of living; where could one buy thirty-five eggs, 'all new,' for thirty-five cents? But when the gener-

ous 'Junior' named his price, did he regard himself as a giver or a getter? Exactly how does a Parnassian reckon his worth in dollars and cents to a Philistine public?

The relation between a poem and a penny needs subtle arithmetic on a poet's part, as also it demands some canny ciphering on the part of the purchaser. A certain present-day poet was once accustomed to leave to the buyer's conscience the amount due him. I do not know whether this poet still trudges highway and byway as once he did, offering to sing his rhymes in exchange for bread; but when he did so sing, I wonder how it worked. Did he feel that he received his singing's worth in supper? Did his listeners feel that they received their suppers' worth in singing?

Payment for poetry is a matter as precarious for the purchaser as for the poet, because people who pay good money for verse usually have very little money for verse or anything else. Only poor people buy poetry, or want to. The number of inglorious Miltons is small compared with the number of inglorious Mæcenases who would be princely patrons of poesy if Providence had not made them paupers instead. Rich men are too thrifty to risk their dollars on rhymes; and unfortunately for that poor man who loves a lyric as the drunkard loves a dram, the bookseller is also too canny to venture his money on the exhibition of any lyric wares not tested by time. Bookshop counters do not afford us pauper-purchasers the opportunity to taste and sample before we buy, since it is not the Classics that we want, for long since they became flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; but we crave the magic and the melody of present-day song. Poetry by mail-order is hazardous, for often enough some fugitive rhyme that has lured us with promise proves the only one of its kind, and the book turns

blank in our hands, when we had thought we were buying beauty, and had gone without boots and beefsteak to buy it, too! Yet whether the result of purchasing poetry from a publisher's catalogue, 'sight unseen,' be delight or delusion, we who have an unquenchable thirst for the wine of song will probably go on daring our last dollar for the draught divine.

I began to be a drunkard on my seventh birthday. On that date there came into my life a volume called *The Child's Book of Songs*. Before that time poetry had rung about my head, but somewhat over my head, too; now first I entered my inheritance of sheer inebriety. At seven I was rawly sensitive to the Weltschmerz: perhaps a little playmate had been whipped; perhaps there was sinister crêpe fluttering on a neighbor's door; perhaps remorse for my sins shook me with wild tears — in the *Book of Songs* there was glorious forgetting! 'Souls of poets dead and gone' welcomed me to their Elysium from a world, even at seven years, too grim and gray. That book walked and worked and slept and played with me — always alone, for I knew better than to ask any companion to share my orgies of joy. Alone in some secret spot I declaimed 'The Battle of Ivry,' or shuddered as the high tide crept up the coast of Lincolnshire, or, daughter of Netherby, I was swept from dance-lit hall to starlit midnight flight, the bride of Lochinvar. Thus first I tippled drink divine; and ever since I opened the wrappings of that fateful gift-book, to find the wine of wonder, every volume of poetry has seemed to me a sealed flagon of fairy mead. Ever since then I have been insatiably athirst; alas for the obduracy of life, which always, before I may lift the draught to my lips, prosaically demands, 'Show me first your penny!'

Have you ever pared down a budget

with a view to buying song with the scrapings — deleting furbelows and feathers, and even shoe-leather, in order to have perhaps a whole frenzied fiver to spend on poesy? For five dollars you may buy at least three whole poets and a fraction of another. Fortunately for such as I am, the new wine is still cheap. Only the old poets, long bottled and labeled, are put up in fancy editions. For pence blessedly few one may envisage Ralph Hodgson's Eve: —

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass,
Up to her knees.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger-tips.
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

For less than one round silver dollar
one may be enwrapped in the wizardry
of Walter de la Mare: —

'Twas autumn daybreak gold and wild,
When past St. Ann's grey tower they shuffled;
Three beggars spied a fairy-child
In crimson mantle muffled.

The daybreak lighted up her face
All pink and sharp and emerald-eyed.

For but a few shillings one may throb
to the immortal pulse of Israel in Lola
Ridge's 'Ghetto.' Is he not worth buy-
ing, her patriarch of the push-carts?

His soul is like a rock
That bears a front worn smooth
To the coarse friction of the sea,
And unperturbed he keeps his bitter peace.

What if a rigid arm and stuffed blue shape,
Backed by a nickel star,
Does prod him on,
Taking his proud patience for humility —
All gutters are as one
To that old race that has been thrust
From off the curb-stones of the world —

And he smiles with the pale irony
Of one who holds
The wisdom of the Talmud stored away
In his mind's lavender.

For less than the cost of a dinner one
may walk with Francis Ledwidge down
a leafy alley melodious with blackbirds
and white with thorn in blossom. Surely
for such as him there are green Irish
lanes in heaven — 'If it were not so, I
would have told you!'

Surely a day must dawn when earth's
merchantmen will no longer stupidly
sell their young poets, both those mute
and those musical, to that red customer,
War.

I saw with open eyes
Singing-birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

I have perhaps sufficiently proved
my claim to inebriety. That first cup,
at seven, yet fires my veins with thirst.
Two characteristics of that infantine
indulgence persist. For one, I still, for
the most part, drink alone. Few people
can share my uncritical abandon to
sheer joy, I, who

When a bird sings me heart-music,
Don't 'spicion the size of its throat.

Others rebuke me that I desire new
wine rather than be content with the
old. I grant that the world would not be
the same place without Wordsworth,
or Keats, or Browning; but surely the
older poets, now securely immortal, re-
membering their hard entrance into
fame, would have their lovers welcome
new singers. I hold there is strength
and sparkle in the wine that our young
poets are pouring; and yet so few of
my acquaintance share my conviction
that, when a fresh pennyworth of poetry
comes to me from the publishers, I
still, as at seven, quaff in solitude.

In another respect the poetry of
to-day appeals in the same way that
poetry first affected me; it is still to
me romance and release. The world at
present is dark with portent and pain.
But in the murk how many young sing-
ers are chanting to an unseen morning!
Probably these are not great poets, but
they are brave and sincere, and often
they are jocund with an inexplicable
confidence. The wine of their singing is
a magic dawn-draught, strengthening
one against the darkness of the night.
There is striking individuality in the
notes one hears, as if little birds, each
alone in his dark covert, should, each
alone, break forth with his own message
of hope, each severally convinced of
sunrise. A pennyworth is small price
to pay for such high hopefulness, and
for the faith that, when there is such
confident choiring, there must surely be
a dawn.





